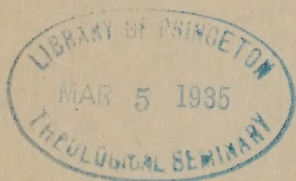


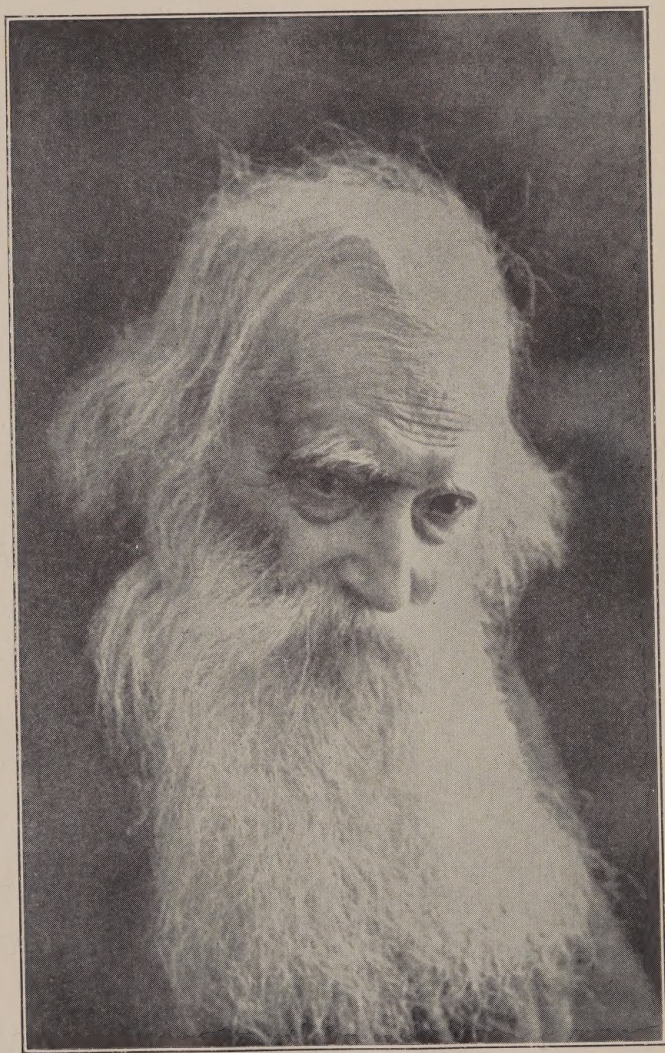
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THE ADVENTUROUS JOURNEYS
OF
A WANDERING APOSTLE
WITH
TIMELY ANNOTATIONS

BY
WALTHER EICKMANN



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TO THE MEMORY
OF
MY BELOVED WIFE
THE SAINTED MOTHER
OF
MY CHILDREN

P R E F A C E

Following the ancient custom of giving in a Foreword an excuse for writing the book attached to it, the author begs to state that the only *raison d'être* for the present volume is that it contains, though written in a lighter vein, less imagination and fiction, incredible as it may seem, than any one of the hundreds of scientifically stale Commentaries on the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles of Paul, as also of the numerous eruditely tedious biographies of the Great Apostle and Divine.

To many of these, too many, indeed, to mention them here by name, the author is deeply indebted, especially for the more scholastic hence less engaging parts of his work.

Lest we forget the traditional prefatory quotation, we bespeak for this book a repeated perusal, mindful of the words of Jean Paul, "A book which is not worth to be read twice is not worthy to be read at all."

W. E.

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PILGRIM PAUL

BOOK I

PREPARATIONS

On a beautiful morning, probably in the year of our Savior's birth, the usually languid Ghetto of Tarsus in Cilicia swarmed like a disturbed beehive. Groups of chattering women and gesticulating men were seen entering and leaving a stately mansion that seemed almost out of place among the humble dwellings and tumbling shacks lining the main street of the Jewish quarter. At the threshold of this home of a prominent merchant, a little dark-haired maiden, the sunshine of her parents and the pet of the neighborhood, stood ever ready to announce to each curious comer the arrival of a darling little brother. For years—her childish babble went on—she and her parents had been waiting for that baby boy. What is a home, especially a Jewish home, without a son and heir?

No wonder, then, that eight days later this son of unnamed parents received the name of Saul, 'the desired,' 'child of prayer,' a name expressive alike of parental and sisterly elation as of clannish pride. Had not Saul been the name of the first king of Israel whom the family, with the whole tribe of Benjamin, proudly claimed as their kinsman?

Little, however, did the excited settlement dream that the new born infant was destined to become the herald of a greater King. Who could have divined that according to God's mysterious plan this boy was to become the chosen servant of the Messiah, the Christ, born at about the same

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time in far off Bethlehem, and that Saul, whose birth stirred the placid Jewish colony at Tarsus, would, in later years, as the foremost preacher of the Gospel and the greatest missionary of the Christian Church, set astir, not only all Jewry, but the whole Gentile world as well.

The days of Saul's childhood and youth were spent in his native town which derived its name from the fabled fall of the wing (*tarsos*) of Pegasus. No other city could have offered greater opportunities to the future 'Apostle of the Gentiles' for studying the customs, creeds and peculiarities of the people among whom he was to labor than this provincial capital with its cosmopolitan population. Situated on the banks of the then navigable Cydnus river in the fruitful plains at the foot of the Taurus Mountains, Tarsus was indeed "no mean city," but a commercial and intellectual center, famed for its bustling traffic and extensive trade, and still more for its schools and academies which, ranking high among the best in Asia Minor, rivaled even those of Greece and Rome.

Whether or not Saul attended these Greek pagan schools remains a matter of conjecture, since Jewish Rabbis, if we are to believe Josephus, discouraged the pursuit of Greek studies. It is certain, however, that Saul spoke Hebrew and Greek with equal facility. His letters, though written in Koiné, the 'common' or popular Greek, show, as do his speeches recorded in Acts, his acquaintance not only with the classics but even with the lesser lights of Greek literature. His thorough knowledge of Greek thought and learning enabled Saul, the later Paul, to give to Christianity its earliest literary and scientific expression, thus laying the foundation for all future Christian literature and theology.

Most emphatically, however, Paul would deny his indebtedness to pagan mystery-religions ascribed to him by modern biographers who style his alleged borrowings unconscious adaptations; for no matter how much knowledge of Greek culture Saul acquired, be it in the halls of learning

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or merely from social intercourse with the educated of the city, he was never captivated by Greek philosophy or pagan mythology. His, after all, was a Jewish mind, filled with deep aversion for Gentile wisdom and religion.

This ingrained antipathy for all things Gentile grew with the maturing boy and became greatly intensified by the repellent sights of pagan immorality and vice as they bared themselves to the eyes of the observing youth. The ancient saying, "Pagan virtues are but gilded vices," may be an undue exaggeration; but it cannot be denied that among the privileged classes at the dawn of Christianity, moral depravity and shameful corruption flourished side by side with culture and refinement. This demoralization must perhaps be ascribed to a one-sided cultivation of the mind. Even in our days, a certain frivolity and looseness of manners frequently result from an education not based on religious instruction or counterbalanced, in a fashion at least, by the moral influences of religion.

That the pagan religions of his day, with their immoral dances and shameful rites practiced before the very altars of the all too-human gods and goddesses of ancient mythology, could hardly exert such a mitigating influence became more and more apparent to Saul, and the conviction of this insufficiency of heathenism early awakened in him the desire to lead his pagan countrymen by Judaism to a higher moral standard. Later this same conviction kept alive his burning enthusiasm to preach to a sinful and forlorn world the glorious Gospel of Redemption in Jesus Christ.

Lasting as the early impressions of his Greek surroundings proved to be, they were but ephemeral when compared to the ineradicable influences of his parental home.

His father, a Hellenist and Roman citizen, had remained a Jew at heart, proud of his Jewish extraction and faithful to the religion of his fathers. He belonged to its strictest sect, the Pharisees, the "Jewish Jesuits," as they have been called. As a Pharisee, he was given to a scrupulous observ-

ance of the Mosaic Law, the Tradition of the Elders, and the customs of his people. The Hebrew language was spoken and fostered in his home, the Old Testament highly revered and duly read, the stated hours of prayer religiously kept; so that the daily routine of this pious household truly reflected the everyday life of the distant homeland.

As the years rolled by, Saul often found himself brooding over the marked contrast between paganism and Judaism, between the restless, passionate and agitated life of the city without, and the tranquil, idyllic life within his home.

The contrast could hardly be greater: Here, the One true God, holy and mighty Jehovah, there, innumerable gods and goddesses, vain and unreal carvings of human fancy; here, the immutable Law of Moses, there, lawlessness, profanity and libertinism; here, simple heart-stirring words of divinely inspired prophets, there, sophistic arguments of vacillating human reason; here, hymns and psalms voicing heartfelt repentance and yearning for righteousness, there, frivolous songs to Bacchus and Venus. Reflections like these transformed the boy's early wish for becoming a pious man and a Pharisee like his father into the burning desire of the young man to become a Scribe and a Rabbi, a student and teacher of God's Holy Law.

Since every Jewish father was held to teach his children the Law of Moses and to acquaint them with the great deeds of Jehovah, Saul undoubtedly received his early religious training at home. In Tarsus he also began his rabbinical studies, probably under the guidance of the local Rabbi, learning at the same time the craft of tentmaking. This occupation not only enabled him in later years to gain a livelihood, but it afforded also a pleasant diversion from his lessons; for tedious as the study of commentaries may be, all of them written seemingly to dampen the zeal of theological students, there are no "comments staler than Rabbinic."

While then Saul's hands were busily engaged in turn-

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ing the coarse hair of Cilician goats into firm awnings and tent-curtains, his thoughts, freed for the time from dreary studies, wove before his imagination an enchanting picture of far Jerusalem, 'the City of Peace', of Holy Mount Zion, 'the Sunshiny Hill' with its beautiful Temple, and often in such daydreams he saw himself at the feet of Gamaliel, the most famous and erudite Jewish scholar of that age.

Not until Saul was a man past thirty were these dreams to materialize.

* * *

A motley train of festal pilgrims slowly climbs the stony road leading up the barren slopes of the Judean Mountains. In silent awe they halt, overpowered by the grandeur of the panorama before them. On the hills in the glare of the midday sun, they see, as young Saul for the first time, the Holy City, the goal of their journey. In marble whiteness, with gilded turrets and pinnacles, Jehovah's Temple rises above the old gray walls which encircle a sea of dwellings, taverns and palaces. A short rest, and the wayfarers move on, chanting the pilgrim's psalm of old: "I was glad when they said unto me. Let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem."

In solemn procession they enter the city by the same gate that had witnessed, a few years before, the triumphal entry of Jesus. Without breaking ranks, they direct their steps to the Temple. Songs of praise from grateful hearts soon re-echo through the wide halls and porches in honor of Mighty Jehovah, the God of their fathers, who has so graciously guided the pilgrims in their dangerous travels by sea and by land.

Many of the pious visitors to the Temple will stay but a short time to offer gifts and sacrifices, or to fulfill a solemn vow, made perhaps years ago; then they must turn

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homeward, where glamorous memories of the "Sunshine City" will lighten their passing years, even as a flaming sky lingers over the earth at eve, a last reminder of the bright sun that warmed the noon hour of the dying day.

Saul, however, has come to stay. He sees before him long, happy years of study, at the end of which beckons the *Semichah*. The much coveted *Semichah*, the sole ambition of the youth, is a degree granted only by the highest school in Jerusalem upon the recommendation of its two highest members. Conferred like ordination by the laying on of hands, it licenses the recipient as a Scribe, a teacher of the Law at home and abroad, making him eligible even for the Sanhedrin, the Supreme Court of the Jewish nation.

Saul will surely reach his goal, if only Gamaliel the Great accepts him as his student. But will the acknowledged leader of the Scribes, the first among them honored as Rabban, admit the pupil of a humble Rabbi to his class, be it only as a hearer or beginner?

There were many rabbinical schools in Palestine, not a few even outside the Holy Land. It is not necessary, therefore, to assume that Saul came to Jerusalem at the age of fifteen. He came there many years later to pursue what is now called graduate work at the principal *Beth Midrash*, 'the House of Interpretation', located within the precincts of the Temple.

The faculty of the 'University of Jerusalem' or 'Temple College' consisted of Rabbis and Scribes. Rabbi was an honorary designation for a teacher, Rab meaning 'master', Rabbi 'my master', (*monsieur*). It was sometimes granted as a degree; but frequently people were addressed Rabbi who, as our Lord, had not attended college. Rabban was a more honorary degree. The Scribes, *Sopherim*, no doubt owed their name of 'writers' to the fact that they were the copyists of Holy Scriptures. Besides they were 'men of the Scripture', that is, teachers and interpreters of Israel's Sacred Books, lawyers and jurists. In the class-room the

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teacher occupied an elevated seat on a dais and the students sat round him on the floor, hence they were said to be 'educated at his feet'.

In their instruction the Rabbis followed the Socratic method of question and answer, but also insisted on the Oriental mode of verbal repetition. Discussion and argument were encouraged, and often a bright student would corner his teacher on some pointed legal question.

The students of 'Temple College' were divided between the school of Hillel and the school of Shammai, two great doctors who taught about fifty years before Saul arrived at Jerusalem. They differed but slightly in their teachings, yet widely in temperament, Hillel being a lenient and reasonable liberalist, Shammai a hard, austere orthodox literalist. This difference distinguished also the one school from the other. Posterity's judgment on the two men has found its expression in the proverb: "Be gentle as Hillel, not harsh as Shammai."

The college course was an amplification of the curriculum of the lower school, 'the House of the Book', and consisted in the study of the Sacred Scriptures—the Law, the Prophets, and the Hagiographa. The study itself was known as *Midrash*, 'interpretation' or 'investigation' of the sacred text; it included the two branches: *Halachah* and *Haggadah*—Law and History.

Halachah ('rule' or 'custom') occupied itself mainly with the Pentateuch or Law of Moses and aimed at the systematization, definition, application and reconciliation of its numerous precepts. Palestinian and Babylonian Rabbis devoted themselves almost exclusively to *Halachah*.

Haggadah ('story' or 'tradition') dealt mainly with the Hagiographa, the historical and didactic portions of the Old Testament, explaining them by parables and by added legends. Employing the method of allegorical exegesis, it found in every Scripture passage a four-fold meaning, readily remembered by the four consonants of the word 'Para-

dise': *Peshat*, the simple or literal meaning; *Remaz*, the suggested meaning; *Derush*, the derived meaning discovered by investigation; and *Sod*, the hidden or mystical meaning. The western Hellenistic Jews preferred the study of *Haggadah*.

Gamaliel, like his grandfather Hillel a leader of the liberal school, was nevertheless fully devoted to the Law and loyal to national tradition. By the breadth of his views and the gentleness of his disposition he drew many Hellenistic students to his lecture room. Of the thousand students in his school, no fewer than one half studied Greek literature.

Saul, already a man of settled and firm convictions, must have made a good impression on the prince of teachers, for we soon find him Gamaliel's favorite disciple, eager both for the knowledge and the observance of the Law. Justly he prides himself in later years, "I profited in the Jewish religion above many of my equals in mine own nation, being more zealous of the tradition of my fathers."

Yet while Saul benefited greatly by the conservative teaching of the sober fundamentalist, he caught but little of the conciliatory spirit of his teacher, and soon the most promising student of the fair-minded and amiable pacifist turned a passionate religious fanatic.

Not the century old feud between the Sadducees and Pharisees, however, turned Saul's laudable zeal for traditional piety to blind fanaticism, but the sudden rise of a new sect, "the Nazarenes."

* * *

At Pentecost in 33 A. D., the followers of Jesus of Nazareth had formed a congregation in Jerusalem. Rapidly it grew. Not only common people professed their faith in Jesus as the Christ, but a "great company of priests" also left their altars to embrace the Gospel.

The stupendous growth of the church aroused the anger

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of Saul and many of the Jewish leaders. At the instigation of the Sadducees, Peter and John were haled before the high priest, the rulers, and scribes, who sternly warned them not to preach in the name of Jesus. The Apostles boldly declared they would obey God rather than men and continued their work. Again arrested, they were thrown into the public prison. The Angel of the Lord miraculously delivered them, and straightway they went into the Temple to preach. When they were arraigned again before the Great Council, Gamaliel, the leader of the Pharisees, advised against serious interference: "Refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

Was this advice, to exercise prudence and to wait, simply due to the conciliatory attitude of the Pharisees toward the Christians, or was Gamaliel, as ancient Christian tradition claims, a secret admirer of Jesus and His teachings? Was he, at a later period, together with his son Abib and his cousin Nicodemus baptized by Peter and John? These questions will never be fully answered. So much is sure, however, that Saul's anger against the church was for a while restrained by the advice of his teacher; yet it was soon to break forth anew in acts of open violence.

One of the Christians, a recently chosen deacon and ministrant to the poor, a popular preacher named Stephen, publicly disputed with the leading men of several Hellenistic synagogues, among them the Cilician school in which Saul likely held membership. However, it was not Stephen who started the contention with the Grecian Jews, but the latter who in true Pharisaic fashion commissioned certain crafty and aggressive doctors to challenge Stephen on the doctrine of the Messiah.

We have no detailed report on these controversies, but we may safely assume—and the speech of Stephen before

the Sanhedrin confirms it—that he modeled his preaching after that of the Master, who “beginning at Moses and all the prophets, interpreted to his disciples the passages referring to himself throughout the Scriptures.”

As the devout deacon reasoned with the Jewish Rabbis about Jesus and the Old Testament prophecies, he had no more attentive listener than Saul, who perhaps was shocked to find himself at times attracted by the person of the heretic and almost convinced by his arguments. There was no question, the Rabbis “were not able to meet the wisdom and the Spirit by which he spoke.”

Yet could these doctors, grown old in the study of the Scriptures and Jewish Tradition, be entirely wrong? Was it possible that a crucified malefactor and impostor—for as such Jesus had been condemned by the Jews—should be the glorious Messiah of Israel? Did not the Law read, “He that is hanged is accursed of God?”

Saul dared not answer these questions and he felt greatly relieved when, chagrined by their signal defeat, Stephen’s opponents “stirred up the people, the elders and the scribes, who rushed upon him, dragged him away, and took him before the Sanhedrin.”

The Sanhedrin occasionally met, as for the nightly trial of Jesus, at the high priest’s palace; but in Stephen’s case it convened in regular session in the Hall of Squares within the Temple. The seats of the Fathers of Israel in this wide room were arranged in a great semicircle, so that the seventy judges, says the Talmud, might see one another and exchange glances. Two scribes, one at each end, were ready to take down the proceedings. Nine students, three in a row, sat in front of the judges, each in a designated place. Saul, Gamaliel’s favorite, occupied the first.

Quietly the youths take their seats, while the men stand around in groups discussing the case to be tried, and awaiting the arrival of the president of the Great Council.

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The high priest enters. He is readily distinguished by his richer garments, by the gold band around his head, and by the sparkling gems of the breastplate he wears on solemn occasions; distinguished also by a smooth face, clean shaven after Roman fashion, he seems out of place among these old men with wrinkled faces and long unkempt beards, most of them white or gray. He nods to the Elders, smiles upon the students, then with stately step ascends the elevated seat in the center.

The High Priest Jonathan was the son and successor of hoary Annas, who together with Caiaphas, his son-in-law, had condemned Jesus to death. The four sons of Annas followed each other in the chair of the high priest; for this reason Josephus pronounced the father "exceptionally blest." This statement of the Jewish historian is hardly reconcilable with the fact that every one of these cunning, avaricious and unscrupulous members of a single family of Sadducean priests, the most merciless of that least merciful sect, was guilty of one or more judicial murders, all aimed at the followers of Jesus.

The high priest waves his hand and the prisoner is brought in. Magnificent in his innocence, he stands in the midst of his judges.

The witnesses appear, and, perverting Stephen's words, —no difficult task for them—bring the accusation: "This fellow ceaseth not speaking blasphemous words against this Holy Place and the Law! Why, we have heard him say that Jesus the Nazarene will destroy this Place and change the customs handed down to us by Moses."

Blasphemy against Moses, the Temple and the Law! What offense could be more formidable? It was the crime with which Jesus had been charged!

The prisoner remains silent. Does he grasp the terrible indictment? Angry eyes demand an answer. There is no answer. While with distorted features they glare at Ste-

phen, they witness a transfiguration. As Saul tells Luke afterwards, "all see his face shine like the face of an angel." Ominous silence reigns in the hall.

Now the high priest rises to put a question to Stephen, which, though seemingly inviting his defense, is really intended to overwhelm him with the magnitude of his crime:

"Are these things so?"

The silence is broken, and Stephen, calling to the Great Council, "Men, brethren, and fathers, hearken," answers the question with a sublime speech, which the attentive reader of Acts will find, not a defense, but indeed a confession. With it Stephen forfeits his life.

In this speech, a brief survey of the history of Israel and a genial interpretation of Holy Scriptures, Stephen shows clearly that the Temple was by no means the only place where God's Presence dwelt:

Abraham reared his altars as a pilgrim in a strange land, in which he owned nothing but a burial place. Everywhere he served Jehovah acceptably and heard His voice.

Joseph served the God of his fathers in Egypt. It was as truly worship as if it had been offered in the Holy Place.

Moses, standing by the flaming bush in the wilderness of Mount Sinai, heard the voice of the Lord: "Put off thy shoes from thy feet: for the place where thou standest is holy ground."

Even Solomon, the builder of the first Temple, asserted the omnipresence of God at its dedication: "The Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

Isaiah, the great prophet, reaffirmed the same truth: "Thus saith the Lord, Heaven is my throne, and earth is my footstool: what house will you build me, and what is the place of my rest? Has not my hand made all things?"

Thus Stephen does not disguise his conviction that a wholly material faith in the Temple, as advocated by his judges, borders close on idolatry.

From the start, his auditors follow him closely and

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silently; as he continues, the old Pharisees, with arms folded in the long sleeves of their cloaks, grow angry and frown, the young students shift and whisper to each other. As his exegesis becomes more personal and manifestly hostile, the general indignation increases, and reaches its height at his final declaration: "Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, you are always resisting the Holy Ghost. As with your fathers, so with you! Which of the prophets did your fathers fail to persecute? They killed those who announced beforehand the coming of the Just One, whose betrayers and murderers you have now become!—you, who received the Law by the ministration of angels, and have not obeyed it!"

With the voice of a prophet "endowed with power" Stephen hurls the awful denunciation into the assembly. The listeners tremble, "they are cut to the heart." When the echo of his words dies away, all sit paralyzed in their fury. Then a wild undulation of blue cloaks and purple mantles ensues. Like beasts of prey "they gnash on him their teeth"—with extended jaws, fierce rolling eyes, noses like falcon-beaks, hooked fingers converging to claws, all turn upon the accused as though to tear him.

Unmindful of their wrath, he stands with head uplifted and arms outstretched toward an invisible brightness. He calls them, as it were, into the presence of God: "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God."

"Blasphemy!" someone cries. "Blasphemy! Blasphemy!" it roars through the wide hall. The judges rise in wild frenzy. They stop their ears. With the cry of "Blasphemy!" they rush the infidel from the Sanhedrin. The populace, massed about the gates, receives him with shouts of "Death!" and hurries him away outside the city to a hill north of Jerusalem, there to stone him.

It seems futile to give a detailed description of the scene of Stephen's death, to enumerate the various legal

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regulations regarding this barbarous mode of Jewish execution. All legal precepts in this case were simply ignored. The mob took the law into its own hands and perpetrated an act of brutal lynching. May it suffice to quote the concise words of Luke based on Paul's own account. "The witnesses (who were required by law to throw the first stones) laid down their clothes at the feet of a youth called Saul, and they stoned Stephen, who called on the Lord saying, 'Lord Jesus receive my spirit'. Then he knelt down and cried with a loud voice: 'Lord, let not this sin stand against them'. With these words he fell asleep."

Thus the first Christian martyr passed to his 'reward'. His very name, Stephen, meaning a 'crown', recalls the scriptural admonition, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

"Devout men carried Stephen to his burial and made great lamentation over him." Saul returned to his quarters, greatly agitated over the occurrences of this most eventful day of his life. Tossing on his couch, he lived again the scenes of Stephen's trial and death. He saw the angelic face of the accused as he stood before the Sanhedrin. Had Stephen really seen Jesus in his glory? He saw the blood-stained face of the martyr still shining with celestial radiance as he prayed for his murderers. He saw the dying figure writhe in agony under the hail of stones. No! he, Saul, had not thrown a single stone. Yet had he not consented to his death? Was he, then, like the rest, a murderer? He shivered at the thought. As in self-consolation he murmured: "After all, he fell asleep—he fell asleep—fell asleep!"

Saul himself wooed sleep in vain that night, and the days that followed were but one continuous round of restless moments, of mingled self-reproach and self-excuse. Unhappy memories of Stephen's trial and death haunted him as he tried to persuade himself that what he had done had been done in the cause of truth.

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Yet violence once committed, his fanaticism knew no bounds. He determined to finish his work. This heresy must be wiped out in Jerusalem and blotted from the face of the earth. The time seemed opportune, for the governor, Pontius Pilate, had been recalled to Rome.

In Jerusalem Saul "made havoc of the church, entering into every house, and haling men and women, committed them to prison." Yet many escaped and the disciples "that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Word."

But Saul was not to be daunted. "Breathing threats of murder against the disciples of the Lord, he went to the high priest and asked him for letters to the synagogues at Damascus empowering him to put in chains any man or woman whom he could find belonging to the Way and bring them to Jerusalem."

An innocuous student, aspiring to the service of God and the uplift of humanity, he had entered Jerusalem; a raving zealot, ready to destroy his fellowmen in a mistaken service of God, he left the city for Damascus.

* * *

On the very spot which Orientals consider the site of the Lost Paradise, there stood amidst lovely gardens and fertile plains the ancient city of Damascus. Behind its walls a number of Christians on their flight from the Judean persecution had found a haven of safety.

Hither now a small band of Jews was making its way, intent on recapturing those refugees and bringing them back to Jerusalem for trial. The leader, a young man of nervous disposition, had been in a changeable mood during the greater part of the hundred miles which separates the capitals of Palestine and Syria.

As the city rose above the horizon his excitement grew. His heart throbbed in apprehension of new scenes of vio-

lence. Perturbed as to the outcome of so daring an undertaking, and even doubting at times the justice of the course he was pursuing, he nevertheless determined to fulfill the instructions of the high priest to the letter.

Such was Saul's mood, when near the gates of the old gray city a sudden change came over him, so profound that it transformed his heart and his religion; so decided that it influenced his present plans and his future actions; so complete that it affected his inner man and his entire life.

Toward the end of his life Saul relates his conversion in this manner: "Brothers and fathers, listen to the defence I now make before you. I am a Jew, born at Tarsus in Cilicia, but brought up in this city, educated at the feet of Gamaliel in all the strictness of our ancestral Law, ardent for God as you all are today. I persecuted this Way to the death, chaining and imprisoning men and women, as the high priest and all the council of elders can testify. It was from them that I got letters to the brotherhood at Damascus and then journeyed thither to bind those who had gathered there and bring them back to Jerusalem for punishment. Now, as I neared Damascus on my journey, suddenly about noon a brilliant light from heaven flashed round me. I dropped to the earth and heard a voice saying to me, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?' 'Who art thou?' I asked. He said to me, 'I am Jesus the Nazarene, whom thou persecutest.' My companions saw the light, and were afraid, but they did not hear the voice of Him who talked to me. And I said, 'What am I to do, Lord?' And the Lord said to me, 'Arise and go into Damascus; there you shall be told all you are appointed to do'. And as I could not see for the dazzling glare of that light, my companions took my hand and so I reached Damascus."

Many attempts have been made to explain the conversion of Saul in a natural way. Thunder and lightning, sunstroke, paroxysm, temporary insanity have been offered in turn as explanations; but the fact remains that Paul

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firmly believed, often related to his friends, and openly stated before his enemies that he had seen the Lord, not in a vision only, but in reality.

While at Damascus in the "Street called the Straight" waiting in the house of Judas for the fulfillment of the promise "You will be told what you are to do," Saul had a vision. Although his bodily eyes were still blinded, Saul, as in a vivid dream, saw a man; distinctly he heard, though no human voice had spoken, the name Ananias; plainly he noticed a figure approaching and placing its hand upon him to restore his sight. At once Saul knew this to be a vision, a divine revelation. Soon after, this vision became a reality.

At the very moment when Saul was praying, Ananias, a simple disciple of Jesus, was bidden in a similar vision to go to Saul and restore his sight. The timid remonstrance "Lord, I have heard by many of this man, how much evil he has done to thy saints at Jerusalem; and here he has authority also from the chief priests to bind all who call on thy name," was overruled by the stern command, "Go, I have chosen him to bring my name before the Gentiles and their kings, and before the sons of Israel."

Soon afterwards Ananias came and "entered the house, laying his hands on him with these words, 'Saul my brother, I have been sent by the Lord, by Jesus who appeared to you on the road, to let you regain your sight and be filled with the Holy Spirit'. In that moment something like scales fell from Saul's eyes and he regained his sight and looked up at Ananias who said, 'The God of our fathers has chosen you to know his will, to see the Just One and to hear the voice of his mouth. For you are to be a witness for him before all men, a witness of what you have seen and heard. Now why do you tarry? Arise and be baptized and wash away your sins, calling on his name'. Then Saul arose and was baptized."

* * *

After Saul's companions had brought the blinded leader

to the house of Judas, they were immediately dismissed. Saul wanted to be alone, refused to eat and to drink, and spent the solitary hours in contemplation of the glorious apparition which still lived vividly in his soul, filling it with unspeakable joy and blissful expectation.

His friends were puzzled at his behavior. They had been present at his conversion, were aware of the bodily effects of the glorious light, which they also had seen, but they remained unaware of the complete change which had come over him, and, when asked, were unable to give a distinct and trustworthy account of what had really occurred.

No wonder then, that while Saul in lonely seclusion stretched forth his hands in prayer for divine guidance, turning his sightless eyes heavenward for a ray of light on his future path, all kinds of rumors about the unexpected arrival and mysterious disappearance of this young Pharisee were circulating among the Jewish populace of the city.

His name, unknown before at Damascus, had been frequently mentioned in recent reports from Jerusalem which told of bitter persecutions of the new sect of the Nazarenes. It was whispered abroad, by the Jews with malign satisfaction, by the Christian refugees with dismal apprehension, that Damascus would soon witness similar scenes of violence.

There were many followers of the Nazarene among the Jews of Damascus, especially among the late arrivals from Judea, yet their number and names, although secretly and intimately known among the Christians, could not readily be ascertained by outsiders, since the early Jewish Christians did not sever their connections with their countrymen. They adhered strictly to the Mosaic Law and the customs of their people. Faithfully they observed the Sabbath and were regular attendants at the services in the synagogue. They differed from the rest of their countrymen only in the firm conviction that in Jesus they had found the Mes-

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siah, and in the secret worship of the Son of God in the privacy of their homes.

In times of imminent danger these early Christians, as those of later days, called special meetings of prayer and exhortation. Thus the disciples at Damascus, when they learned of the arrival of Saul, the persecutor of their brethren at Jerusalem, came together behind closed doors to pray for protection from the emissary of the high priest. They comforted each other with the words and promises of Jesus which, though not as yet written, lived in the hearts of all. Prayerfully they turned to Him who had promised, "Lo, I am with you always," and in order to strengthen their mutual love and hope, they gathered around the table for a love feast. These love feasts or *agapae* always culminated in the celebration of the Lord's Supper, the holy meal, which by its miraculous power, brought and still brings the disciples into holy communion with the risen and ascended Lord.

Into such a secret meeting Saul was brought by Ananias.

Astonishment mingled with awe fell upon the small group of Christians when the stranger entered and his dreaded name was mentioned. Gloom and fear gave place to radiant joy, however, when the venerable Ananias presented him as a baptized believer and brother in Christ. Every heart trembled with grateful emotion when Saul, in corroboration, told of the dazzling Christophany at the city gates and of his sudden change of heart.

Saul's conversion was indeed one of those signal triumphs of Christianity that are as enheartening to the believers as they are disheartening to the enemies of Christ.

The sudden apparition of the Lord before the gates of Damascus turned Saul, the passionate persecutor, into a firm believer and an ardent witness for Christianity. Having seen and heard the Lord he could no longer doubt: Jesus was the Christ, the Son of the Living God.

This great fact, the central truth of Christianity: Jesus is the Son of God—was so deeply burned into his soul that he must proclaim it. From synagogue to synagogue he preached that truth on the following Sabbaths.

All these places were filled to capacity, for every Jew in Damascus was eager to hear the emissary of the Sanhedrin.

Attentively the worshippers listened to Saul when, after the customary reading of Scriptures from Moses and the Prophets, he addressed the congregation from the pulpit-like *ambo* on the platform. Eloquently he spoke of the promises of a Messiah. When in his opening words he declared that now the time of His coming was fulfilled, the Rabbis and teachers about him disapprovingly shook their heads. When he continued to prove to the nonplussed Jews from the Scriptures he knew so well that Jesus was the "very Christ," the congregation grew uneasy and began to murmur. Not heeding their indignation, he kept on. Graphically he told them, how at the gates of the city he had beheld the Son of Man, whom Ezekiel and Daniel had seen clothed in white linen, His face brighter than the sun. But Saul had seen more than those prophets of old. He had seen on His head the marks of the crown of thorns, on His luminous hands and feet the imprints of nails, and on His side near to the heart a deep wound as of a lance. No doubt the glorified Son of Man was none other than the Nazarene who had died on the cross. Then, filled with the Holy Ghost, he bade his hearers leave their old ways and opinions and accept the Gospel of Jesus, the Son of God.

The speaker ceased, apparently relieved to have confessed his former error in persecuting the Christians and to have borne witness to the living Christ to whom he was to devote his whole future life.

The Scriptures and Jewish custom enjoined silence in the sanctuary. Though greatly agitated by what they had heard, the worshippers restrained themselves from voicing their indignation. But hardly had the doors of the syna-

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gogue closed behind them, when an animated discussion ensued. Again and again the question was raised, "Is not this the man who in Jerusalem harried those who invoked this name (Jesus), and came hither for the intent of carrying them in chains to the high priests?"

As the weeks rolled by, the wrath of the Damascene Jews grew more intense. All attempts to persuade Saul to return to his original purpose failed. All efforts of the Rabbis to convince him of his presumptive error proved futile. He held his ground in all disputations on the Scriptural doctrine of the Messiah. Hence he was judged an apostate who must be done away with. The scandal must be avenged. Saul must die. At least he must be sent back to the Sanhedrin for trial.

The growing animosity of the Jews convinced Saul that under prevailing conditions his further efforts at Damascus would be in vain. He no longer felt safe. Quietly he left the city.

Whither was he to go? To return to Jerusalem seemed inadvisable, for his adversaries would immediately report the happenings at the Syrian capital to the Sanhedrin. Nor was he prepared in his present mood to go back to his native town to meet there the reproachful looks of his father, the saddened face of his mother, and the prying glances of his former friends and companions. Besides he felt that before entering upon the important mission to which the Master had called him, he needed a time of restful preparation. So he, like many a man of God before and after him, turned to the solitude of the desert.

* * *

Far to the east and south of Damascus stretches a well-nigh endless waste. Encircling the Holy Land, reaching eastward to the banks of the Mesopotamian rivers and southward between the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf to

the shores of the Indian Ocean, extends that vast expanse, the land of the Sons of the East, which, barren and desolate alike, in its wide area of sandy deserts and its bare and rocky mountains, was known of old as Arabia, the 'wilderness'.

Clans of nomad herdsmen roamed over the vast steppes of these eastern deserts, whose scant herbage offered but meager food for sheep and cattle. Frequently the herders were compelled to move their tents. Did Saul attach himself to these eternal wanderers? An experienced tentmaker must have been welcome in their midst.

Did he perchance make his abode among the black basalt rocks of the mountains of Hauran, spreading the Gospel among the rough, half savage mountaineers?

Maybe he led the life of a hermit on the fertile fields of Bashan that bordered the desert, where natural wells between stony cliffs offered cool water for drink and wild fruits and honey provided the simple fare of a prophet like John the Baptist.

Perhaps he joined one of the caravans of Midianitish merchants, trafficking in Persian rugs, Indian jewels and pearls. Crossing the Arabian deserts these *cafilas* were carefully guarded by armed horsemen against swarming Bedouins, the dreaded robbers of the wilds. Thus Saul would have enjoyed safe conduct.

Did he leave them at the foot of Mount Sinai? Perhaps he rested there at the well where Moses watered the sheep of Jethro.

Did he possibly ascend through deep gorges and ragged ravines Mt. Sinai's 'piked' peak towering high above the barren summits of 'dry' Horeb, where Moses had meditated for forty days ere he received the Divine Law, engraved by God's finger upon two tablets hewn from the gray granite of the Mount of God?

Did Saul take refuge in the hidden cavern that once sheltered weary Elias? Did he, like that prophet, feel the

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presence of God in the soft breeze which gently fanned the hot sides of the mountain?

Who knows? The years of Saul's Arabian retreat are summed up in the few words: "I went to Arabia."

These years belong to the history of his inner life; and it is as useless to deliberate about the spiritual development through which he passed as it is to speculate about his possible wanderings in Arabia. As the footprints of man and beast are covered with driving sand by the monsoon of the desert, so all movements of Saul in Arabia and all vestiges of his inner progress are covered forever by the sands of time.

After three years Saul reappeared in Damascus.

Saul's previous visit to the city had hardly been noticed outside of Christian and Jewish circles. In the constant stream of the busy life which purled through the narrow streets and eddied round the open bazaars that lined them, his brief stay had been like a passing ripple on the "waters of Damascus," the languid rivers Abana and Pharpar flowing past the city walls; like an evanescent undulation on the many channels of the vineyards and rose-gardens beyond the city line, which were fed by the copious and perennial stream from the Antilibanus, known to the Greeks as Chrysorrhoeas, 'the River of Gold.'

The news of Saul's recent return, however, spread over the city like a sudden flood, turning all Damascus into a roaring sea clamoring a victim. Angered Rabbis voiced his arrival throughout the Ghetto, inciting the Jewish rabble to furious rage against the apostate and, invading the Gentile quarters, they eagerly roused the populace there against Saul as a disturber of the public peace.

Rome at the time had released her stern grip on the city, placing it temporarily under the rule of the Arabian king Aretas. The Jews, cunning and artful politicians at all times, succeeded in persuading the governor in charge

to alarm the garrison. Detachments of soldiers were everywhere patrolling the city, while doubled guards at the gates kept constant watch lest Saul should escape.

The general excitement forwarned the disciples. Carefully they hid him away in the house of Ananias close to the city wall and when night spread her sheltering wings, remembering the cunning plan of Rahab and the faithful act of Michal, they lowered Saul in a wicker basket from a window overhanging the wall.

Cautiously Saul made his way through the somber orchards and vineyards surrounding the city; hurriedly he traversed the plains beyond, and, when the dawn of a new day gave brighter contours to all things, the spying eyes of the watchmen on the walls of Damascus could hardly discern the fugitive figure that quickly passed among the shrubs and woods of the clay-colored hills at the foot of the distant mountains.

His path led gently up a narrow ravine, flanked by a double range of mountains whose rocky sides were covered by dense forests of century-old cedars. The higher Saul ascended, the higher the mountains seemed to grow, until at last he spied from a distance, looming up in the bright light of the sun, the glittering peaks of the 'white' Lebanon.

Beyond lay the land of his hopes. A few days would bring him to Jerusalem, the scene, he imagined, of his future labors.

* * *

Never and nowhere did Saul feel so lonely and forsaken as when he re-entered the thronged streets of the Holy City. Deepest loneliness does not dwell in the uninhabited regions of sandy deserts, nor dreariest desolation in the damp and gloomy caverns of barren mountains. It is in the populated city, where house adjoins house and man rubs elbows with his neighbor in the jammed streets, that the feeling of utter abandonment at times will fall with all its horror upon the human heart.

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Saul, as we know, was not a stranger in Jerusalem. A few years before, he had been an almost public figure. Highly commended by Gamaliel for his scholarly attainments, he had been the pride of the school, openly admired and secretly envied by his colleagues. Great hopes had been placed in him by the Pharisees as a defender of the Law and the Tradition of the Elders. Even the priestly caste of liberal Sadducees had welcomed him as an active ally in their intrigues against the Nazarenes. These alleged blasphemers of the Temple—the greedy guardians of the Temple well remembered Christ's prediction of its coming destruction—not only endangered the income of the priests, but that of the merchants, and sheepbreeders, and also the prosperity of the land.

How things have changed!

Slowly and with measured steps a group of well-known lawyers and Scribes, coming from a meeting of the Sanhedrin, descend Temple Hill. With approving smiles they receive the deferential greetings of the common people who give way to them. They now meet Saul. Reverently he greets them. A flash of recognition darts from their keen, searching eyes. Turning a deaf ear to his 'Peace be to you', they round the corner. Threats and curses coupled with his name float through the air. Pungently they strike his ear.

He spies the familiar faces of some younger men in students' attire. Often he has sat among them in the students' rows when the Supreme Court held its sessions. Hesitatingly he approaches. They dodge and quickly disappear in the crowd. They do not want to be seen with the renegade.

This open disavowal of friendship by his former companions and the baleful glances of the Pharisees reveal to Saul, more than the hatred of the Jews of Damascus, the deep chasm that since his conversion has opened between him and the representatives of the Jewish faith.

He thinks of Gamaliel. How will his old teacher receive

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him? Will he also deny his pupil? Certainly not. The tolerant sage, who previously had shown such leniency toward the Christians, would surely extend a friendly hand to his former pupil, yet—Saul feels the gap between the past and present deepen at the thought—it would be the hand of a kind teacher earnestly trying to lead an erring youth back to the faith, the gentle hand of a fatherly friend endeavoring to save the backslider from total apostasy. There could no longer be that harmonious friendship between pupil and teacher as heretofore. Perhaps he will see Gamaliel later.

First he must go to the Temple.

A constant stream of people, inhabitants of Jerusalem and pilgrims from distant lands, was flowing toward the sanctuary. A sudden wavelike rush carried the little man almost bodily into the Court of the Gentiles. Great crowds filled the wide space. A veritable bedlam! The cries of the money changers, the calls of the cattle venders intermingled with the bellowing of oxen, the bleating of lambs, the cooing of doves, the chirping of sparrows and the clinking of copper and silver. Saul felt disgusted at the sight and noise. Hastily he pushed through the crowd toward the Porch of Solomon.

The wide covered colonnades opposite the "Gate Beautiful," the main entrance to the interior of the Temple, were known by this name, because most of its massive pillars and walls dated back to the reign of Israel's wisest and most famous king, the builder of the first Temple, about 1000 B. C.

When, four centuries later, Nebuchadnezzar conquered Jerusalem and destroyed the sanctuary of Jehovah, the western walls and pillars were spared, and for seventy lonely years they stood there in solid massiveness amidst the ruins and débris, mute witnesses to the splendor of a glorious past.

When at the time of Ezra and Nehemiah, Zerubbabel modestly restored the Temple, these ancient mighty pillars,

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weatherbeaten and discolored though they were, seemed totally out of place, and even when, shortly before the time of Christ, Herod remodeled the Temple, the other courts in all their new beauty could hardly outshine the structural magnificence of this oldest part. To the conservative minds and patriotic hearts of a people that constantly grew more nationalistic, the Porch of Solomon was most dear.

Still dearer these ancient halls were to the Christians. Through these aisles, which stretched in three long rows the full length of the Temple, the Master had frequently walked. Here He had instructed His disciples, rebuked the Pharisees and taught the people. Here the Christians loved to gather after His ascension, and, since they held their services and prayers quietly, they remained, in the beginning at least, unmolested by the Jews.

To this porch Saul had come after the death of Stephen in search of Christian men and women in order to cast them into the dungeons and prisons below the Temple. Hither again he turned his steps, rightly assuming that, when the persecution had ceased, the Christians would again gather at the wonted meeting place. Now he came, not as a pursuer, but as a meek Christian seeking the fellowship of brethren.

As Saul entered the porch, he noticed several groups of worshippers. Humbly he drew nearer, but as soon as the Nazarenes espied the little man with reddish hair, they recognized their former persecutor. Hurriedly they scattered as a flock of birds at the sight of a hawk.

In wretched loneliness Saul walked the wide aisles. He thought of Damascus where venerable Ananias had presented him to the brethren, but here he had no one to speak and vouch for him. He had no letters of commendation from Damascus and the frightened Christians gave him no opportunity to speak for himself.

And what would his own words count, or those of another, or the written words of a commendatory letter, in the face of the tomb that enshrined the body of Stephen,

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and against the testimony of the massive prison walls below, which had resounded with the moanings and prayers of Christians imprisoned by him?

Yet he must see, he must speak to the brethren; if not here in Solomon's Porch, then at their places of worship in the city. First he would go to the house of Mary, mother of Mark. There he would find the pillars of the church, Peter, the leader of the Twelve; John and James, the kinsmen of the Lord.

Looking once more toward the Mount of Olives, Saul noted that the whitened graves which lined its base were gradually assuming a yellowish hue. A further glance through the Golden Gate into the interior court, where the fiery glow of smoldering ashes slowly died away, showed that the time of the evening sacrifice was long passed.

Hastily he crossed the court of the Gentiles. Men were busy there sweeping aside the dung and dirt of the day, laying the beautiful many-colored pavement bare. He hurried to the large bronze gate in the battlement wall, only to find it closed. He had to leave by the small southern gate which was kept open all night.

Outside he found himself in the hazy labyrinth of the dark square olive grove surrounding the sanctuary. Carefully he avoided the large cisterns which furnished the water for the Temple service. As he emerged from the shadowy walks, he caught a last glimpse of the departing worshippers. Some descended in small groups by the steep walks and stairways to their squalid quarters in the lower city; the majority, with the herds of unsold live stock, were crossing the ancient bridge connecting the Temple area with the opposite hill of the upper city. Saul chose the latter route.

After walking through a number of winding avenues and narrow alleys, Saul finally halted before a large homestead in a wider street. Like most of its neighbors, it was a broad two story structure of solid masonry. No mortar

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was used in its construction, the large stones being solidly piled on each other. In one respect, however, it differed from the others, and was, therefore, readily singled out. Deep grooves, chiseled along the edges of the large square stones of its front wall, gave to its otherwise plain facade the appearance of a huge checkerboard. Two small diagonally latticed openings on either side of the arched gateway served as windows. The entrance to the porch was closed by a heavy double gate. It was the house of Mary.

Repeatedly Saul knocked at the gate. After a while, lingering footsteps were heard from within and the shriveled face of an old maid servant appeared at the wicket. With a few curt words she inquired the name and business of the late stranger. No sooner had Saul given his name than the wicket was slammed shut and the terror-stricken maid ran to her mistress to bring her the startling news that Saul of Tarsus, the dreaded enemy of the Christians, stood without. At these words, a tremor ran through Mary's slender frame, her dark eyes became expressive of fear, and neither maid nor mistress dared open. In their fright they called as with one voice for Mary's brother, Joses, who lived with his widowed sister. He answered the call of distress at once, and, when he had learned the cause of their fright, left the women with a comforting "Fear naught" and composedly went to the door.

"Peace be with you," he greeted the stranger. "Peace with you," came the answer. The sincerity of the response assured Joses that there was nothing to fear and, opening the gate wide, he bade Saul enter. With distrustful eyes, the women watched the men ascend to the balcony which encircled the inner court, and then climb another stairway to the upper room, built towerlike on the rear roof.

The full moon, smiling through the wide apertures of the walls, filled the room with such brightness as to make the artificial light of a lamp or a candle unnecessary. In this mild, phosphorescent twilight, conducive to confidential talk, the two men, who had often heard of each other but

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had never met, soon found themselves relating the story of their past lives and their hopes and ambitions for the future.

Both had much in common. Both were Hellenistic, Greek-speaking Jews. Joses was a native of Cyprus; Saul of Tarsus. Their early training had been similar. Extensive travel had given them a knowledge of the world. The same longing for the land of their forebears had brought them to Jerusalem.

Captivated by the splendor of the Temple and charmed by the music and song of the Levites, Joses, himself a Levite, had decided to make Jerusalem his permanent home. A man of ample means, he had bought a stately mansion just outside the gates of the city. In this secluded place he lived a life of leisure and meditation, coming frequently, if not daily, to worship in the Temple.

Since the Christians regularly assembled in its eastern porch, the hall of Solomon, Joses made the acquaintance of the Apostles, learned from them the Gospel of Jesus and was received by baptism into the fellowship of the disciples.

Joses soon became an influential leader in the church, especially among the Hellenistic members. In fact, aside from the Twelve, he was the dominating figure in the congregation. Of admirable character and cheerful disposition, he was liked by all. His wealth and social standing, combined with great liberality, made him a patron of the church and brought him great honors. When the young congregation undertook—not a communistic experiment as has often been assumed, but a practical application of Christian charity on a large scale—to provide for all the poor and needy, the orphans and widows in their midst from a general fund, Joses was one of the first to sell his property and to lay the receipts at the feet of the Apostles. He himself took up his abode with his sister Mary who, probably on his advice, kept her spacious dwelling in the city, but

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placed it at the service of the church as a general meeting house.

Was it his generosity that gained him the surname of Barnabas, the 'son of consolation', or was it rather his education and intellectual superiority which enabled him to apply the Word of God in a most effectual way to those who, especially during the times of the Pauline persecution, needed comfort and encouragement? He undoubtedly had the gift of apostolic prophecy, and the name Barnabas, given to him by the Apostles, may therefore more probably mean 'son of prophecy' or 'son of exhortation'. In either sense Josès deserved the name of Barnabas.

Josès would not have mentioned his honorary surname nor the reason for it, had not Saul inquired. In all modesty he simply stated the facts. The early Christians were not so eager as many of their modern brethren to prefix and affix titles and degrees to their names. There were no Reverends, far less Very Reverend, Right Reverend, and Most Reverend clergymen, and no one had as yet heard of Bachelors, Masters or Doctors of Divinity. When Paul speaks of the leader of the Church in Jerusalem he simply calls him Peter, and when the latter refers to the most prolific writer among the authors of the New Testament it is merely as Brother Paul.

When Barnabas had ended, Saul related his experiences. He briefly sketched the days of his childhood, and touched upon his studies under Gamaliel. Reluctantly, but more fully, as one making a confession, he spoke of his cruel persecutions of the Christians; but with growing enthusiasm he recounted the story of his conversion and with glowing ecstasy depicted the heavenly apparition of the Holy One in Glory.

The account of his three years in Arabia was but short. So was the report of his endeavors to preach Christ at Damascus. However, he dwelt at length upon the disappointments of his first day in Jerusalem. He spoke of the

feeling of loneliness that had overcome him when he was ignored not only by his former friends but also by the Christian brethren.

Barnabas felt deeply moved and, true to his name, immediately began to speak words of cheer and consolation to the lonely man. He was perfectly convinced of Saul's sincerity and the genuineness of his conversion. As one who always had an eye for those capable of furthering the cause, he at once recognized the peculiar possibilities of the man before him. Unhesitatingly he suggested that Saul fill the gap caused by the violent death of Stephen and urged him to take up the latter's work among the Hellenistic brethren as well as among the Greek-speaking Jews of his former acquaintance.

Cocks were crowing when Barnabas left Saul to sleep in the upper room, while he himself retired to his own apartments below. With a hearty handshake the men parted as brethren and friends for life, Barnabas with the promise to introduce and recommend Saul to the Apostles on the morrow.

It was late when Saul rose from his couch. Through a window in the northern wall he could see the white turrets and gilded pinnacles of the Temple glittering in the sun. He spread his arms toward the sanctuary while offering up his morning prayer. Deep in thought, he remained standing thus for a while. Suddenly he heard his name mentioned below and, stepping to the balustrade, he saw a group of men gathered around the fountain in the inner court. He remembered that Barnabas had been speaking of an important meeting scheduled for that day.

Frequently the Apostles and deacons assembled at Mary's house for common service and solemn discussion. Ways and means for carrying on the constantly growing work of charity had to be found, and disputes between the Judaistic and Hellenistic members of the Church had frequently to be settled.

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Whatever the purpose of the meeting, it was for the moment forgotten over the news that Saul, the persecutor, had unexpectedly returned to the city. Three years before, a rumor had reached the disciples of the conversion of Saul, but it had found little credence. Nothing had been heard since of his whereabouts. But the day before he had been seen in the streets and in the Temple. Was he really converted? Was he still an enemy? Opinions differed. Just then Barnabas stepped out into the court and joined in the discussion. Quietly Saul withdrew to the upper room. His cause, he knew, was in good hands.

After a while Barnabas came and led Saul downstairs to present him to the Apostles.

Upon the request of Barnabas, Saul once more related what had happened before the gates of Damascus. With eyes raised toward the sky he described to the breathlessly listening men the glorious epiphany of Jesus. Whenever Saul related that wonderful story—he did so many times during his long life—he told it as though he were reliving the whole scene.

When he had ended, one Apostle after the other stepped forward, shook his hand and greeted him with the holy kiss. Thus Saul was received into the fellowship of the disciples.

During the following weeks, Saul was seen daily in their company “coming in and going out at Jerusalem.” In this way, the Apostles endeavored to convince the congregation of Jerusalem that Saul had become a true follower of Jesus. Aside from this they wanted to show him the places made sacred by the words and deeds of the Master. They visited Gethsemane and Golgatha and sojourned at the house of the sisters at Bethany.

Yet Saul did not spend his time entirely in these visits. Immediately he began to proclaim the name of Jesus among the Grecians, his former companions, especially in the synagogues of the Cilicians, Syrians and Cyrenians, thus con-

tinuing the work of Stephen. But he found little favor with these Jews of the Dispersion.

Two weeks had passed since Saul's arrival at Jerusalem, when at the break of day he was seen slowly ascending the Holy Hill. High above stood the Temple, its outline traced in dark gray against the gradually paling sky. A lonely, white clad priest walked sentry-like to and fro on the highest roof watching for the rising of the sun. When he discerned a small cloud with purple red lining on the distant horizon, he waved his hand toward the court below, and three long-drawn blasts from silver trumpets announced to the awakening city the time for the morning sacrifice.

The heavy bronze gates of the Temple swung open and Saul stepped into the sanctuary as the first visitor. He crossed the court of the Gentiles and ascended to the Porch of Solomon. Gravely he paced the wide aisles. Downcast and with heavy heart, he recalled the disappointments the last weeks had brought him. Notwithstanding his intimate relations with the heads of the church, many of the Jewish Christians still met him with distrust, while his former companions among the Hellenists had become fierce antagonists. Heeding the advice of Barnabas, he had taken up the work among the latter, being no doubt better qualified for this work than the Twelve. Yet up to now he had met with little success. The night before he had learned that the Hellenists had secretly decided to slay him. Was he to flee again as from Damascus? Was he to leave his newly found field of labor? All night these questions had kept him awake. Here in the Temple he hoped to come to a final decision, without the counsel of the brethren, alone with his God.

He did not seek any special revelation. He sought to determine the matter by sober thought and earnest prayer. While thus praying, a state of ecstasy came over him, and in a vision the Lord appeared, saying: "Make haste, and get thee quickly out of Jerusalem; because they will not receive thy testimony concerning me."

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Saul would not yield readily. He remonstrated: "Lord, they know that I imprisoned and beat in every synagogue them that believed on Thee: And when the blood of Thy martyr, Stephen, was shed, I also was standing by, and kept the raiment of them that slew him."

But again the command came, short, distinct, unmistakable: "Depart, for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles."

Saul was no visionary. This revelation had come to him unsought. It at once clarified his mind. He saw that he had not fully understood the previous call of the Master given to Ananias: "He is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel."

His call was preëminently a call to work among the Gentiles; his field, therefore, not in the Holy City nor in the Holy Land, but in the wide pagan world. He determined to follow the call and returned to the city to lay his decision before the disciples.

In amazement the brethren listened to his account of the vision in the Temple. As the little, usually nervous and excited man stood there calmly relating a phenomenon, the like of which none of the disciples save Stephen at his trial and death had experienced, as he spoke of it as unconcernedly as though it were an everyday occurrence, he appeared to them a living enigma. They intuitively felt that not without reason was he called "a chosen vessel," that indeed he was a singular man.

The command "Depart, for I will send you far hence unto the Gentiles," reminded them of the Master's last command, "Go ye therefore and make disciples of all nations and baptize them." Unequivocal as this command had been, not one of the disciples had as yet gone forth to labor among the Gentiles and to christianize the nations. They felt their incompetence, their lack of training; therefore they still tarried at Jerusalem. Here now, they realized, was a man, called by the Lord to blaze the way. He had

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lived among the Gentiles, he was familiar with their mode of living, their pagan theology, their religious customs and rites, and as much at home among their philosophical ideas and scientific principles, as any keen-minded Greek. He spoke Greek, Aramaic and Hebrew fluently, and probably was not unfamiliar with Latin. He was well grounded in the Scriptures, acquainted with all shades of their Jewish interpretation, convinced of the fulfilment of the Messianic prophecies, eager and enthusiastic to proclaim the living Christ whom he had seen and heard.

They were puzzled, however, as to the way in which his mission was to be fulfilled. What was to be the mode and plan of his work? At the time the Apostles had no advice to offer; Saul no definite plans to advance. They would leave the matter to the constant guidance of the ever-present Master and the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit.

Far into the night the brethren remained together in friendly council. Though saddened by Saul's impending departure, they were comforted by the consciousness that it would avert imminent danger.

At daybreak Saul left Jerusalem, just fifteen days after his arrival. A number of Christians, through fear that he might be attacked on the way, accompanied him to Caesarea, whence he embarked for his native town.

A proud, ambitious youth eager for knowledge and wisdom, he had left Tarsus; a mature man who had found the truth in Christ, he returned. A self-complacent Jew he had gone forth, a humble Christian he came home.

* * *

Twice failing in the choice of a proper field of labor, Saul like many another weary and disappointed soul, turned homeward. Where else could he have gone? Driven from Damascus, ordered away from Jerusalem, sent forth into the wide world without any definite goal, where else

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had he better wait for further instructions than at home?

Perhaps he was homesick too. Homesickness is often the result of disappointment, irresolution and failure when abroad. No active man, be he ever so far from home, is likely to contract this enfeebling malady which affects alike mind and body, seizing youth and age. Through forced inactivity or frustration of their designs, it suddenly befalls the young, while it creeps stealthily upon the hearts of the old, when waning will-power and failing strength no longer admit of successful effort. There is only one cure for this peculiar illness: the cure for homesickness is home.

The ship which carried Saul homeward, gradually neared the Cilician coast. The cloud-capped peaks of the Taurus mountains rose in the distance. Now an isolated, pyramid-shaped hill came into view. How well Saul remembered it! Often it had been the goal of his boyhood wanderings. From its summit he had loved to survey the environs of his native town. Was there not on its side, hidden in the dense underbrush, a lone cavern where he had found shelter from pouring rains? How well that solitary hill might serve him now as a quiet retreat for prayer. Had not the Master himself set a worthy example of withdrawing at nightfall to the hills and of watching there in prayer? Should the Tarsians during the day come there to seek repose in the shade of the century-old trees, the hidden cave would be a sheltering haven for retirement and meditation. Often perhaps, during the following years Saul tarried there, for to modern travelers, at least, this cave is pointed out as the grotto of Paul, the Hermit.

As the ship now entered the mouth of the Cydnus river, "a cool and headlong stream," its course slackened, and Saul could watch the well remembered landmarks on both sides. The old custom-house of the city perhaps did not claim his attention, but the famous young men's gymnasium hard by the river bank revived the memory of his happy childhood. How often the Jewish boy, not without envy, had watched there the Greek heathen youths in their

exciting sports. True, Hebrew tradition forbade him to take active part in the games of the gymnasium, the stadium and the wrestling ground, but nothing could hinder him and his kin from playing and fighting and running races in the streets. As children of Palestine impersonated weddings and funerals when at play, so the Tarsian and other children of antiquity, as Epictetus tells us, were "sometimes monomachists, sometimes athletes, and sometimes gladiators" in their games. That Saul as a boy had been deeply interested in these games is readily shown by the many allusions in his letters. "Run to win," he exhorts. "I do not run uncertainly," he avers. "A boxer, I will not beat the air; and as an athlete practices self restraint all around, I maul and master my body." All his childhood interest in the games comes to life again as he returns to Tarsus.

The boat had reached the wharf. The passengers made ready to leave. He stepped ashore. There was no one to greet him. His hasty departure from Jerusalem had made it impossible to send word of his coming by letter or messenger, for there were no quick modern ways of communication. Unexpected he would enter the house of his birth. How would his people receive him, now a Christian? Did his old mother, his venerated father still live? For years they had not heard from each other.

His gait quickened as he walked the familiar streets toward the Ghetto. When the first Hebrew words struck his ear, he of a sudden recalled the words of Moses: "Cursed be he that abideth not in the words of this Law." Shuddering, he remembered the terrible curses by which Jewish families disowned their nearest of kin who had turned from the Jewish faith and Law. Would he be so received?

He had no time to pursue the thought, for there he stood before the old homestead.

A servant who had been with the family ever since Saul could remember opened the door. At a glance the old man recognized him. There could be no doubt, this bandy-

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legged man with reddish hair could be no one but the long lost son of the house. Tears came to the weakened eyes of the slave who under adverse circumstances had given himself into life-long service. A deep sigh expressed the plaintive thought: Why must the long-missed son come home just a little too late?

If only his master could have seen him here; his only son for whom he had mourned with a deeper grief than Jacob felt for Joseph. Whenever the yearly pilgrims returned from Jerusalem, he had inquired for his son. He had learned that Saul had left for Damascus as an emissary of the high priest, and he had not returned. Rumors had come to Tarsus of his conversion. Had he really forsaken the faith of his fathers? No definite news was to be obtained as to his change of faith or his whereabouts. It seemed as though the earth had swallowed him. The old father's hair began to whiten, his erect figure became stooped. He shunned the company of his friends. For hours he sat brooding over the fate of his son. He mourned him; for if Saul should have turned an apostate he would have been as dead to his father as though he had really died. The father rarely mentioned Saul's name. Perceptibly he languished, and one day the news of the old merchant's death spread throughout the Jewish colony. "He died broken-hearted," whispered the neighbors.

Soon after, his wife was laid to rest by his side. Grieving for her departed husband and inconsolable over her missing only boy, she likewise had pined away.

Such memories passed through the old slave's mind, but he kept his peace. It was not his place to break the sad news. Passing his hand over his dimmed eyes, wiping away a tear which had stolen there, he took another scrutinizing look at the man before him.

There were those deep blue eyes, so unusual with Jews, the close-knit brows, the curls through which the faithful servant had so often lovingly passed his fingers when holding the lad on his knees. He beckoned Saul and led the

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way into the house. In silence they passed through the long arched porch with the familiar, wide, vaulted store-rooms on either side. They entered the inner court. Pushing aside the heavy curtains of the main living room he ushered Saul into the presence of the new mistress of the house, then quietly turned and left.

In the subdued light of the room, Saul noticed, seated on a couch or rather a padded chest which held the valuables, the slender figure of a beautiful dark-haired middle aged woman with dark, almost black eyes. An open scroll lay on her lap and at her knees stood a small boy, her very image. Apparently she was teaching the lad the rudiments of Hebrew reading. Hearing footsteps, both turned and looked at the unexpected guest. The boy, seemingly frightened by the sudden sight of the little grotesque figure, hid behind his mother, who, recognizing at a glance her long-lost brother, dropped the scroll to the floor and instantly rushed into his arms. For a long time they stood in silent embrace.

With wide open eyes, the boy stared now at his mother, now at the stranger, until the former, noticing the curious look of her son, took him by the hand and presented him to her brother. Tenderly Saul greeted his little nephew, while his eyes scanned every nook of the large room as if in search of someone else. As he now turned again to his sister, he saw that she wore mourning. Divining what had happened, the question for his parents died on his lips. But immediately understanding his look, she compassionately told him of the loss both had sustained.

The following hours were devoted to the memory of their beloved ones and to the exchange of experiences during their long separation.

Meanwhile the servant had broadcast the unlooked-for return of Saul among the kinsmen and neighbors. One after another they came, first among them Saul's brother-in-law, to hear his report of distant lands and strange experiences. When, among other things, he recounted the

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story of Christ's apparition they were stupefied. They listened indeed to his encouragement to accept Jesus as the Messiah, but remained unpersuaded. They did not treat him unkindly, far less did they curse him; for a man with such a checkered past, as it seemed to them, and without definite plans for the future, was to be deemed an object of pity rather than of hatred.

They knew him, moreover, to be abnormal in many ways. His health had always been feeble, predisposing him to visions and trances and to changing periods of exultation and depression. Accordingly his friends were not astonished when a short time later he told them of a vision, which probably occurred at Tarsus—others think it was some years later in the Temple at Jerusalem—a grand vision in which he was caught up into the third heaven, into paradise where he heard unspeakable words, which no human lips could repeat.

Yet, though considered a dreamer and visionary, Saul seems to have converted a few of his kinsmen, among them Herodion, Lucius, Jason, and Sosipater.

It is not likely that Saul preached publicly at Tarsus. He spoke to his own kin as man speaks to man. He seemingly did not establish a congregation in his native town, for Tarsus is nowhere mentioned in his letters. It is not impossible, however, that he made a few missionary trips through Cilicia and into neighboring Syria; some even believe that he reached the borders of Judea. His retreat at Tarsus seems to have been spent mainly in prayer, meditation and study of the Scriptures; for the singularly perfect system of theology revealed in his letters presupposes careful preparation and continued study. This study was done perhaps in the solitude of the Nimrud Mountain and in the grotto which tradition names as his refuge. During all this time he was anxiously waiting for the call of the Master.

* * *

High in the sky stood the noonday sun. Its glaring rays

parched the earth and heated the dust of the highway. Sesame and lilies, marigold and poppies and all the varicolored flowers of the fields hung their heads in the slumbrous air. Here and there under lonely trees among the fields of golden wheat and blooming cotton, weary laborers chatted over their frugal meal or sprawled for a short noon-day nap. Even the butterflies, tired from flitting all morning among the wild blossoms, folded their mottled wings for a momentary siesta.

Like a narrow, endless yellow ribbon the ancient highway, the only route for caravans from Asia Minor to the Orient, stretched over the broad magnificent plain of Cilicia. Along this road, leading from Tarsus to the narrow mountain passes known as the Syrian gates, there marched some 400 years B. C. the Greek mercenaries of Cyrus, laden with the plunder of that city and cheered by the promise of increase in their pay. Assyrian, Persian, Phenician, Syrian and Roman armies traveled the same route before and after that time. This day the usually frequented road lay forsaken.

One lone wanderer was seen in the distance steadily moving along the dusty trail westward toward Tarsus. A small cloud of dust rose under his feet. Rome had not yet paved the highway for a military road. Bravely, like a soldier on his march, he advanced, unconcerned about the heat. Did he think perhaps of those great armies which had ground the same dust before him? Soldiers on the march or at drill had always deeply impressed him. As a small boy Saul knew every call of the trumpet. Its penetrating sound did not merely touch his ear but his heart. Though his small and uncomely figure would not have fitted him for military service, he nevertheless felt within himself a martial spirit. Military terms abound in his letters. In a few exhorting words he describes the full equipment of a Roman soldier as emblematic of a Christian's panoply for the fight against evil. "Take unto you the whole armor of God," he writes to the Ephesians, "that ye may be able to withstand

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in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God." Like "a trumpet with no uncertain sound" he calls Timothy to battle: "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life."

But, even for the bravest soldier, there come moments when utter fatigue bids an irresistible halt. So Saul, when he came to a heap of ruins near the city, dropped his pack, leaned his staff against the walls, and seated himself in their shade on a huge boulder to view the wide place of devastation. The foundation walls still standing showed that the building they had supported had been of vast, even colossal dimensions, long and rectangular in shape and divided into two distinct parts. It undoubtedly had been a magnificent edifice, unquestionably a public building. But what could it have been, a mausoleum, a pagan temple, or a king's palace? Who had built it and who destroyed it? Saul did not know the answer, nor do modern archeologists who have visited the place.

There are strewn along the long path of humanity over this globe vast ruins, the only monuments of ancient empires, whose names as the names of their rulers are no longer preserved on the few faded pages of history that have come down to us from a nebulous past. Now and then among these ruins there is turned over a stone that bears an inscription, but too often in a language which we are unable to decipher.

Or could Paul perhaps interpret the Assyrian inscription on the statue of Sardanapalus which he passed when after a short rest he continued his way to the city? It would have sounded strangely familiar to him; for he himself in his first Epistle to the Corinthians, quoting from

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Isaiah, uses almost the very same words. It read: "Stranger, eat, drink, and be merry, for all else cannot equal *this*." Equal what? The figure itself suggests the answer, for it appears ready to snap its fingers.

The materialistic view of life represented by this statue has caused the decline and fall of great kingdoms and many individuals.

Did these ruins recall to Saul the words: "Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities, all is vanity. One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth forever." Saul certainly knew these words, but he knew more. He knew that even earth and heaven would pass away, but one kingdom would endure forever. He knew a King "who is the only and blessed Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords; who hath only immortality, dwelling in a light which no man can approach unto; whom no man has seen or can see, to whom be honor and power everlasting."

To this King belonged Saul's life and service. He was ready for His call. When would it come?

* * *

Shortly after Saul had resumed his march, he came to a fork in the road. He stopped a while, undecided where to turn. The way to the right led to his favorite retreat, Mt. Nimrud. The road to the left headed for Tarsus, the towers of which lay now in plain view. At the thought of his sister he turned towards the city.

As Saul neared the gates, the road became more frequented. Once within the city, he was soon in the midst of a throng which hastily made for the wharves where a Syrian coaster had just dropped anchor.

Though nothing unusual, the arrival of a vessel always stirred Tarsus. There are in a maritime city, be it ever so busy, idlers eager to watch the coming or sailing of ships.

Some of the older inhabitants of Tarsus liked to recall the most spectacular occurrence in that harbor, an account

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of which has come down to us from the pen of Plutarch. Beautiful Cleopatra came there, to meet Anthony, "sailing up the Cydnus river in a barge with gilded stern and outspread sails of purple, while oars of silver beat the time to the music of flutes and fifes and harps. She herself lay at full length under a canopy of gold, dressed like Venus in a picture, while beautiful boys, like painted Cupids, stood on each side to fan her. Her maids were attired like Sea Nymphs and Graces, some steering at the rudder, some working at the ropes."

The ship that was now moored to the wharf differed greatly. Her awkward hulk and roughly carved prow were almost bare of paint; her drab sails, which needed no trade mark to show their Tarsian origin, were torn by the winds. The rough salts constituting her cosmopolitan crew, resembled pirates rather than polished attendants of the fairer sex, which latter were entirely missing on board.

After the inevitable customs officers had come aboard—how old this troublesome tribe must be—the vessel was ready to discharge her passengers and freight.

The travelers left her, crossing in single file the heavy plank which bridged the narrow space between the ship and the dock. Each newcomer thus presented himself individually to the scrutinous looks of the waiting crowd. There came, silhouetted against the darkening sky, long bearded Jews stooping low under heavy packs and ragged bundles; sleek Syrians casting about with keen eyes; well-dressed Greeks with high foreheads indicative of superior intelligence; and proud martial Romans with slaves and servants at their heels.

Suddenly Saul noticed among all these strangers a familiar figure. Eagerly he pushed through the crowd and found himself face to face with his former patron and friend, Barnabas, who, as he learned to his surprise, had come to Tarsus in search of him.

The hustle and bustle in the streets had gradually died

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away and a cool balmy night settled over the city. The two friends, after a simple meal, prepared and served by Saul's sister, walked slowly up and down the garden-like courtyard of Saul's parental home, exchanging the sad and the pleasant stories of the years since they last had met at Jerusalem.

Saul's story was brief. His life had been as secluded as the garden they were pacing, as tranquil as the water of the fountain which, as they passed, reflected the starlit sky.

At Tarsus is still shown, in the courtyard of an ancient building, the well of Saint Paul, beneath an overhanging roof, encircled by a low rim of marble, and sparkling with the sweetest of waters. Yet notwithstanding the claim that long ago a basaltic stone with the name of Paul carved on it in Greek letters was found in this well, it remains doubtful whether or not it was the identical place where the friends spent a congenial night.

Barnabas had a long and interesting tale to tell of the wonderful growth of the Church in Jerusalem and throughout Samaria and Galilee. He spoke but briefly of John and James, but at length of the miraculous deeds of Peter.

At Lydda this man of great faith had healed a certain Aeneas, who for eight years had been confined with palsy; more wonderful, this man of prayer at Joppa had raised from her deathbed a woman, Tabitha or Dorcas, much loved for her alms and good works; but most wonderful, Peter, the strict Jewish Christian, had preached the Gospel to pagans and baptized the household of a Roman centurion at Caesarea.

Barnabas stopped a moment, for he noticed an expression of astonishment on Saul's face. Had the Pharisee been aroused in his heart? Had the baptism of pagans been a shock to his Jewish prejudice? Hardly; for Saul had advocated this mode of admission for Gentiles on the eve of his departure from Jerusalem. What puzzled Saul, was not the strange act of Peter by which he became the

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first to admit Gentiles directly into the Church; but the question as to whether or not this act of Peter had finally solved the vexed problem of Gentile admission. Was Peter's act to be a general rule for the future or must it be considered merely a singular instance?

It was indeed, no longer an exceptional case. Barnabas continued to relate how certain fugitives from the Judean persecution, on their way to their distant homelands, Cyprus, Phoenicia and far-off Cyrene, had stopped for a time at Antioch, and had there preached the Gospel to the Gentile populace. Many had accepted the "glad tidings" of the Savior and openly confessed their faith in Jesus Christ.

The news that Gentiles had embraced the faith and that a Grecian congregation was rapidly growing at Antioch soon reached Jerusalem, causing widespread discussion. What was the relation of these pagan converts to the mother church? What was their attitude toward the Mosaic Law and Jewish tradition? Everyone felt that an entirely new and strange element had entered into the Church. A movement had been started which would give rise to questions of the most far reaching importance.

The apostolic leaders at Jerusalem were at a loss for an answer to the many inquiries in regard to the matter. They had not even exact information as to the size and organization of the Antiochian church. In their dilemma they decided to send Barnabas to investigate the matter at the source. When he arrived at Antioch, he joined the new movement but, finding himself unable to cope with the task alone, he went to Tarsus in search of Saul.

Now he was here pleading with his friend to come to assist him in the new work among the Gentiles.

The call had come, this time to a definite field, and Saul was ready.

When a few days later the ship which had brought Barnabas to Tarsus was ready to weigh anchor and set sail for Antioch, the two friends were on deck, eager to enter upon a grand work by which they were to unite in one

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common faith people who had been heretofore widely separated by racial, social and religious barriers.

* * *

Where an ancient low arched bridge of loose stones now leads over the muddy yellowish waters of the Orontes to the humble town of Antiaka, there stood at the beginning of the Christian era a mighty city, beautiful and luxurious Antioch. Repeated earthquakes in the sixth century A. D. have so completely laid the ancient metropolis in ruins that hardly any traces remain. The circle of an amphitheater halfway up arid and cavern-riddled Mount Silpius and the remains of a paved road among the olive trees in the plains below are the only evidences of the former grandeur of a royal city which was once considered a pearl among the Hellenistic settlements that arose from the time of Alexander the Great in every part of the eastern world.

Seleucus Nicator, one of Alexander's generals and founder of the vast kingdom of the Seleucids, which comprised nearly all of western Asia from the Aegean to the Caspian Sea and the Persian gulf, selected this beautiful spot for the site of his residence because of its fine climate and its advantageous location on the main highway through his wide domain.

He planned the city, named after his father Antiochus, on a large scale, with broad streets and spacious parks. Each successor added to the city's beauty. On the Acropolis stood a temple of Zeus Keraunos, protecting the city from lightning. Among the many sanctuaries dedicated to different gods and goddesses was also a Pantheon, a temple for all the gods. The streets, well paved and lighted at night, were lined with palaces, theaters and public baths; the ample well-kept parks filled with statues, monuments and shrines.

The period of its highest bloom Antioch attained at the time and by the munificence of Herod the Great who,

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after the Roman conquest of the East, reigned over Syria for a short time. This mighty ruler, notorious for his cruelty and crimes even against his nearest kin, was justly famous as a patron and protector of the arts. He reconstructed the Temple at Jerusalem in grandest style, erected palaces and temples at Caesarea, rebuilt ancient Samaria, and here at Antioch paved the main avenue of the city with huge marble slabs, flanking it at the same time with ornamental colonnades nearly four miles in length.

Along this broad White Way two men, one tall and of commanding figure, the other small and scraggy, were striding toward the *agora* or forum. There they paid but passing attention to the gigantic statues recently erected by the Emperor Tiberius representing the Dioscuri, the 'twins', Castor and Pollux reining in their rearing steeds. Turning to the right, the men hastened toward the business quarter near the river, where Jewish traders and Greek merchants had their shops and bazaars. To this busy place ships brought food and supplies from all Mediterranean ports, while caravans from the shores of the Euphrates carried there the gems of India and the riches and gold of the East. Both Jews and Greeks were shrewd business men and wealthy leaders among a populace which was composed of Syrians and Phoenicians intermingled with Persians and Gauls, Egyptians and Barbarians, in fact, with people from the four corners of the earth.

Antioch was, indeed, in every respect, a representative city of the new cosmopolitan world in which first Alexander and later the Romans had broken down the barriers between the nations. Yet Antioch offered not only the bewildering spectacle of a conglomeration of the most heterogeneous peoples and races, but also a confusion of divers religions, creeds and cults.

Paganism was by no means declining at the time of Saul, but rather producing many new religions and strange divinities by a continuous intermingling of Western gods and ideas with Eastern deities and superstitions. There

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were at Antioch worshippers of the old Olympian gods of Greek polytheism, adherents of the strange divinities of mystery religions, as the cult of Cybele, of Isis and Serapis, of late also of Mithras. At that age, moreover, most people lived in constant fear of myriads of demons, considered by pagans as souls of men ascended to the ranks of gods, and by the Jews as fallen angels who had rebelled against Jehovah.

Little is known as to the origin and general diffusion of many of these pagan cults. Religions constantly changed, old ones vanished, new ones rose. Everything religious seemed in a continuous flux, and in a city of five hundred thousand, a new religion could arise without attracting the attention of the general populace.

Thus unnoticed, a new, and for the public as yet nameless, sect had arisen at Antioch in Jewish and Greek circles. It was simply known as the 'congregation' or 'church'. Unwittingly Saul had been the founder of this religious community, for, as has been said, Hellenist fugitives from the persecution in Jerusalem had first preached the Gospel at Antioch. Many had been converted and under the able leadership of Barnabas "much people was added unto the Lord."

It was not the rapid growth of the congregation so much as the many difficult questions of doctrine and practice, caused by antecedent national and religious differences of the members, that had induced Barnabas to seek the aid of Saul. These questions called for a person well versed in the religious thought of the age and of good judgment in practical affairs.

Similar difficulties between Jewish and Gentile converts had confronted the Apostles at Jerusalem; but here at Antioch a new element had entered. Baptized pagans who had had no previous connection with the synagogue had been won directly from heathenism. These threatened gradually to outnumber the rest. No distinction could be made after they had once been admitted into com-

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mon fellowship, no matter how ardently a few Judaistic believers might wish to do so. The unity of the church must be preserved at all costs.

Discussing these questions, the two men arrived at the plain but roomy house which served the Antiochian congregation as a meeting place. Here Barnabas presented his friend to the leaders of the church: Simeon called Niger, Lucius of Cyrene, and Manaen who had been brought up with Herod the Tetrarch. Only the names of these prophets and teachers are known.

The leaders welcomed Saul as a beloved brother and the congregation, which had hastily assembled at the rumor of his arrival, greeted him with outspoken joy. Barnabas had acquainted the Antiochians with Saul's attainments as a student of the Scriptures, with his conversion and with his fervor for the Master's cause. Yet as Saul now stood there before the assembly and spoke, many of his hearers were somewhat disappointed in his general appearance and in his manner of delivery. Nevertheless he soon won many friends.

For a year they taught with marked success. Though Barnabas was the acknowledged leader, Saul's greater genius was soon felt. He had not a new, but a fuller Gospel to proclaim. He differed from the other Apostles. He had a deeper insight and a greater vision than these plain men from Galilee. His Christian life and thinking began at the gates of Damascus. That vision never faded from his memory nor grew dim with years. It was the great theme of all his preaching, "We preach Christ, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God." In his writings, as well as in his preaching, the phrases, "in Christ," "with Christ," "according to Christ" occur again and again.

Since Saul so persistently used the name of Christ, it naturally came into general use among his disciples also. This habitual use of Christ's name soon attracted the attention of the public, which contemptuously called the disciples Christians, or rather Chrestians, meaning Puritans.

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Though the appellation Chrestian was given in derision and scorn, the disciples readily adopted it in the proper form "Christian." The name Christian, therefore, must be traced to the activity and preaching of Saul at Antioch. This name, Hebrew in meaning, Greek in root and Latin in form, bears in itself, as does the trilingual superscription of the cross, promise of universality. The language of holiness, combined with the language of beauty, cast in the mold of the language of justice, could alone adequately express the sanctity, glory and righteousness of a true Christian life.

The Christian life is preeminently a life of love and mutual service. To such a Christ-like life of love Saul encouraged his hearers: "Be kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you. Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children and walk in love, as Christ hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us."

The early Christians, more perhaps than those of our day, lived such lives of love. Even their heathen contemporaries bear testimony to this fact: "Behold how they love one another."

Saul, a lover of men like Christ, admonishes: "Let us do good to all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."

Soon the Antiochian Christians were to find an opportunity to do good to the Christians of Jerusalem and thus to repay, in part at least, by material gifts the spiritual blessings they owed to the mother church.

For nearly a year Saul had been preaching at Antioch before ever growing crowds, when one Lord's Day, coming to the meeting house, he found the place filled to overflowing. Many people, unable to gain entrance, crowded the place in front of the door, while others near the grated windows, eagerly listened to what was going on within.

Deferentially the people inside gave way to the beloved

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teacher, but only with difficulty could he elbow his way through the crowded aisle to the platform. Here he was immediately apprised of the reason for the unusual gathering.

There sat in the seats reserved for the "honorables and guests," a number of men whose dusty apparel indicated that they had but recently arrived from a long journey. "Prophets from Jerusalem," Saul was informed by Barnabas. These new-comers the Antiochians were eager to hear. Barnabas had often spoken of the Mother-Church; now an opportunity offered itself to the Antiochian Christians to hear the latest news from the Holy City.

Not the Antiochians only, were eager for news, for many a faithful servant of God in our day learns, perhaps to his chagrin, that visiting clergymen often draw larger audiences than the local pastor.

When on that morning the prescribed passages from the Law and the Prophets had been read, Barnabas, in accordance with rabbinical custom, called upon the strangers to address the congregation, using the traditional formula: "Ye men and brethren, if ye have any word of exhortation for the people, say on."

Immediately Agabus, the head of the delegation, rose to speak. In touching words he told how the church of Jerusalem, a community of simple and devout Israelites, content to live in poverty and obscurity from a common fund, was getting into always greater need because of its growing numbers and the continual rise of prices. The longer he spoke the more excited he grew, and when he neared the end of his speech, he was seized by a sudden uncontrollable passion which seemed to carry him beyond himself. In an ecstasy of rapture he poured forth his soul in a torrent of words, portentous, fatidical and ominous, accompanied by frantic gesticulation which made him appear as one speaking in tongues, no uncommon phenomenon in the early church. It was considered an unusual gift of the Spirit, a rather doubtful gift, indeed, for Saul who

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occasionally spoke in tongues tells us that such speaking ordinarily required an interpreter. Here in Antioch none was needed. From the symbolical actions of the speaker rather than from his mysterious words the hearers gleaned his meaning. Luke, our authority, tells us: "he signified by the Spirit that there should be a great dearth throughout all the world."

When the speaker had ended, Barnabas assured him that the Christians of Antioch would stand ready at any time to lend a helping hand to the brethren of Jerusalem, constrained by the command of the Master: "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

Barnabas remained forever grateful to those who had led him to faith in Jesus, and he saw to it that the delegation did not leave Antioch without a goodly sum to replenish the depleted treasury of the mother church.

That treasury was doomed soon to become entirely empty.

"A great famine all over the world," as Agabus had predicted, came in the year 44 A. D. under the reign of the Emperor Claudius. Even Rome and Antioch and other cities near the sea felt it, most of all, however, the larger cities of the inland.

A hot and sultry day lay over Jerusalem. The leaves of the scanty trees and shrubs on the barren mountains of Judea hung shrivelled on their branches. The wheat fields on the hills near Bethlehem were parched. Hunger staggered through the land.

A number of heavy covered wagons with shrieking wheels, drawn by slow moving oxen, entered the western gate of Jerusalem. Soon they were surrounded by emaciated mothers and half starved children who followed them with hungry eyes. The wagons brought the magnificent gift of King Isates of Adiabene and his mother Helena, grain bought in Egypt. At last there would be some food

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for the suffering inhabitants. Even the poor could hope for their share, for the *Corban*, the annual alms money sent by the Jews of the Dispersion to the sacred treasury, had been unusually large this year.

But what about the humble followers of Him who according to His own words had not where to lay His head? They had followed in His steps, leading from the beginning "the simple life," their daily requirements consisting only of a little wheat, oil and figs. Now they were practically without means of subsistence. Could they hope for any help from the Pharisees and Sadducees, the enemies of their Master, or from King Herod who but a short time ago had killed James and imprisoned Peter? Should the Christians beg alms of the Jews?

Early that morning the Apostles met at the house of Mary. They were but ten. Perhaps they found a few silver coins still in the treasury, at the sight of which Philip remembered the question he had addressed to the Master in a similar hour of need: "Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat? Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them may take a little." Possibly there were a few loaves of bread remaining in the cupboard, so few indeed, as to bring back to Andrew's mind the doubt uttered at the same occasion, "What are they among so many?"

And the many came. One after another they entered, filling the wide court, each a picture of hunger and privation. With begging eyes they looked at their leaders, but could they help them? The disciples, no doubt, remembered the great miracles of the Master who fed the multitudes, five thousand once and again four thousand. But they had not the divine power of Jesus to increase a few loaves into many. Yet, had He not promised, "Lo, I am with you always." Had not Peter often admonished them with the words he later wrote in his letter, "Cast all your cares upon Him; for He careth for you." Had they not recently, in this very court, experienced the power of prayer in the miracu-

lous deliverance of that disciple from prison? Pray then they would. Pray to Him who answers prayer.

The deepest emotions cannot be expressed in words. Prayer, eloquent and clamorous perhaps at first, grows less wordy with increasing intensity; a cry for help needs but one word, and the most ardent appeal to God is often rendered wordless and silent, or breathed perhaps in one deep sigh.

Prayerful silence, after a few initial words of invocation by the Apostles, lay over the assembly of Christians kneeling under the withered trees in the court of Mary's home, when sudden and repeated knocks were heard from the gate. Rhoda, the maid, went to open.

There stood, in dusty traveling-garments, Barnabas and Saul, accompanied by a small band of brethren from Antioch.

Instantly they were admitted.

When the Antiochians entered the court, and saw the kneeling congregation, every one praying with quivering lips, they realized how timely was the help they were about to bring.

Without many formal greetings, they immediately announced the purpose of their coming. They told how the Christians at Antioch, had, upon the news of the dire distress of the brethren at Jerusalem, instantly made a collection to alleviate the need. With a certain pride the messengers stated—Christians may glory in the good deeds of fellow believers—"Every man according to his ability determined to send relief unto the brethren which dwelt in Judea: Which they also did, and sent it to the elders by the hands of Barnabas and Saul." With these words, the men opened their treasures and handed the magnificent gift of the church of Antioch to the Apostles and elders.

Quietly the congregation arose. With wonder all looked at the bags of silver and gold opened before them. Though all had been praying with ardent fervor, not one had expected such sudden and abounding help. For a while the

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silence of surprise seemed even deeper than the silence of prayer. Then, moved with gratitude toward Him who delivereth His people, and toward the brethren who had been willing agents of the loving Master, all gave vent to their pent up emotions in psalms and hymns of thanks and praise. Seldom did a congregation sing with such fervor and devotion as did these Christians newly strengthened in the faith.

The days of Saul's short stay at Jerusalem passed quickly. They offered him, however, an opportunity to consult with the Apostles about the future expansion of his work among the Gentiles.

The deliberations were held in the main room of Mary's house, where her son John, better known by his surname Mark, chanced to be present. He showed much interest in the discussions but kept his silence.

Mark had always been an admirer of Peter who had brought him to Christ and who loved to call him, "Mark, my son." Peter indeed, by his sturdy and manly figure, his natural courage and spiritual intrepidity, by his powerful sermons and fearless proclamation of truth could inspire a youthful heart. He had become Mark's ideal.

As Mark now observed Saul sitting in Peter's place and saw the fine, intelligent face with the sharp aquiline nose and the deep blue eyes beaming with enthusiasm, the ruddy, coarse features of the fisherman seemed to fade. When Saul spoke of his plans for the great work of world-wide missions, a feeling came over the young man: here is a man who is superior to Peter, surely in knowledge and wisdom, perhaps also in courage and daring. He realized how narrow Peter's views and interest had been. Peter had been perfectly satisfied to manage the little affairs of the congregation at Jerusalem, to preach at set hours, and to settle the rivalries and petty jealousies which arose from time to time between Jewish and Hellenist Christians; but never had Peter or the other Apostles seriously spoken of fulfilling the Master's last command. Here was a man de-

terminated to carry the message of Christ to the ends of the world. What a privilege it would be to live near such a leader, to listen to him, to labor with him. Mark felt the missionary spirit awaken within his soul.

The hour of the morning service in which the Antiochians were to speak once more to the congregation before their departure drew nigh. Then men closed their discussions and went into the court where large numbers had already assembled.

Barnabas was the first to speak. As he stood on the low platform at the rear of the court, he presented a pleasing picture of perfect manhood. Physically strong and handsome, he was a worthy representative of the tribe of Levi. Of fine stature, with symmetrical features and long flowing auburn hair, Barnabas reminded many of his hearers of the most beautiful of men, the carpenter's son of Nazareth. In many respects Barnabas resembled the picture of Christ as it is preserved to us in ancient Byzantine frescoes and mosaics.

Mark was deeply impressed not only by the pleasing presence of his uncle, but more so by the breadth of his views, his prophetic ardor, his authoritative manner, his noble bearing and his commanding voice. Barnabas appeared to him an amiable preacher and ideal missionary. How Mark wished to be like his uncle!

Was it due to the drowsy heat or to the privations of the last few weeks that Mark's eyelids began to droop and his head to nod during the sermon? He did not really fall asleep, but the words of the speaker, as they fell on his ears, no longer registered in his mind. Dream pictures, at first indistinct, gradually gaining in vividness, rose before him. He saw himself a missionary like his uncle, preaching the Gospel of salvation. His imaginary hearers showed at first distinctly Jewish features, but by degrees they changed and assumed Gentile faces and garments. A complacent smile played around the lips of the self-ordained missionary as they silently moved in imaginary talk. His drowsiness

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grew more intense, and while the images became more life-like, his eyes closed entirely to his surroundings. He did not notice that Barnabas had left the platform to give place to Saul. He also failed to hear the benediction.

But when Saul uttered his first words in a rather high-pitched, almost shrill voice, Mark awakened. He looked around. He had completely forgotten the place and the occasion. On all the faces about him he noticed eager expectation and he himself now curiously turned to Saul.

Mark's impression of Saul as a preacher was not favorable. There was no fluent delivery as with Barnabas, no thundering voice like Peter's.

As Mark's ear by degrees became attuned to the tone of Paul's preaching voice, he completely forgot the speaker and his oratorical shortcomings over the truths he proclaimed. Here, indeed, was no studied oratory, no artful elocution, not even natural eloquence. What he heard was a sermon delivered in a halting manner, bare of fine phrases but filled with soul-stirring utterances of profound truths in simplest words. The longer Mark listened, the more he was captivated by the plain talk which he and all others felt to be the "echo of a great soul." Coming from the heart of the speaker, Saul's words went directly to the hearts of the listeners. He did not speak the language of the philosophers whose equal he was; nor of the scholars whom he excelled in many ways; nor of the theologians—a greater than he never lived—he spoke the language of the common people, the language of the heart.

Saul's theme that morning was the church and its expansion among the Gentiles, the topic nearest his heart. For Saul, the scope of the church was far wider than for most of his hearers, and the kingdom of Christ, as he saw it, had room for all. He was not interested, as many men of our days, in any specific sect, nor in the church as a mere organization. For him, the church was the one grand reunion of all men and all peoples with God in Jesus Christ. He was

not the advocate of a narrow Churchianity, but the herald of a world-wide Christianity.

In his wonted expressive manner Saul beckoned to the congregation to bow in prayer. Kneeling in front, he summed up the sermon in words similar to those used in the Epistle to the Ephesians: "I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye may be filled with all the fulness of God. Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."

The services ended, most of the Christians took leave, parting from their Antiochian benefactors with a holy kiss and hearty handshake and with the assurance that their prayers would be with Saul and his friends on their homeward journey and on the proposed missionary travels.

Meantime Mark had retired to his room. He wanted to be alone to quiet his perturbed soul. When, after hours of meditation and self-examination, he came forth again, his mind was set: he was to go with Barnabas and Saul; if not, because of his youth, as a welcome co-laborer, then as a minister to their bodily needs and comforts. He easily gained the consent of his uncle to serve him as a personal attendant; and as a result of their joint persuasion the mother finally agreed to let her son go. Her motherly fears were calmed by the thought of her brother's supervision over the youth and by the joyful satisfaction of knowing him in the service of the Master at whose disposal she had heretofore set her house and all her belongings.

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At dawn the next morning the party set out. Mark never seemed to grow tired on the march. Happily he strode along, his thoughts dwelling on the future. He dreamed of the foreign cities he was to see, the new countries he would visit. He would work for his masters; some day he would work with them preaching the Gospel; and after a strenuous life's work, he would sit down and write a life of Jesus of Nazareth. This thought of writing a Gospel never left him again. Years later he wrote that Gospel, the second in our New Testament.

* * *

Immediately upon the return of the delegation to Antioch, a pastoral conference was called. Both Saul and Barnabas spoke enthusiastically of the plan of world-wide missions they had discussed with the Apostles at Jerusalem. The plan was unanimously adopted, and the selection of proper missionaries was made the subject of special prayer. "As they were worshipping the Lord and fasting," writes Luke, "the Holy Spirit said, 'Set me apart Barnabas and Saul for the work to which I have called them'."

They, indeed, had been called long ago, but now the proper moment had come for which Saul had been waiting for years, in the firm conviction that God who calls his servants to a certain work will also show them in due time when and where to begin. There remained but one thing, the public consecration of the men.

It was on a Sabbath morning in the early part of the year when a large congregation assembled at Antioch to witness the ordination and commission of the first Christian missionaries by the Church. Heretofore itinerary evangelists had worked on their own initiative; henceforth the Church was to set them apart as her messengers. They no longer were, to use a term of medieval knighthood, "free lances," but emissaries and representatives of the church, the vanguard of Christ's mighty army bound to conquer the world for Him. That day at Antioch, therefore, marks an important event in the history of Christian missions.

BOOK II

THE FIRST MISSIONARY JOURNEY

A calm sunny morning augured well for the day set for the consecration of the first missionaries chosen by the church. In large numbers the Antiochian Christians hurried to the plain, white, spacious meeting place to attend the induction. Although the congregation included not a few Jewish converts, the services were held in the Greek language. Only the Scriptures were read in the original Hebrew. In this, the early Christians followed the custom prevalent in the synagogue. Here the service began, after the customary greeting, with a doxology. A section was then read from the Mosaic Law, followed, after the singing of a second doxology, by a reading from the Prophets. The person appointed or called on for the day threw the *Tallith*, a tasseled scarf or shawl, over his head and read a brief section in Hebrew, which an interpreter then rendered into the vernacular, among Palestinian and Eastern Jews into Aramaic, among Hellenistic and Western Jews into Greek. The interpreter at Antioch most likely read his translation from the Greek version known as the Septuagint.

This famous version of the Old Testament from Hebrew into Common Greek, which is still an invaluable help for the student of Semitics, was begun more than two hundred years before the birth of Saul. It owed its name of Septuagint, 'the Book of the Seventy', to an ancient tradition which says that a committee of seventy-two Rabbis was confined at Alexandria to seventy-two separate cells to make this translation. When at the end of seventy-two days, they came to compare their finished work, they found to their amazement that everyone had used the very same words. This tradition, endeavoring to establish the divine inspira-

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tion of the version, was an expression, in legendary form, of the high esteem in which this translation was held by Greek speaking Jews. Saul was more familiar with the Septuagint than with the original Hebrew text and, like most of the New Testament writers, he constantly quotes from it.

After the Bible reading and a sermon by one of the elders, both Barnabas and Saul briefly addressed the congregation, exhorting the brethren to remain steadfast in the faith and loyal to the church, asking also prayers for God's guidance and protection on their way.

A simple liturgy and prayer concluded the service. Barnabas and Saul then knelt before the Ark which enshrined the Scrolls of the Scripture and which, in that ancient meeting house, took the place of the altar in modern churches. The presiding Elders stepped toward them and by the laying on of hands commissioned them for the new service in the church.

Saul always had wished for just such a consecration. At the gates of Damascus he had learned that Christ and His followers are one. He always maintained that the church is the mystical, yet visible body of Christ. Now as the brethren, in the presence and with the consent of the church, laid their hands upon his head, he saw beyond them the pierced palms of the blessed Savior transmitting through the hands of His servants the *charismata*, the 'gifts of grace' and apostolic powers.

In reverent silence the large audience followed the simple impressive ceremonies. A thrill of emotion made every heart beat faster, when, with firm handshake and loud, clear voice, each of the missionaries confirmed his readiness faithfully to fulfill the duties of the newly created office.

In the early evening hours the congregation rallied to a love feast, the visible expression of the bond of love which united God's children of that age in harmony and peace. This night, moreover, the feast was intended for a "fare-

well party" in honor of Barnabas and Saul. Everyone hurried to be present.

The guests of honor arrived late. They had spent the afternoon in visiting the sick and aged who, unable to attend the service and the love meal, were anxious to see the leaders once more and to hear a last word of cheer and prayer.

Saul always was faithful in the discharge of his pastoral duties, and in the combination of his general care as a preacher for the whole congregation with his specific concern as a pastor for the individual member lay the real secret of his astonishing success.

The meeting lasted well into the night and when the congregation dispersed, the streets of Antiochia lay forsaken. The oil lamps, lighted only on moonless nights, were burning low, some smoking, others dimly flickering in the chill March air. Barnabas and Saul hastened home to catch a few hours of sleep.

Their rest was indeed but short, for when a roseate gleam emblazed the mountain ridges in the east, they were already busily engaged in the final preparations for their journey.

They needed but few things: a pair of heavy sandals for the rough long way; a heavy cloak of goat's or camel's hair, probably Saul's own handiwork, to shelter them from the penetrating winds at sea or to serve as a cover when camping in lonely woods; a strong cowhide wallet to carry the necessary utensils for preparing a wayside meal, and other little indispensable tools; a long heavy staff to serve as support on the march or as a weapon against the beasts they might meet in desert mountain regions; and a small purse to hold the little money Saul had saved from his earnings; for at Antioch, as elsewhere, he received no salary, but worked at his trade for a livelihood.

The Voice of God speaks in the deepest longings of the heart, and there is something divine in the never dying love

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for one's homeland. As Saul had already worked in his own home town, he had readily agreed to accompany Barnabas to his native land which lay a few hours distant, resting like its legendary patron goddess in the now gently caressing, then stormily pressing embrace of the Mediterranean Sea, the Isle of Roses, the island of Cyprus.

* * *

A small vessel, with sails partly unfurled and fluttering in the March wind, lies at anchor in the harbor of Seleucia, the Antiochian seaport at the mouth of the Orontes. Her freight exchanged, the captain only awaits the arrival of the passengers from the Syrian capital. They come singly and in groups. Now a larger company is seen approaching the wharf. Hard by the ship they kneel for a while on the rough stones of the pier, offering up prayer for the safe voyage of the three men in their midst: Barnabas, Saul and Mark. With quick, uneasy steps the skipper trips up and down the dock, impatiently waiting for them to finish their devotions. Now Saul rises, and stretching forth his hands, invokes a benediction upon the band of Christians who have come to see them off. With a curious glance the old salt watches their leave-taking; a final embrace, a last holy kiss, and the three travellers board the ship. The captain follows them, shouting a few words of command; the plank is withdrawn, the anchor weighed, the rudder shifted, the sails hoisted in place, and a brisk wind filling the canvas drives the ship rapidly from the river mouth into the open sea.

A short while the friends remain at the railing near the stern, waving to the men ashore; then they move to the front. Seating themselves on the primitive benches, they watch the gently rolling sea. Each one pursues his own thoughts.

Mark's youthful fancy takes the farthest flight. As he sees the distant mountain heights of the land of his forebears slowly rising from the blue sea, he thinks of his

mother. How happy she would have been to visit at the side of her son the beautiful scenes which had lent enchantment to the days of her childhood.

"My homeland," Mary often used to say, "truly deserves its name, for Cyprus means 'beautiful', and beautiful it is, a real fairy island."

Once she had told her son the legend of the chief goddess of Cyprus. The Cyprian goddess of beauty and love, Venus, known also as Cyprea, Cypris, and Aphrodite, sprang from the foam of the sea. Zephyr, the West-wind, gently wafted her to the shores of the Isle of Cyprus where the Seasons, keepers of the heavenly cloud-gate through which the celestials proceeded to and returned from the earth, received, attired, and led her to the assembly of the gods. All were so charmed by her exquisite beauty that each demanded her for a wife. Her favorite birds were swans and doves, her sacred flowers the rose and myrtle, all still abundant on this lovely island.

While Mark thinks of his mother and Barnabas conjures from the past memories of former companions and playmates, Saul, lulled to sleep by the monotonous rocking of the boat, rests as dreamlessly as a child in a cradle. As he now opens his eyes he sees in the distance dark heavy clouds rising behind the island. Slowly they enshroud the high peaks of the double ridge of mountains which traverse Cyprus from east to west. Gradually they darken the whole of the island, while the sun still shines upon the shore and on the foaming crests of the waves which continuously swell higher and higher and with the rising tide impetuously roll farther and farther over the sands of the beach.

As Saul watches the somber shadows spreading over the oak and pine woods of the island, covering them with a misty veil like a crape of Cyprus lawn, worn in mourning; as he notices the dark green groves of cypress, themselves emblematic of death and sadness, darkening to a still gloomier shade, while the white, bright foam of the sea encircles the island with a silvery girth; the prophet's words come

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to his mind, "Behold, though darkness cover the earth, and gross darkness shroud the people: yet the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall on thee gleam." The grand dismal phenomenon of nature before him seems symbolical; the spreading darkness indicative of the night of paganism and of the gloom of superstition that hang over the lives of the inhabitants of the beautiful island; the silver lining prophetic of his own work,—for to dispel the darkness of heathenism by the light of the Gospel is the great mission and ardent desire of the three men as they presently step ashore.

In but few hours the ship had crossed from Seleucia to Salamis, the most important harbor on the eastern coast of Cyprus. This city, founded by Greek colonists, numbered many Jews among its inhabitants; in fact, all the towns of that region were largely peopled by Jewish settlers gathering riches from the extensive copper mines. This metal derived its name from that of the island and made the latter the more famous. These merchants were moreover engaged in a lucrative trade in wheat, oil, and fruit, for Cyprus was known for its wheat fields and olive groves, but most of all for its orchards, where lemons, oranges and pomegranates grew in abundance and where the noted Cyprian wine gathered its fire from the heat of the sun.

Immediately upon their arrival, the missionaries entered upon their work, preaching in the synagogues of Salamis and the neighboring towns; but when they learned that refugees from the Judean persecution had preached there before and still continued to do so, Saul suggested, true to his principle not to interfere with the work of others, that they, the new-comers, should withdraw to a different field.

Reluctantly Barnabas agreed to accompany him to the western parts of the island. Still more unwillingly Mark consented. From this time on Mark felt a certain antipathy against Saul as he noticed how Saul assumed more and more

the leadership of the expedition, while Barnabas gradually was placed in a secondary role. It speaks well for the amiable character and Christian humility of the latter, that he, the senior, unreservedly acknowledged the spiritual superiority and fitness of the man he himself had brought into prominence.

The three travelers crossed the whole of the fertile and populous island, following the highway along the southern shore. In most Cyprian cities the missionaries found a strange mingling of Asiatic and Western peoples, for Cyprus had been successively invaded and ruled by different nations, each leaving traces of its peculiar culture.

There is no record of the adventures of Saul and his companions on this journey through Cyprus, and nothing is said in Acts about the success of their mission in any of its cities, until they reached Paphos on the western shore.

* * *

Like so many doves by the side of quiet waters the white houses of Paphos slept amidst gardens of roses near the placid blue sea from which the Cyprian goddess is said to have emerged. From the wooded crest of a neighboring hill her temple—now a heap of ruins—then greeted in all its splendor the myriads of pilgrims who came there by land and sea. Thousands of devotees thronged around her altars in the ample orchards where legendary trees of yellow leaves and branches were rumored to be covered with golden fruit. Similar throngs, in the false belief that they could serve the goddess of love and beauty by abandoning themselves to carnal excesses, pursued in the deep recesses and dense thickets of the Idalion woods the shameful works of darkness. The wide landscape in its new verdure of blossoming spring furnished a wonderful background to city and temple, and portrayed, in Eden-like scenes, the meaning of Paphos, 'the most beautiful'.

Yet the city did not derive its name from its lovely

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surroundings, but, as mythology tells us, from one of the minor Greek deities.

Pygmalion, a bachelor god and great sculptor, the poets relate, once carved the statue of a virgin of such rare perfection that, as he viewed his work, he fell deeply in love with his creation. So lifelike the virgin appeared, that he could hardly believe her to be only of ivory. Gently he rested her on a couch, draped her with costly purple, adorned her with precious earrings and necklaces, and offered to her many other trinkets treasured by women.

One day, when he took part in the solemnities of the festival of Venus at Cyprus, while the altars were smoking all around and the sweet odor of incense filled the air, he timidly ventured this prayer: "O ye gods, who can do all things, give me, I pray you, for my wife"—he dared not say, "my ivory virgin," but added instead—"one like my ivory virgin." Venus, divining his real wish, caused the fires on the altar to shoot thrice with a leaping flame into the air. Yet Pygmalion did not discern that the goddess had granted his wish.

Home again, he immediately went to look at the ivory virgin, who so charmed him anew, that he bent over the couch to kiss her. Blushingly she slowly opened her eyes, demurely she endured his caresses, then in loving embrace flung her arms around her creator, who in astonishment saw his fondest dreams realized. Venus herself blessed the nuptials, and from this union Paphos, "the most beautiful" was born, and after him the Cyprian city was named.

Long before Venus, in her swan-drawn chariot reached the Cyprian shore, that is, before Greek colonists settled themselves and their religion on the island, an older, originally Syrian deity was worshipped there: the Astarte or Ishtar of the Semites and their neighbors. This star or moon goddess was later identified with the beauteous Aphrodite of Greece, known among Latins as Venus, the alleged ancestress of the Julian family of Rome. Like her Graeco-Latin sister, the Asiatic goddess was usually worshipped in

groves and by ritual excesses. The symbol for the Syrian deity was a tree-trunk, a pole or pillar, sometimes made of stone. Thus it happened that the shrine of Venus at Paphos did not contain a fair image of a beautiful woman but merely a truncated, conical stone covered and veiled by purple draperies.

Often the ceremonies and rites of an older religion have simply been continued in a new cult, the old gods being cunningly veiled or hidden away. In this manner people were the more readily gained for the new religion. Even many of the usages and ceremonies connected with our Christian festivals may thus be traced to pagan origins. The customs remain and seem immortal while the old gods, in whose honor they were previously performed and who then were deemed immortals, have long ago been doomed to oblivion.

Doomed to oblivion? Not indeed the Graeco-Latin deities. For the masses, assuredly they are dead, people no longer crowd around their altars to offer sacrifices and burn incense; but in the works of ancient art and in the immortal poems of Greek and Latin antiquity they still live. Even our modern poets, painters and sculptors, poor imitators at times of their classic predecessors, idolize them in song, on canvas, and in stone. It is not their divinity, however, which attracts these modern artists and singers; it is the perfect beauty given their human forms by the chisel or brush of the ancient masters that spurs present day sculptors and painters, as those of the Renaissance, to rival endeavors. It is the human, often tragic fate of the celestials, sung by Homer and his followers, which inspires our poets to revive their memory. The denizens of Olympus have come down to earth to share with us, their inferiors in gifts and graces, the trials and vicissitudes of human life. The stories of mythology thus have for us, like fairy tales for our children, an interest mainly as the expression of our human dreams and ideals.

It was different with Saul. To him the gods were not fanciful presentations of human ideals of beauty and life,

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but idols, carved images, forbidden by the Law of Moses.

He did not share the popular belief that the idols were really gods. Emphatically he denied their divinity. To the Corinthians he writes: "We know that an idol is nothing in the world, and that there is none other God but one. For though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or on earth—as there be gods many and lords many—but to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in him; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him." Behind those images, however, Saul saw devils and demons lurking; "But I say the things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils, and not to God; and I would not that ye should have fellowship with devils." A Jew, reared in strict monotheism, he was seized with horror at the sight of a pagan temple or heathen statue, be it a crudely carved Semitic idol or a lovely piece of sculpture by a Greek master.

Disdainfully he turned his eyes from the imposing temple and from the statues and shrines that peeped through the green foliage of the crowded parks encircling the sanctuary, and viewed the lovely panorama which spread before him.

Did Saul appreciate what he saw there? Did the beautiful scenery of land and sea, hills and plains make any deep impression upon him? We do not know. He was a typical Jew in his aversion for the works of art, but in his apparent lack of appreciative love for the beauties of nature he differed from his countrymen. Their psalms and sacred songs abound in rural scenes and in allusions to birds and flowers. They glorify in nature the handiwork of Jehovah, the Mighty Creator. It is different with Saul who spent the formative years of his life within the walls of a Hellenistic city; in all the allusions and illustrations throughout his writings he remains the man of the city. Even in Saul's Psalm of Love (1 Cor. XIII.) all his metaphors smack of the city and the school. In this he resembles the classical writers of Greece. Thus Plato tells that Socrates, when

taken to a pleasant spot in the environs of Athens, owns to his guide that he is a stranger to the place; trees and flowers cannot teach him, but men can; so he stays in the city. "The city teaches the man," Simonides proudly declared, but unfortunately it also keeps from men many things which can only be learned at the bosom of Nature. Nearsightedness, not only a visual defect, is preëminently a disease of city folks and bookmen.

When at the end of his long march through Cyprus, Saul finally saw 'beautiful' Paphos by the sea, he felt again the old lure of the city.

Man after all is a social being and not a hermit. Temporary solitude may be as refreshing to a man's soul as a bath proves to his body, but no man can forever live in the water, it is not his element, nor can a normal man spend his whole life in retirement and seclusion. So the attraction of the city lies not merely in its opportunities for advancement, nor in the pleasures, amusements and diversions it offers; it is rooted in the heart of man. "It is not good for man to be alone," applies not only to his married life. The continuous migration from farm to village, from village to town, and thence to the city, is as old as humanity. The steady influx of rural people into urban surroundings and the present rapid growth of our cities is no new phenomenon. Niniveh and Babylon, Rome and Jerusalem had their millions and their social and economic problems of the masses.

Stronger than the attraction of the city for the rural population is the grip it holds upon those bred and reared within its walls. What city dweller, after spending a restful vacation in the mountains or at the seashore, has not experienced a feeling of satisfaction when returning to the bustling noise of the city, and of contentment on resuming his wonted work? So Saul, once the pavement of Paphos under his feet, felt immediately and perfectly at home. The very air of the city, not contaminated then as in our days

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by the smoke of countless chimneys and the hideous smell of factories, seemed to him preferable to the gentle invigorating breezes of the country through which he had travelled.

To avoid the crowds returning from the gardens and temple of Venus, the wanderers entered the city by a side-gate opening upon a narrow street lined with shops and bazaars. With indignation Saul noticed that small replicas of the shrine of Venus were offered, some at exorbitant prices, for souvenirs, not only by Gentiles but even by his countrymen. Forbidden to worship images, they nevertheless sold them, as some Christians today manufacture, sell and send idols to heathen lands for the same reason: for good money.

Just then a few short sharp bugle calls, the tattoo of the Roman garrison, pierced the air and reminded the newcomers of the necessity to look for quarters for the night. They hastened across the market place where a small detachment of legionnaires, two maniples it seemed, were marching toward the barracks which, judging from their size, had formerly given quarters to a larger body.

This indeed was the case, for only recently Cyprus had been changed from an imperial to a senatorial province.

Since the days of Augustus, Roman provinces were divided between the Emperor and the Senate. Newly conquered and still inimical regions which required a larger military force were governed by a legate or *propraetor* nominated by the Caesars, while the more peaceful and lucrative provinces remained or came into the hands of the Senate which annually appointed for their administration a *proconsul*. Coins from the time of Emperor Claudius, under whose reign Saul visited Cyprus, prove how well Luke, his biographer, was informed when he gave to the governor of the island the name of *Anthypatos* or 'pro-consul'. The inscription on a large marble block at Paphos, moreover, gives the name of the proconsul as Paulus. The lettering is dated by scholars about 55 A. D. and there is

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no reason to doubt that this proconsul was the Sergius Paulus mentioned by Luke.

* * *

When Paul and his companions reached the broad steps of the praetorium or administration building, a man in military uniform carrying against his shoulder a bundle of rods from which the sharp and shining blade of an ax protruded, descended from the hall of judgment. The lictor, for such the officer was, carried the fasces, reproduced on the reverse of our dime, as the insignia of his office, the rods and the ax symbolizing his power to flog and behead offenders. His duty was to attend the magistrate when he appeared in public, to clear the way and to cause due respect to be shown him. A martial figure of fine carriage, apparently a Roman noble, followed a few steps behind. From the red tunic he wore, partly covered by an open cloak fastened on the right shoulder with a golden clasp, Saul correctly inferred that he was the chief magistrate, the proconsul of Cyprus.

But who was the thin, gaunt individual with decidedly Semitic nose, long black flowing beard and untrimmed hair at his left? There was something demoniacal in his deep-set, steel-gray eyes, and as he now bent over the proconsul's shoulder, bringing his mouth close to the latter's ear, he seemed an evil spirit whispering sinister thoughts to an unsuspecting soul.

His white mantle, bordered with broad, light blue ribands to the four ends of which crimson tassels shaped like pomegranates were attached, indicated, had his physical appearance left any doubt, that he was a Jew, probably a Pharisee, or a Rabbi. Notwithstanding his servile attitude, his haughty looks betrayed the pride he took in his influence over the Roman dignitary. Who was he and what relationship existed between this Jew and the Gentile magistrate?

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Absorbed in thought, Saul nearly stepped in the way of the Proconsul, who gave him but a hasty glance, while an ominous frown from the sunburned, freckled face of the licitor bade Saul halt and humbly give room to the group which diagonally crossed the forum toward a substantial building opposite the barracks, designated by a huge Roman eagle over the portal as the residence of the proconsul.

Resuming their way, Barnabas and Saul exchanged opinions as to the possible relation of the Jew to the governor. Mark silently followed as an attentive listener. For a time they wandered through the squalid crowded Jewish quarter in search of lodgings. At last at the end of a narrow winding street, or rather, immediately outside the gate which led from it to an open sandy country road, they found an inn.

This khan was a one-storied dirty building of rough stone. Entering the wide passageway, the wanderers noticed to the right a spacious hall where a few guests were seated at a long roughly finished table, while others lazily stretched themselves on wooden benches flanking the walls. The rooms to the left, the private quarters of the host and his family were locked. Glancing through the porchway the newcomers caught a glimpse of the inner court which differed in no wise from the usual aspect of an Eastern caravansery. It was a large square space surrounded by stone walls along which ran an edge of thatched roofing, sloping toward the poorly paved center open to the sky. The roof covered platform harbored a number of muleteers and camel drivers rolled up in their heavy coats, apparently asleep. A few others, sitting in groups, with legs crossed in Eastern fashion, were still talking and bargaining, while in the open center camels, mules and asses were huddled together for the night.

The host, a short, somewhat obese and squint-eyed person, stepped from the guest room to greet the strangers with countless bows and salaams. He ushered them in, and talkative and jovial, as most inn-keepers are, seated himself

with them at the table, eagerly volunteering all kinds of information regarding the city, its places of interest, its prominent citizens and its latest gossip.

From the flowing babble of the host and occasional remarks of the guests, Saul gathered that the Proconsul Sergius Paulus had but shortly arrived at Paphos; yet by his engaging kindness, he had gained the general esteem of the populace. He was considered a fine man, "a prudent man," as the Authorized Version has it. An inscription still extant bears witness to his popularity.

With the Jews of Paphos he was a special favorite, having shown great interest in their religion. Like many an educated Roman, he was utterly dissatisfied with polytheism and felt repulsed by the immoral scenes daily witnessed in the worship of Venus at Cyprus. No wonder he inclined toward Judaism and its lofty morality; to the worship of the 'Nameless One'—since the Jews were forbidden to pronounce the name of God, some Gentiles thought him to be without a name—to the God who was not represented by an image and who could only be conceived by faith. At several occasions the proconsul had been seen at the synagogue in the company of that mysterious person Saul and Barnabas had seen with him a little while ago.

As soon as the attendant of the Proconsul had been mentioned, a lively discussion arose about his person, character, nationality and relation to the Roman dignitary.

All seemingly agreed that Bar-jesus, this was his name, meaning 'son of Joshua', was an educated Jew. Some thought him to be the proconsul's family physician. Jews at all times have been prominent in this profession and many of Saul's countrymen thus gained admission to the intimacy of the noble families of Rome. The study of medicine at that time was not yet as today a strictly empirical science and most doctors of that age employed besides their loathsome concoctions all kinds of spells and incantations. The Jews with their natural genius for playing the role of divine healers under the guise of prophecy, found the po-

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sition of physicians to noble families both lucrative and agreeable.

Others maintained that Bar-jesus was a sort of family tutor and religious educator, retained by the truth-seeking noble to induct him into the teachings and mysteries of Judaism. The occasional visits of the proconsul to the synagogue were ascribed to the influence of this his confidential adviser, and it was hoped that by his skill and learning he might finally accomplish the conversion of the governor. It was nothing unusual, indeed, that a Rabbi attached himself as a teacher and fiduciary to an educated Roman. Even the famous Jewish historian, Josephus, to whom we owe the account of the last Jewish wars and the destruction of Jerusalem, when taken prisoner by Emperor Vespasian, held such a position for a time, posing as prophet endowed with miraculous powers.

Here the inn-keeper, who seemed to have little respect for the medical and theological professions, interrupted the discussion. In his opinion Bar-jesus was neither a physician nor a teacher; in all likelihood not even a Jew.

His statement startled the hearers; they drew closer together and eagerly listened to his tale.

With the condescending mien of a man of superior knowledge in the matter, he ventured the information that only recently he had learned from an Arab stopping at his khan, that Elymas, by which name Bar-jesus was also known, was neither a name nor a surname but a title, signifying a 'sage'. Astrologers, mathematicians and men well versed in the natural sciences were honored by that epithet among the wandering tribes of the East. Such men, known among the Romans as mathematicians or Chaldeans, were often retained in the suites of princes. No doubt Bar-jesus, the attendant of the proconsul, was such a weird brother. Had not the inn-keeper seen him a few days ago with the magistrate, just outside the inn, breaking up stones, cutting shrubs and flowers and studying these objects with the utmost care? If the proconsul had attained to fame in the

natural sciences, and no doubt he had, he owed this to his inseparable friend, Elymas the Sage.

The other night, the tale went on, Elymas and the proconsul had been seen on the broad steps of the prae-torium watching for hours the nocturnal sky. Attentively the proconsul had followed the wide circles described by the long arms of his friend in marking out vast orbs of the starry expanse as perhaps he explained the course of the planets. Again the Roman would gaze at certain stars pointed out here and there by the scrawny fingers of the astrologer. Did the latter teach him the secrets of astronomy, or did he read his fate and fortune from the scintillating heavenly bodies and their constellations?

Here the host was interrupted. A little shabby figure suddenly rose from a bench at the wall where, seemingly asleep, he had been listening attentively all the while. He was one of those fanatically nationalistic Jews who could not bear to hear that other people should be considered superior to their countrymen in any science, be it even theosophy or astrology. Broadly and defiantly he placed himself before the inn-keeper, who had dared to doubt the Jewish nationality of Bar-jesus; angrily he asked, "Do our Rabbis and teachers know less about nature and the universe than do the Arabs, Persians and Chaldeans? Are not Acturus, Orion and the Pleiades mentioned in our ancient Holy Writings?"

This was true, indeed. Job had spoken of them and the mention of these heavenly bodies in his book had called forth ample comment by the Scribes. Moreover, Jewish scholars at the time of Paul were given to astrology, even to sorcery and necromancy, notwithstanding that these occult practices were forbidden by the Law; they, in fact, had full faith in these arts.

"What difference does it make, whether Bar-jesus is an eccentric Rabbi or an Asiatic sage?" another here interposed, who thought himself far above the devotees of the occult sciences of his time.

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"All these men," he continued, "are but charlatans and deceivers, who live by the ignorance and credulity of their narrow-minded clients. Some of them haughtily style themselves magi or magians, for whatever the opinion of the learned Arab, Elymas means *magus*, 'the mighty or great', one gifted with supernatural power. These magi attach themselves to the rich and noble, even to royal and imperial courts, cloak themselves with sanctimonious piety, assume a scientific air, pride themselves upon their powers over supernatural beings and departed spirits, and upon their mastery and knowledge of the secret forces of nature; yet they have nothing to offer but dull incantations, wordy enchantments, monotonous conjurations, and rank fumigations; thus they dupe the educated and well-to-do, as do their less fortunate brethren of the market place, decried as magicians and sorcerers, who, for a copper coin or two drive out devils, blow away diseases, call up souls of heroes and display sumptuous banquets and tables of sweetmeats and dainties that, as we all know, are not there."

"But are they not after all a harmless set?" queried another guest. "What harm is done, when people willingly part with their money for being duped by mountebanks and fortune tellers. It serves them right."

"A harmless set?" the sceptic resumed. "Magic is never harmless. If it were merely a matter of intellectual confusion or mental deception, it might pass as harmless, but magic always has had a practical side. These magicians not only cast empty spells, or mumble ineffectual incantations, they also sell love-philters, ointments, and other vile mixtures."

"Potions and lotions just as ineffectual as their sooth-sayings and predictions."

"Indeed not ineffective when hidden poisons form their main ingredients. Many of these sorcerers place their alluring knowledge of powerful drugs at the service of vengeance and passions. Their black art has brewed many a tasty drink that sent the unsuspecting recipient of the cup from

the bright land of the living to the dark realm of the shades. All magic and sorcery ought to be forbidden by law, and capital punishment the least penalty for such contemptible crimes."

"But do not the Roman laws forbid Asiatic arts? Are they not considered capital offences punishable alike in the client as in the practitioner of these nefarious superstitions?"

"Indeed, they are. But what of the law when even Emperors secure the assistance of the masters of black art so as to rid themselves of men who have forfeited their good graces?"

"Neither divine laws nor human laws," the sceptic emphatically declared, "will ever stamp out astrology, sorcery, soothsaying, or any of the other dubious arts which furnish easy money to cunning imposters. True, scientific knowledge, deep-felt religion, and honest piety may uproot them from the hearts of an elect few, but the majority of mankind will forever remain under the bane of superstition."

One might almost think the speaker himself gifted with prophetic divination; for though nearly two thousand years have passed in which humanity prides itself to have made no little progress, though Christianity, the loftiest and deepest of all religions, has spread her benign wings far and wide, so as almost to encircle the globe; superstition and the belief in occult forces is still rampant everywhere. Not only the dark Middle Ages have witnessed the burning of sorcerers and Puritan New England its trials of witches. Even today many a farmer fears the spell that might be cast upon his livestock and many a highbrow urbanite fills the greedy palm of a fortune teller to learn his future from the stars or from a pack of dirty cards. Nor are our halls of higher learning free from theosophists and spiritualists, who hide their superstition under the guise of scientific, psychic research, while they investigate the often fraudulent feats of so-called mediums with un-

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veiled credulity. Their superstition differs from that of the common people at best in degree, bearing the same ratio as did the stunts of the magi to those of the magicians of old.

Just as today the Gypsy palmist and fortune-teller mainly infests the places of amusement, the professor of astrology preferably establishes his study and reads his horoscope in populous cities, the psychological medium opens her scented parlor and the priestess of occultism holds her seances in the most fashionable neighborhood; so of old the sites of pagan temples, the places of public games, the larger cities and the palaces of the noble proved especially attractive to sorcerers and conjurers, necromancers and astrologers. Thus Cyprus was a nest of magi, and Paphos a breeding place of magicians.

Usually plying their occult trade more or less unobserved, these masters of the black art at times became the subject of public interest; as did Simon Magus, a native of Cyprus, when he left for the mainland in search of a more promising field, and Elymas, the sage, when he arrived at Paphos with the proconsul.

The longer the discussion lasted at the khan, the deeper Elymas sank in the social scale. Classed at first, due to his intimacy with the proconsul and his Jewish garb, as a physician, rabbi, or scientist, he was gradually rated as an ordinary charlatan and deceiver, and finally, when each one began to rehearse his own experiences with ghosts and demons, apparitions and specters, his name was entirely dropped from the discussion.

At this moment Saul indicated his wish to retire. Learning that the three strangers were no ordinary travelers, the inn-keeper accompanied them to a private room, reserved for people of rank.

After the host had left, Mark curiously inquired whether or not Simon Magus, mentioned in the conversation of the evening was identical with the one met by Peter in Samaria. Barnabas, learning that Saul had never before

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heard of the meeting of the Apostle with the sorcerer, satisfied the curiosity of both roommates by relating minutely the encounter of Simon the Apostle with Simon the Magus, so well known to Bible readers that it needs no repetition.

The lengthy conversation on magic and ghostly topics had left no distressing impression on the settled minds of the elder men, but Mark's imagination had been stirred to such a degree that a secret dread crept over his heart, and when in his evening prayers he arrived at the passage which calls for angelic protection, he repeated four times instead of thrice, "In the name of the Lord, the God of Israel, may Michael be at my right hand; Gabriel at my left; before me, Uriel; behind me, Raphael; and above my head the divine presence of God." Yet he hardly needed the watch of the angels, for, due to the long march of the day and the late hour, he soon fell into the sound dreamless sleep of youth and rested undisturbed by ghosts, demons, or other dreadful creatures of a frightened human brain, until well toward the middle of the next day.

* * *

Fluctuations in attendance at synagogues and churches are frequently due to atmospheric conditions. Cold and dreary days usually dampen the godly zeal of many, while sunshine and beautiful weather heighten their religious ardor. Thermometer and barometer do not merely record atmospheric changes but indicate nearly as correctly the spiritual temperature and heavenward pressure of the human heart.

The seasons exert a still greater influence. Festive periods, indicated by colored print or bolder type on the calendar, are simultaneously emphasized by a motley throng in the sanctuaries.

The naively human element in religion, however, is most strikingly disclosed in the effect curiosity exerts on church attendance. As an inquisitive crowd eagerly gath-

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ers around an unexpected street scene, or flocks to a well advertised show, so men hasten to the house of God when something unusual is likely to be seen or heard, be it a wedding, a funeral, the visit of a strange clergyman, or the performance of a much talked about evangelist.

This obvious truth was evidenced anew by the abnormally large attendance at the synagogue on the Sabbath after Saul's arrival at Paphos. Even the inn-keeper, rarely seen at a place of worship, was present that morning.

"In honor of my distinguished guests, who undoubtedly will be called upon to speak," he apologetically declared, pointing to the three men modestly sitting by his side among the worshippers.

The services were about to begin when the long angular figure of Bar-jesus was seen striding down the aisle toward the "seats of the proud" which faced the congregation and which were by this time filled by the rulers, elders and scribes of the synagogue. The Proconsul who had come with his counselor humbly remained in the rear among the crowd of God-fearing, yet humanly curious Gentiles.

Bar-jesus had learned during the week that three visiting Rabbis had come to proclaim new doctrines, called the Gospel or 'good news'.

Well acquainted with Jewish theology which had been stagnating for the last few centuries, Bar-jesus hardly expected anything new in that field. The much praised teachings of the Scribes were, after all, but cavils and quibblings about the prescriptions of the Law concerning the permissibility of certain trifling matters in the daily course of life. Judaism, he was sure, had nothing new to offer.

But a number of new systems of a 'deeper wisdom' or *gnosis*, as their adherents termed it, had arisen of late and were eagerly spread. These gnostic systems, trying to solve the riddle of the universe, offered a strange admixture of Asiatic theology, Greek philosophy, Jewish tradition, and, somewhat later, also of Christian doctrines. But partly familiar with these speculations, Bar-jesus hoped to gain

some further information. Yet it was not mere theoretical enlightenment he sought, but, having heard of the miracles performed by the founder and adherents of the new religion Saul and Barnabas preached, he hoped to learn the secret power by which they were performed and thus to strengthen his influence over the proconsul.

When Saul was called upon to address the congregation, he had no more attentive listener than Bar-jesus. With eyes riveted on the speaker, his lank body leaning forward, he caught every word as Saul preached the first Gospel sermon at Paphos. Announcing his theme, Saul declared of the Gospel: "It is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."

These introductory words aroused the interest of the whole assembly, but two persons were most deeply impressed: Bar-jesus and the proconsul; each, however, in a different manner.

Bar-jesus was thrilled by the phrase, "the Gospel is the *power of God*." Power, more power, supernatural power—oh, if he could but have more of that magic hidden power that worketh wonders in the sight of men! Perhaps people would say of him some day what they said of his friend and fellow sorcerer Simon Magus: "This man is the great power of God." He doubled his attention; not a word of Saul escaped him. Yet when Saul concluded his sermon, Bar-jesus was utterly disappointed. His keen Jewish insight taught him, this power of the Gospel is not the power I seek, and immediately the thought crossed his mind: the proconsul must never feel the power of this Gospel, for then he will turn from my art and I shall lose both my influence and my position.

The very moment Bar-jesus decided to keep Sergius Paulus from further contact with the Gospel, this truth-loving soul determined to learn more about this "Power of God unto salvation."

The word "salvation" in Saul's theme had suddenly

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revealed to the proconsul the deepest longing of his heart. Heretofore he had been groping like a blind man, not knowing what he really searched for. Dissatisfied with traditional polytheism, he had turned from one religious system to another; yet not one, not even monotheistic Judaism had really satisfied his secret longings, or had brought peace to his troubled heart. Now an unexpected ray of truth had pierced the darkness and had shown him his real longing: salvation, freedom, liberty. Oh, how he wished to be free, free from the pangs of his conscience, from doubt, apprehension, fear and superstition, free even from the influence of that sorcerer who once had pacified him with the grand truths of God's revelation, but who of late had frightened him with the dread of hidden powers.

When the two men met after the service, the proconsul informed his mentor of his intention to invite the preachers to his house. Elymas was not pleased with the news, but dared not gainsay. He knew but too well that it is as impossible to dissuade a seeking soul from further pursuit of the truth as it is to stop the waters of a cataract; but then, one may lead the water into different channels before they reach the fall, and Elymas was determined so to direct the course of the proconsul in his search as to keep him by all means from following Saul's Gospel.

Chagrin and displeasure lay on the crafty, sharp-cut features of Bar-jesus as he reclined on a couch in the private chamber of the proconsul next morning, and watched the restless expectancy with which the latter paced the marble floor while waiting the arrival of Barnabas and Saul who had been bidden to an interview.

They had been discussing Saul's sermon and had thus touched upon a topic heretofore carefully avoided by Bar-jesus in the presence of the proconsul. Saul had spoken of the hope of Israel for a Messiah and proclaimed that this hope had been fulfilled in Jesus Christ.

The hope of Israel for a Messiah was a theme rarely

mentioned in the preaching of the synagogues of that time, because it had no direct relation to the daily life of the worshippers; a subject carefully avoided among those Jewish leaders who had become reconciled to the existing state of affairs; and certainly a difficult and dangerous topic to be discussed in the presence of a Roman official; for the hope of Israel, as generally understood by the Jewish theologians of that age, meant not spiritual freedom, a delivery from sin, but political freedom, the restoration of Jewish independence: hence the casting off of the Roman yoke and rule.

Bar-jesus, a shrewd theologian and able judge of religious matters, had gathered correctly from Saul's sermon that the Christ whom Saul preached had nothing in common with the Messiah of current Jewish expectations, and that the spiritual kingdom of God, sought by the Christians, differed completely from the earthly kingdom which the Jews hoped their Messiah would establish; yet for selfish reasons he endeavored to present Barnabas and Saul to the proconsul as adherents of a revolutionary party, the original leader of which had been justly condemned by Pontius Pilate, the former governor at Jerusalem, to suffer the ignominious death on the cross as an impostor, insurgent and false Messiah.

Sergius, on the other hand, was not to be persuaded that the plain, unassuming missionaries he had heard at the synagogue could be dangerous demagogues. Though not a theologian, this simple trusting soul instinctively felt that the "power of God unto salvation" of which Saul had spoken, was far from being a political power, nor could he believe that the delivery from evil and the liberty from the Law, mentioned in the sermon, could in any wise refer to a liberation from political bondage or to a nullification of the laws of the empire. At any rate, he was determined to hear these men again in order to gain a deeper insight into the Gospel.

For some time a feeling of estrangement had arisen

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between the proconsul and his spiritual adviser. Since their arrival at Paphos, Bar-jesus, due perhaps to the atmosphere of the place, had devoted himself almost exclusively to the study of magic and occult science, often trying his newly gained knowledge on the proconsul so as to bring him more completely under his selfish and sinister control. Sergius, on the other hand, having secured a Greek translation of the Jewish Holy Writ, was no longer dependent on Bar-jesus' oral renderings from the original Hebrew. By eager study of the Septuagint, he now formed his own views. His conclusions were not always in harmony with Rabbinical teachings, but were the more in agreement with the original text. Jewish theologians like their Christian brethren have frequently carried their own preconceived ideas into the text, instead of humbly forming and deducing their teachings from it. Heretofore, the proconsul had regarded Bar-jesus as an authority whose words were to be accepted in simple faith; but now he often was ready to discuss certain self-found truths, and to state and tenaciously defend an opinion different from that of his teacher. The docile pupil had reached the state of intellectual independence, and the teacher henceforth could at best be a guide in his studies, but no longer an absolute authority.

When the two missionaries, who unwittingly had been the subject of a morning's spirited discussion, entered the room, followed by Mark, they were received with kind mien and hearty salutation by the open-hearted Roman; with haughty look and utterly formal greeting by the intriguing Israelite.

Was it the perfectly human though rare gift of reading men's character at sight; was it intuition, or perhaps a special illumination by the Holy Ghost which made the missionaries look upon the proconsul as a probable convert to Christianity, and on Bar-jesus as an obdurate antagonist to the Gospel? Be this as it may, their premonitions as to both should prove true ere long.

Upon the invitation of the proconsul, Barnabas, still the leader of the party, began to declare to him the Gospel of Jesus, following a somewhat different method from the one employed by Saul in his sermon. The mode of teaching Gentiles in those days, much like that employed by modern missionaries, consisted primarily of a vivid narration of the life of Jesus, stressing His words and deeds, His suffering and death, His resurrection and ascension. The simple story of Jesus has never yet failed to make a deep impression on a receptive heart and to gain the interest even of the incredulous. So, on this occasion, not only the proconsul but also the Jewish sorcerer listened with growing attention. Saul as a careful observer noted a deep emotion and assent spreading over the manly face of the Roman; nor did the occasional, derisive smile of Bar-jesus escape him.

His brief outline of the life of Jesus concluded, Barnabas, assuming that the proconsul was familiar with the Old Testament, proceeded to prove from the Prophets that Jesus of Nazareth was the Christ, the promised Messiah. Here Elymas immediately began to contradict him, and the two men were soon engaged in animated controversy.

Saul was also drawn into the debate, and presently discovered that Elymas, with all the display of scholarly erudition, with his ready wit and occasional sarcasm, was by no means anxious to investigate and establish the real truth, but rather purposed with all the cunning at his disposal to prejudice the proconsul against Jesus and the Gospel.

Saul knew of no greater sin than the attempt to keep or turn men from the faith in Jesus and His word. Divining the real aim of the sorcerer, Saul "set his eyes on him," the frank, deep blue eyes of the Apostle meeting the treacherous steel-gray eyes of the false prophet, as he bluntly asked this question: "O you son of the devil, you enemy of righteousness, full of all craft and all cunning, will you never stop diverting the straight paths of the Lord?"

There was no answer. Yet under the staring look of

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Saul the sorcerer began to wince. His eyes turned unsteadily from Saul to Barnabas and thence to the proconsul, who with growing concern had watched every word and move of the antagonists. Sternly Sergius now looked at Elymas, as though demanding an answer. The latter fixed his eyes to the floor. Like a naughty schoolboy before a stern teacher, or a convicted prisoner before an austere judge, so tall, shaking Elymas stood before Saul, whose small figure seemed to grow with the indignation that shone forth from his eyes, as terrible to be seen as those of an irate prophet of divine wrath. All present, even the usually disinterested guards at the door, watched with bated breath the final outcome of the dispute.

At last Saul slowly raised his hand and pointing at Elymas, solemnly declared, "Now see here, the Lord's hand will fall on you, and you will be blind, unable for a time to see the sun."

All stood aghast at these words. The eyes of Elymas defiantly flashed at Saul, but only for a moment; for, as Luke tells us, "On the spot a mist and darkness fell upon him, and he groped about for someone to lead him by the hand."

Briefly Luke states the effect of this miraculous punishment on Sergius Paulus: "Then the proconsul believed, when he saw what had happened, being astounded at the doctrine of the Lord." With these words the record of Saul's activity at Cyprus comes to an end.

The strange similarity between the punishment inflicted by Paul on Elymas at Paphos and that inflicted by the Lord on Saul before the gates of Damascus can hardly have escaped the attentive reader. The punishment in each case suited the offense, both the sorcerer and the former persecutor were spiritually blind when they were stricken with bodily blindness. When Saul thundered those words at the sorcerer he was aware from his own experience that such temporary blindness was not merely a well deserved afflict-

tion but a blessing in disguise, since it enabled the sufferer better to collect his thoughts and to examine his spiritual condition without being distracted by outward things. Hence the indirect reference to divine mercy: "you will be blind, unable *for a time* to see the sun."

The temporary blindness of the two men was, moreover, symbolical of the fate of the Jewish people, foreshadowing the conversion of Israel at the end of time.

In Second Corinthians, referring to a peculiar incident in the life of Moses, Paul speaks of a transitory blindness of his nation. He writes: "*Moses used to hang a veil on his face* to keep the children of Israel from gazing at the last rays of a passing glory. But their minds were blinded, for to this day the same veil hangs over the reading of the Old Testament, since the fact is not unveiled to them that in Christ it (the Old Covenant) is passing away. Yet even to this day, whenever Moses is read, a veil lies on their heart. Nevertheless whenever it shall turn to the Lord, the veil shall be removed." The blindness of Israel, like that of Paul and Elymas, is to be *but for a time*, for to the Romans Paul writes "that blindness in part has befallen Israel until the fullness of the Gentiles be come in."

Meanwhile, however, the Gentiles are to be converted, and Sergius is the first pagan of distinction converted by Paul. The conversion of this Roman noble, presaged the magnificent future when Rome should be the center of the Christian world.

In his dramatic account of the blinding of the double-named sorcerer, Luke mentions in passing that the Apostle also had two names: "Saul who is also called Paul." Moreover, while previous to this occurrence, Luke always speaks of him as Saul, he afterwards constantly refers to him as Paul. Whatever may have been the reason for Luke's change in the use of these names, there is no necessity to assume that Saul changed his name at that time.

Many ingenious explanations have been offered for such a change. Saul is said to have assumed the name of

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Paul in remembrance of having gained Sergius Paulus as a convert; or to have chosen it because he considered himself the "least" among the Apostles. Someone has put it, "He who is a Paul, that is feeble and mean in his own eyes, is a Saul, that is: desired and beloved by others." Luke's statement, however, implies that Saul was known as Paul before he came to Paphos or was called an Apostle.

It was no uncommon thing for Jews to choose a second name similar to those current with the people among whom they lived. Thus it was natural for a Jewish youth at Tarsus to have both a Jewish and a Gentile name. Nor would Saul's father leave the choice to the Gentiles, who readily would have changed Saul into *Saulos*. But *Saulos* meant 'a fop' or 'a dandy', and what father would have his son known by such a name. Why not then name the boy what he, no doubt, often called him in paternal affection, my 'little one', my Paul. Because of Saul's small stature his Greek playmates, no doubt, called him 'little' Paul. But who would have thought that the bearer of this humble name would turn it into one of the greatest names of all times?

At early dawn a sailing vessel bound for Pamphylia slowly leaves the placid harbor of Paphos. From her deck three men watch the gradually receding coast, where here and there a few tall trees, towering above the dark forests, stretch their dried and leafless branches toward the sky, like ghostly hands groping for the light of the morning. The tall figure of the stricken sorcerer fumbling for a guiding hand comes to their minds. Now the sun rises higher, its brightening rays penetrating deeper and deeper into the dark nooks and recesses of the woods. Soon the magician also shall see a new light, and ere long the light of Christianity will drive the darkness of heathenism, superstition and magic from the hearts of the benighted inhabitants of the awakening island over which a new day is dawning.

* * *

Inch by inch, tacking against an adverse wind from

the shore, the boat from Paphos crept up the bay of Pamphylia. Slowly it neared the harbor of Attalia, a little town at the mouth of the Cestrus river. Here Paul, Barnabas and Mark disembarked, followed by a few friends who had gathered around them in Cyprus.

In the sweltering heat of the afternoon sun—the trip from Paphos ordinarily is but a sail of a few hours—they made their way toward the gray houses of the town on the hill crest. Sweating under their packs, they arrived at the inn, situated amidst a grove of tall shade trees. They dropped their bundles, seated themselves on the benches near the hillside and looked down on the arid, ochre and red banks below and beyond the bay into the steaming marshes and swamps along the river. The numerous villages to the east and west showed that Pamphylia—a narrow, partly hilly, partly level strip of land between the Taurus Mountains and the Mediterranean—was a well-settled region deserving its name, the ‘land of many tribes’.

On a hill about seven miles to the north they spied the temple of Diana, tutelary goddess of Perga; but the city itself, at the foot of the hill in the swampy lowlands by the river, lay hidden from sight by green mountains. These wooded heights were the promontories of the Taurus Mountains, the snow-capped peaks of which bordered the northern horizon like a silver frieze.

In the cool of the evening the party set out for the capital of Pamphylia and arrived before dark at Perga.

A heavy fog veiled the city and the neighboring marshes all night, filling the air with a foul moisture that made breathing oppressive. Little rested, Paul awoke in the morning. He watched the sun rise like a large bloody ball, battling valiantly to pierce the dense mist. Gradually it forced the fog earthward, where in long drawn clouds it hovered over the winding course of the river. The extreme humidity, together with growing heat augured one of those uncomfortable summer days which depress body and spirit.

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It was to be an unpleasant, disappointing day for Paul in many respects.

In the course of the morning, Paul and his little band took a stroll through the city. They passed the harbor. At the docks lolled a number of dark-skinned, dark-eyed seamen, natives of Pamphylia and descendants of pirates. The rapacious spirit of their forebears, however, seemed to have been lost in them, for some, heedless of the burning sun, were lounging on the huge stones of the piers, others searching for clams, crabs or other shelled sea food in the reeking mud along the reed-lined river bank; still others were hunting for wreckage and flotsam among the boats which gradually tilted sideways with the receding tide.

Turning from the harbor to the business quarters of the city, Paul and his friends found that business, like the languid river below, was at low ebb. Few people sauntered along the lonely streets, loitering here and there to view the scanty display in the open windowless shops without showing any eagerness to buy. The vendors and hucksters, so alert at other times to strike a bargain, hardly rose from their seats behind the wares to offer their goods. It was the dull season, during which some of the larger bazaars were entirely closed.

At a small corner store sat an old Jew. His long beard, once reddish, was now almost white; his hair completely so. White were also the bushy brows of his inflamed and extremely farsighted eyes that greeted each passer-by with a merry twinkle. His slightly bending figure and the deep wrinkles graven in his kindly face gave him the appearance of a venerable patriarch of Israel. In the memory of the proverbial oldest resident, old Samuel had always been sitting there. He was a landmark, as was his little shop with the old wares which changed their places in the store at times from one side to the other without leaving it, just as old Samuel occasionally changed his seat from one doorpost to the other, yet always remained at hand. The goods and the man were shopworn. Old Samuel would have been a

worthy subject for a painter's brush and his goods, as antiques, would have commanded fabulous prices: but neither artist nor antiquary passed that corner; hence merchant and wares remained.

But if old Samuel and his antiquated wares were never taken at their full value, the man at least was appreciated to some degree by his townsmen and friends. For them, he was a living news stand. Since from his corner he had a good view of the harbor, there was no one in Perga better informed about the coming and sailing of ships than old Samuel. Looking in the other direction, he could readily discern the news which was placarded there on a bill board. Each new announcement would cover the one below, but all were carefully recorded in the memory of the old man who could give a more detailed account of historical events in the city for several scores of years past, than could be found in the official annals. He was familiar with the customs and quarrels of the natives down the street to his left, but better yet, with the affairs of the people in the quarter to his right where Greeks and Jews lived more or less peaceably together. There was not a child in the few Jewish families at Perga whom he did not know by name, and he could readily give the pedigree to the third and fourth generation, for he had known the parents and grandparents when they were young. Samuel kept his store as a somewhat international post and information bureau, where he gladly gave an account of what he had seen or heard today, yesterday, a week, a year, or a generation ago. Besides, age had made him rather communicative.

A complacent smile spread over the puckered face of old Samuel when he noticed Paul and his company coming up the street. There had been few callers that morning and he was anxious for a friendly chat. Gladly he answered Paul's questions about the city and its population.

Every summer, he informed Paul, the greater part of the city's inhabitants left for the mountains, not only the ruling set of Romans and the wealthier Greeks, but the

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middle class as well, leaving behind only the native fishermen and the servants and slaves to watch the deserted houses. Yes, there were Jewish people at Perga, but they had likewise gone, some on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, but the majority to the mountains to continue their trading and business at the summering places, reaping better profits there than at their usual stands in the city. He himself many years ago had followed such an ambulant trade in the summer, but now for a long time he had remained at home. He was perfectly satisfied day in and day out to occupy his old place in front of his shop. Here he could be found every day save on the Sabbath, and he would continue at the old stand till the dawn of the great Sabbath when he would be assembled to his fathers that rested in the cemetery beyond the river.

A shady grove adjoined the cemetery by the river bank. Here the few Jewish families met on the Sabbath for prayer and service. After the service old Samuel—he was never known to have missed one—would spend a little time among the graves of his former friends preparing himself by meditation and prayer for that day when he would be laid to rest by their side. He expected to visit the cemetery on the coming Sabbath also, though, due to the absence of the Jewish inhabitants from town, no services were to be held at the grove.

Paul then would have no opportunity to preach to the Jews, nor to the Gentiles for that matter, since after his custom he always tried to reach the latter by way of the synagogue. He was rather disappointed. Yet the information that there were at Perga a number of Jews who at the close of the Sabbath would gather at a private home to worship the Messiah cheered him.

A few years ago, Samuel related, a number of Pamphylian Jews had visited the Holy City on the day of Pentecost. There they had learned that the Messiah, named Jesus, had come. He had been crucified by Roman soldiers; yet after three days he had come to life again. The pil-

grims from Jerusalem had spread the news among the Jews of Perga and the neighboring cities, and had won a number to the new faith. With smiling face Samuel confessed, "I also have found the Messiah." Whereupon Paul and Barnabas, glad to have found a Christian at Perga, spoke to him of the Gospel.

As Paul stood there in the glaring sun, eagerly talking, he suddenly felt cold chills running down his spine, and a strange weakness came over him. Samuel noticed an ominous pallor on Paul's sun-burned face. He motioned him to sit down; then warningly raising his finger he told the Apostle, "Young man—an octogenarian might thus address a man of some forty odd years—you'd better leave this place immediately." He then gave a long description of the symptoms and dangers of the malarial fever which was prevalent during the hot season at Perga and which, in his opinion, Paul had already contracted.

"Take my advice and either return to Cyprus or make for the highlands beyond those mountains."

Paul's condition grew worse. Notwithstanding the heat of the noon hour, his teeth chattered. Cold perspiration stood on his forehead. The friends decided to take him to his quarters. Leaning heavily on Barnabas and Mark, he staggered homeward; and, arriving at the inn, he dropped in complete exhaustion on the hastily prepared bed of heavy blankets. The host, since there was no physician in town at the season, prescribed some herbal concoctions and rubbed him with oil and wine. At certain intervals the chills and fever and the cold sweat would recur; then again the patient felt perfectly well for a time. In the evening the fever increased, but at midnight Paul fell into a sound and restful sleep.

While Barnabas faithfully watched at Paul's bedside, Mark and the Cyprians held a consultation. They rehearsed the words and advice of old Samuel and finally decided to leave Perga, not for the table-lands of the interior but for their respective homes.

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When Paul had fallen asleep, Mark had a long conversation with his uncle, informing him of his intention to return to his mother.

Was it merely the dread of malaria and the fear of the dangers of the robber-infested mountains, was it homesickness or, what seems more likely, his dissatisfaction with Paul as the main leader, that led Mark to his decision to return to Jerusalem? We cannot tell. It is hard to judge rightly the motives of an imaginative and impulsive youth of one's immediate acquaintance; it becomes impossible when the person and circumstances are so far removed from our ken.

Early the next morning Barnabas informed Paul of the plans of their companions. Already depressed by his sickness, Paul was still more disheartened by the news. Yet what could he do in the matter? He could not blame the Cyprians who had voluntarily accompanied him thus far and who were under no obligations to him; and when Mark came to bid him good-bye, he likewise could find no word of reproach, but so sadly he looked at the youth that Mark turned aside. Perhaps his conscience smote him; yet he did not change his mind. Wordlessly he offered his hand to Paul who seized it with deep emotion. Tears came to the eyes of both. With greetings to Mary, Mark's mother, and to the brethren in Jerusalem, Paul dismissed the young man, who, as soon as the dreaded leave-taking was over, joined the Cyprians to go back to Attalia. Here they took passage, the latter to Cyprus, Mark to a port in Palestine.

Paul and Barnabas stayed a few days longer at Perga. There was little spoken between them. Both were saddened by the unexpected departure of Mark.

When the intervals between the feverish attacks became longer, Paul, for hours feeling perfectly well, the two forsaken men made ready for the trip to the interior. They travelled slowly at first, covering as much ground each day as Paul's strength would permit. We have no record of their experiences on this journey across the Taurus Moun-

tains, but when Paul in his letter to the Corinthians says that he was "in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils of the wilderness," he, in part at least, refers to this journey.

The Taurus Mountains, the sharp, cone-shaped peaks of which rose in picturesque and rugged grandeur one behind the other, offered but few roads for crossing. Leading up the gradually rising promontories, these roads at first were easy and pleasant, but as they entered the alpine passes they became narrow and winding, rough and stony, and highly dangerous in places. Through narrow gorges along babbling brooks, across rushing rills, past countless cascades, the roads climbed toward the heights. When a cloudburst occurred in the mountains they became suddenly inundated, as the streamlets in the gulches turned into wild, foaming torrents, sweeping along in their irresistible course, trees and branches and every living thing that came in their way. Woe to the wanderer or to the caravan caught in such a flooded pass; there was no escape, since the canyons were hemmed on both sides by rocky perpendicular walls which far above seemed to touch. Near the heights, above the rain clouds, the roads became still more perilous. Roughly hewn into dangerous rock formations, they often turned at abrupt angles above steep precipices or ran for long distances near the edge of deep chasms.

At Paul's time the whole region was infested by bands of brigands and robbers, which one might unexpectedly meet at any turn of the road. Even after the Roman conquest, these marauders, due to the wild and uninhabitable nature of that region, remained unmolested.

Such were the roads the friends had to travel. Courageously they set out, and after about a week's journey, they crossed the heights and saw before them the wide table lands of the interior of Asia Minor, a vast stretch of open country traversed by a number of lower mountain ranges.

The clear and bracing mountain air had evidently ex-

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erted an invigorating influence on Paul and blown away the last vestiges of fever. A certain weakness still remained. Nevertheless he bravely strode forward at the side of his older companion as they passed along the banks of two lakes behind which lay their present goal, Pisidian Antioch.

Nearly one hundred miles, as the crow flies, their weary feet had traveled when they reached that city, but the many twists and turns and ups and downs of the road increased that mileage by nearly half.

* * *

Like its more illustrious namesake on the Orontes in Syria — from which it must be carefully distinguished — Pisidian Antioch was founded by Seleucus and named after his father. It was built against the slope of a mountain range which separated Phrygia from Pisidia, but since the boundaries of those regions were indefinite and frequently changed, Antioch was sometimes reckoned to the one, then to the other. It shows how well informed Luke was when he calls it the Pisidian Antioch instead of the Antioch in Pisidia, for at that time Antioch did not belong to this province, yet might well be called Pisidian because the largest and oldest part of its population was of that race. Twenty large arches, once part of an extensive aqueduct that brought the clear water from the mountains to the city, give today a vague impression of the magnitude and importance of old Antioch.

When Paul and Barnabas made their way through the busy streets and crowded thoroughfares of the city, a strange mixture of languages and dialects caught their ears. There were the native patois, somewhat like Syriac; the peculiar Greek of the old settlers, the provincial Latin of the new ruling class, and the Aramaic of the Jews, strangely intermixed with words of the dialects mentioned. There was indeed a strong Jewry at that place, a sign that Antioch offered great commercial opportunities; for the Jews of

those days as in ours were found not in the trades but in the trade.

When Paul and Barnabas visited the synagogue, they noted a marked difference in its architecture from that of others. While most synagogues in the Orient were built in imitation of the Temple of Jerusalem, the Pisidian resembled the Greek temples of the Ionic order. Even in the arrangement of pillars the artistic eyes of the Greeks delighted in subtle curves, and the Pisidian synagogue revealed the Greek influence by an abandonment of the straight line for the round. The interior likewise showed the predominance of the circle over the square. The lattice work through which the veiled women followed the service was built in a semicircle, the platform in front was rounded, the reading desk, angular in most synagogues, here was round, resembling our modern pulpits; but withal there reigned the stern simplicity characteristic of Jewish sanctuaries. There were no images, no statues, no paintings, no symbols, except for the cherubim woven into the dark curtain which hung over the ark wherein the Holy Scriptures were kept. This ark had lost its sharp corners.

On the ensuing Sabbath, Paul and Barnabas discreetly sat down on a bench in the rear. The ruler of the synagogue mumbled the prescribed opening prayers, the *chazan* then handed the scrolls of the Law and of the Prophets to the reader, who monotonously chanted a verse or two in Hebrew which the interpreter repeated in a nasal tone in the Greek of the Septuagint.

The Scripture reading ended, the strangers were called upon to address the assembly. It was Paul who spoke.

Was this sermon unprepared? Did Paul speak entirely extempore? Hardly. Paul knew it was customary to call upon visiting clergymen for an address. He was acquainted with the lessons for the day; for they were as well established and chosen in a certain order as the Gospel and Epistle lessons in our Christian churches. Moreover, the sermon,

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the first recorded of Paul, though given in outline, shows careful arrangement.

"Beckoning with his hand," a characteristic Pauline gesture to call for attention, he addresses his hearers: "Men of Israel, and ye that fear God, give audience."

He then gives the story of Israel, unfolding the divine preparation for the coming of the Messiah. This he follows up by a brief recital of the life, death and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth.

This account of the life of Christ naturally would raise the question in the minds of his hearers, "Does he mean by this that Jesus is the Messiah?" followed by the other, "What proofs does he have for this statement?"

Paul has anticipated these questions and he gives three reasons for the genuineness of the Messiahship of Jesus. First the testimony of John the Baptist, who was held in high esteem at Antioch, at Ephesus and throughout Asia Minor. He then shows, quoting several Scripture passages, that the rulers at Jerusalem, by their rejection and crucifixion of Jesus caused a literal fulfilment of the Old Testament prophecies. As third and final proof, he offers the testimony of the disciples who have seen Jesus after the resurrection. He then boldly continues:

"So we now preach to you the glad tidings that the promise made to the fathers has been fulfilled by God when He raised up Jesus again."

"Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man (Jesus) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins. And by him all that believe are justified from all things, from which you could not be justified by the Law of Moses."

A murmur of dissent arose in the congregation. Paul, therefore, hastily concluded, again quoting the old prophets: "Behold you despisers, wonder and perish: for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it to you."

The congregation grew restless and the ruler quickly

pronounced the benediction and dismissed the people. Yet he retained sufficient politeness to invite the missionaries to come on the next Sabbath and speak further on the subject.

When Paul and Barnabas left the synagogue, a number of people, both Jews and Gentiles, followed them to their quarters to learn more about the Gospel. All week visitors came and went, "and the next Sabbath-day came almost the whole city to hear the Word of God." One would think such a large attendance to be a matter of rejoicing, and no doubt it was for Paul, "but when the Jews saw the multitudes, they were filled with envy."

Noting how the Gentiles eagerly listened to the joyful message of grace to every one who believes in Jesus, be he Jew or Gentile, the Jews "spake against those things which were spoken by Paul, contradicting and blaspheming."

Paul could bear many things but never any insult to the name of Jesus. When the Jews blasphemed that Name, he took an open and definite stand against them: "it was necessary that the Word of God should first have been spoken to you: but seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles," for so has the Lord commanded us, saying, "I have set thee to be a light for the Gentiles to bring salvation unto the end of the earth."

This declaration of Paul meant nothing less than that the missionaries were determined to set up a church for the Gentiles. The Jews were stricken with awe and a deep silence reigned for a while in the synagogue; but when the Gentiles realized the meaning of Paul's words, they were glad and broke forth in loud praises and "glorified the word of the Lord."

The Antiochian Jews certainly did not grasp the full import of Paul's words. Even Paul himself, could not as yet fully foresee the far reaching consequences of this step. It is here that his real work begins, the creation of a Gentile Christian church separate from Judaism, a church which supplanted the preaching of the Messiahship of Jesus

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as an exclusively Jewish belief, by the great Gospel of Christ as the Redeemer of the world. This predominantly Gentile church was destined to conquer the world. The Jews sensed the danger of a rival religion, hence their enmity against Paul and his work to the end of his life.

A great stir arose in Gentile circles when Paul defiantly left the synagogue. The message of the God-man quickly spread, we are told, throughout the whole region; even in the huts of the mountaineers and in the cabins of the robbers the good news of salvation became known, and, adds Luke, "as many as were ordained to eternal life believed."

The enraged Jews sought revenge. Being unable to stop the work of Paul by drastic measures they had recourse to intrigue. They "stirred up the devout and honorable women" who had been previously attracted by Judaism. These again, being of wealth and influence, aroused "the chief men of the city" the rich Greek merchants, the local magistrates, and even the Roman military authorities. They thus succeeded in having the missionaries banished from the city and its surroundings, at least for a time.

At daybreak the missionaries set out, accompanied by a number of converts. A short distance outside the city, they bade farewell to the latter; then turning toward Antioch "they shook the dust off their feet," a symbolical protest in accord with the Master's command: "Whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words, when ye depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet for a testimony against them."

* * *

It was a chill autumn morning on which Paul and Barnabas, wrapping their cloaks tighter around them, proceeded with firm strides eastward along the main highway of antiquity, which led from Ephesus and the Aegean coast over the high table-lands of the interior of Asia Minor, to the level countries on the banks of the Euphrates and distant Persia.

East of Pisidian Antioch the road crossed the uplands of Axylus, 'treeless' steppes, the barren abode of wild asses which at times scampered across the sandy desert as if to outstrip the bitter winds. Here and there, long distances apart, the wayfarers would chance upon the dust-covered hut of a mountaineer, finding him busy watering his coarse-haired sheep from a well, reckoned among the deepest in the world. Though by no means given to sociability, these herdsmen nevertheless occasionally gave food and shelter to a lonely stranger, who, once admitted to their hearth, had nothing to fear. They would even escort him on his way, handing him over to the next tribesman for further guidance and protection. Since the fame of the missionaries had reached far into the country, they passed safely the ninety odd miles to their next destination.

After a few days' journey they neared a shining peak, Mount Taurus, from which the whole alpine heights have received their name. Down a narrow gorge, the wanderers descended from the savage and sterile highlands into a spacious and fertile valley. Here a side road branched off, leading to the nearby city of Iconium, the modern Konieh. To the west, the valley was hemmed in by a circle of hillocks. A wide blue lake watered the tract of land surrounding the city.

Ancient writers disagree as to whether Iconium belonged to Phrygia or Lycaonia. Later it became the capital of the Seljukian Turks, who so uprooted the place that hardly any traces are left of Greek relics and Roman workmanship. Fragments of sculpture and a few stones with Latin inscriptions are the only reminiscences of a great past.

There has come down to us an old Christian romance to which a higher historical value is assigned by modern scholars than it had formerly received: "The Acts of Paul and Thecla." This work exists in Greek, Latin, Syriac and Armenian, the Greek rendering being deemed the poorest; the Armenian the best.

According to this romance, a man named Onesiphorus

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with his wife Lectra, and his two sons, Simmias and Zeno, was watching at the crossroads for the Apostle, of whom Totus, his friend, had given him a minute description. After a long wait, they saw "coming along a man of moderate stature, with curly hair and scanty, crooked legs; with blue eyes, and large eyebrows; long nose; and he was full of the grace and pity of the Lord, sometimes having the appearance of a man, but sometimes looking like an angel." Thus reads the Armenian text of the Acts of Paul and Thecla. The other texts omit the blue eyes. The Syriac says they were large, it tones down a little the crookedness of Paul's legs, knows nothing of his hair being curly, but emphasizes that his eyebrows met.

Paul and Barnabas gladly accepted the invitation to the house of Onesiphorus.

Wearily clambering toward the upper city, they noticed near the end of a narrow street a stately building, surmounted by a large pole resembling a flagstaff, which designated the building as a synagogue. Synagogues were usually erected on the highest elevation of a city. Where, for some reason or other, this was not possible, a mast was placed on the roof; for a city whose synagogue did not soar above the other buildings—castles and towers excepted—was, according to Jewish belief, doomed to destruction. Next to the sanctuary stood the roomy house of Onesiphorus and immediately adjoining it the home of noble Theoclia.

In compliance with the bidding of the Lord, "When you come into a house salute it," Paul entered the house of Onesiphorus with a smile and the salutation: "May the grace of God be with thee and thy household." This wish was no mere formula with Paul; even years later in his second letter to Timothy he repeats it: "The Lord give mercy unto the house of Onesiphorus; for he oft refreshed me."

The writer of the Acts of Thecla takes it for granted that Onesiphorus of Iconium and the person mentioned in this letter are identical, and that he was a Christian before

the arrival of Paul at Iconium. Improbable as this may seem, it is not impossible. Furthermore, he tells how Onesiphorus welcomed Paul as a servant of the Lord, whereupon they knelt together in prayer, broke bread and repeated the words of God.

As a herd of thirsty sheep to a brook, the people of Iconium, athirst for divine knowledge, flocked to the house where Paul offered incessantly the Water of Life. Day and night he preached, mainly on two themes: resurrection and chastity. The resurrection always was important for Paul, and in such an age of vice, the latter theme was at least timely.

It may be that the priestly author of the Acts of Thecla belonged to the early Christian sect of the Encratites who considered celibacy and virginity superior to marriage, and that he therefore overemphasized this theme. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that Paul held decided views as to the preference of the state of single blessedness over the conjugal union. In First Corinthians he writes: "I say, therefore to the unmarried and widows, it is good for them, if they abide even as I am." Paul, notwithstanding the contrary assertion of the old church historian Eusebius, was never married. He thought it better in those troublesome times to remain single. He further advises a father regarding his daughter: "He that giveth her in marriage does well; but he that giveth her not in marriage does better." All his advice as to matrimony is given as his own opinion, but this he expresses most forcibly. "Now concerning virgins, I have no commandment of the Lord: yet I give my judgment, as one that has obtained mercy of the Lord to be faithful." He then recommends virginity. Again of widows he says: "She is happier if she so abide, after my judgment; I think also that I have the Spirit of God."

Paul's doctrines of chastity and virginity stirred Iconium. Women and maidens thronged to the house of Onesiphorus. Fascinated by his sermons, many vowed, hastily perhaps, to remain single. Weddings were postponed, en-

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agements broken. In vain apprehensive mothers tried to keep their daughters away from the Apostle.

Theoclia also had forbidden young Thecla to enter her neighbor's house. Sweet Thecla, always an obedient daughter, remained at home. Yet she could not keep away from the latticed window nearest the house of Onesiphorus. How she envied her playmates who went to see the Apostle. Watching at the window in the faint hope of catching an occasional glimpse of Paul, she found that through the door of the next house—the crowd kept it continuously open—she could hear the voice, and, if carefully listening, catch every word of the unseen speaker. She remained at the window day and night. Deeply she drank in every word. She “discovered the Way,” became “fixed in her faith,” determined to become a Christian, and to devote her life as a virgin to Christ.

Often Theoclia went to her daughter, trying to persuade her to leave the window, but in vain. Thecla seemed not to hear her. With lowered eyes she sat there as in a trance, having ears only for the speaker next door. In utter despair the mother sent for Thamyris, the ardent lover and affianced suitor of her lovely daughter.

Immediately the enamored youth hurried to the house, elated by the hope that on that very day Thecla might be given to him in marriage. In high spirits he entered. His heart beating with joy, he eagerly queried, “Where is Thecla, that I may see her?”

Tears moistened Theoclia's eyes as she looked pityingly at the unsuspecting youth whose hopes were about to be crushed. She then stammered, “I have sad tidings for thee. For three days and three nights Thecla has not risen from the window, neither to eat nor to drink; but, spell-bound with delight, she does listen to the crafty teachings of a stranger.”

She then reported the happenings next door, alleging that the stranger staying with Onesiphorus was causing ruin to the city. Women, young and old, were rushing

there, learning to fear the One and only God and to live in perpetual chastity. Her daughter, she feared, was affected in the same way. The words of the stranger held her at the window "like a spider's web." Theoclia then begged Thamyris to go to Thecla and to plead with her.

Thamyris did not lose a moment. Instantly he rushed to Thecla's room. He found her sitting in deep enchantment. He viewed the figure of the charming girl with eyes of tender love. Shyly he approached. There seemed to be something forbidding in her seraphic look and reverent mien. Finally taking courage he asked what made her remain there, so secluded and lonely: what passion made his loving Thecla so unlike herself. There came no answer. Spreading his arms widely to embrace her, he begged with a voice of tender reproof, "Turn towards thy Thamyris and be thou ashamed." Thecla did not turn, nor did she answer.

At this moment the mother came to add her entreaties. Yet Thecla never turned. Enraptured she heard no one but Paul.

Thamyris, overcome by a feeling of pity for the enchanted maiden, began to weep; her mother sobbed bitterly; so did the maidservants who had come to the scene—they all wept: "Thamyris for the loss of a wife, and Theoclia of a child, and the maidservants of a mistress." Yet Thecla remained unaware of what was going on around her.

Thamyris soon realized that tears and pleadings were without avail to rouse his love from the peculiar state of enchantment in which he found her. He was convinced that she was not enamored of Paul as a person, for as yet she had not seen him; and his figure and appearance, as we know, would have proved as little an attraction as his all but pleasing voice. Hence Thamyris concluded that the girl's ecstasy must be due to some hidden power of sorcery. He, therefore, "being filled with anger and rage" against the enchanter, went to the governor of the city, Castellus, and denounced the Apostle as a dangerous magician.

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Thecla meanwhile remained at the window. But when Paul's voice suddenly stopped in the middle of a sentence, she awoke. She heard people rushing to the house of Onesiphorus, not eager listeners as heretofore, but a threatening mob of enraged mothers, irate fathers and infuriated lovers. They forced their way through the crowd of earnest hearers who tried to shield the Apostle. There ensued shuffling of feet, loud curses, denunciations and threats; and when Thecla peeped through the latticework, she saw a little red-haired man dragged from the house.

An angry, howling mob hurried Paul to the forum before the proconsul. He was charged with many crimes: he had preached an illicit religion, despised the national gods and the Emperor, despoiled the morals of the young, bewitched women and maidens and disturbed the peace of the homes and of the city. There was no distinct accusation; one shouted one thing; one another. Calmly Paul stood there among his accusers. When quiet was at least partly restored and he was called upon to defend himself, he preached simply but fervently the Gospel of Jesus.

The effect was a division among his hearers. Some enthusiastically acclaimed him; others severely denounced him and demanded an exemplary punishment. The proconsul, undecided what to do, and to gain time for a formal decision ordered him into the custody of the jailor.

Around the houses of Onesiphorus and Theoclia things had become ominously quiet. Even the servants had stolen away to watch the outcome. On their return, Thecla learned the fate of Paul from a trusted maid.

In the ensuing night Thecla decided to go to see the Apostle. Finding the gate of her home locked she quickly tore her bracelet from her arm and gave it to the keeper, who then opened the door. She hastened to the prison. In her hurry she had forgotten to take money to bribe the jailor, but a small silver mirror answered the purpose.

In the dead of the night, Thecla entered the dark, dank dungeon of Paul who seemed not at all surprised. Seating

herself at his feet, "she heard the great things of God." Her faith became greatly strengthened, and out of gratitude she kissed the chains of the Apostle.

When Theoclia and Thamyras in the morning found Thecla missing from her room, they went in search of her. They found her with the prisoner and tried to take her away. She would not leave the Apostle; she cried and "wallowed on the ground where he sat and taught her in prison." Utterly enraged, her mother and lover dragged Thecla and Paul before the magistrate. A multitude followed them, shouting: "He is a magician! Away with him!"

Brought before the bar, Paul serenely looked at the judge and the shrieking horde, while Thecla in a state of enchantment saw no one but her admired teacher. The exasperated mother, all feeling for her daughter having left her, cried loudly to the governor. "Burn the wicked wretch; burn in the midst of the theater her that will not marry, so that all the women who have been taught by this man may be frightened!"

The governor, to appease the raving multitude and to satisfy the distracted mother, ordered Paul to be beaten and driven out of Iconium.

Even for the hardened Roman judge it was no easy matter to pronounce judgment on a woman, especially one so young and beautiful as Thecla. If by word or mien she had only begged for pardon—yet there she stood motionless, gazing with mournful eyes after the Apostle, as the lictors led him away. Not a word escaped her lips, while at her side stood the mother, like a Fury, calling louder and louder: "Burn the wicked wretch!"

Hesitantly the governor arose, cast a pitying glance at the youthful prisoner; then with the words, "Burn her at the stake," he quickly turned and hurried into the praetorium, as though ashamed of his verdict.

The guards surround the virgin and march her to the amphitheater on the hillside. Hastily a heavy post of tim-

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ber is planted in the center of the arena. Soldiers heap bundles of twigs and branches around it, and rough hands tie Thecla, her sweet face pale as her white dress, to the stake. Though it is an improvised spectacle, great curious crowds stream to the theater and fill the tiers of the vast building to the last row.

The lictors apply the torches to the fagots and, in breathless expectation, the multitude waits—waits for the moment when the rising flames will seize upon the saintly virgin and make her slender figure writhe in pain. The blaze rises higher and soon a roaring flare envelops the victim. Like a wide, red and golden cloak it surrounds her flowing robe. Yet, O wonder! it never singes her gown nor a lock of her golden hair, but spreading apart, enshrouds the beautiful girl, protecting her against the tormentors.

One single flame creeping slowly up the dried out timber now burns the strings which fasten her hands to the stake. The hands drop to her sides, but suddenly they stretch heavenward as in prayer. Her deep burning eyes turn in the same direction. All look up in wonder and amazement. There draws along the blue sky, slowly at first, a pale gray cloud. Quicker it approaches, turning darker with each passing minute. Then a sudden cloud-burst sends its pouring waters over the crowded theater, quenching the glaring fire and drenching every onlooker to the skin. In great tumult the people arise and make for the gates. Through one of them the white form of Thecla is seen in flight from her pursuers. Some see an angel lifting her from the place and carrying her to safety. Soon she disappears from the eyes of the astonished crowd. Fleeing to the nearby cemetery, she rejoins Paul who, with Onesiphorus and his household has found a temporary shelter there in a tomb among the rocks.

The sequel to the story of Thecla is a maze of fables, interwoven with a few scraps of historic tradition.

Luke in the authentic record of Paul's work at Iconium in Acts gives these few facts. Paul and Barnabas preached

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at the synagogue. Their preaching was confirmed by miracles and signs. Numerous Jews and Greeks were converted. Yet after a while Jewish unbelievers incited the pagans against the "brethren." A division arose among the inhabitants of Iconium. The two factions seemed to be of equal strength. When the missionaries discovered an attack was planned by the inimical Jews and Gentiles together with the rulers of the city, rumors of flogging and stoning having spread, they secretly fled to the neighboring region of Lycaonia.

* * *

Leaving Iconium, Paul and Barnabas followed the Imperial Road of Augustus eastward and soon reached the table lands of Lycaonia. No stones, pillars or posts marked its exact boundaries, but when they reached an eminence in the road, they gained a full view of that dreaded region. Wide undulating plains stretched before them. Only here and there they spied a few marshy spots and an occasional lake in the downs. All else appeared as one large, monotonous picture of gray and brown tints, bordered far to the south at the purple horizon by the dim outlines of wooded hills and forests: the promontories of the Isaurian mountain ranges.

The wanderers resumed their journey. Doggedly they trudged along the sandy highway, marked only by the tracks of wagon wheels and the footprints of men and beasts who had passed before. For the rest, it resembled the desert all around. After a walk of many hours, they discerned in the far distance the contours of a mountain distinctly severed from the hills beyond.

In sombre solitude, like a mighty pyramid on the border of the desert, old Kara Dag at the eastern boundary of Lycaonia rose high above the dusty barren plains of Central Asia Minor. A sharp silvery needle, its pointed snow-

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capped summit pierced through and shone above a dense cloak of heavy clouds that had gathered, as frequently happened, around the crest of the mountain, covering with gloomy shadows the dark woods of cedar and pine below. These wild forests and their hidden terrors had no doubt suggested the names of the mount and the region; for Kara Dag, the 'Black Mountain', signalled a warning, visible for miles, to keep away from Lycaonia, the 'Land of the Wolf'.

Since time immemorial the rugged giant stood watch at the entrance of a wide and fertile plain which in later times was known as Binbir-Kilisseh, the Valley of the 'Thousand and one Churches', but which of old was the haunt of half-savage mountaineers, robbers and thieves. Two towns, the site of which can no longer be identified with certainty, lay somewhere near the base of the mountain, for the old Roman highway passed here through Lys-tra and Derbe.

Near the highway, a short distance before it entered the western gate of Lystra, there stood of yore a magnificent temple, dedicated to Jupiter, king of the gods and guardian of the city. On a small elevation in front of the temple-gate a rustic bench, shaded by two large trees, invited the wanderers to a brief rest. From this idyllic spot one enjoyed a wonderful view of the temple and of the humble town beyond, as also over a dreary piece of marsh which, so the legend says, once had been good and habitable land, but which long ago, by the wrath of the gods, had been transformed into muddy holes, the haunt of fen-birds and cormorants.

The two trees, a linden and an oak, stood within a walled enclosure, so close together that in the course of years their branches had become entwined, as it were, in loving embrace, and when a breath of air passed through their crowns, the leaves seemed to whisper to each other. Mysterious voices, it was claimed, were often heard by the people as they sat on the bench beneath; sweet voices from the rustling foliage when a gentle breeze just stirred the

leaves; terrible sighs and groans when a stronger and stiffer wind shook boughs and branches.

Pagans of old both loved and dreaded the voices of nature, hearing in them the mysterious revelations of their gods. These gods, indeed, were but fanciful creations of the poets who thus endeavored to interpret the language of nature, which, to many city-dwellers, has become as meaningless and dead as the classic tongues in which those ancient bards sang the wonderful tales of mythology.

Many were the legends and myths of the gods. Spread by word of mouth, they assumed distinct local color in different regions.

Thus in Lycaonia, Jupiter was mainly revered, and of the many stories about this god, two in particular were connected with this wild neighborhood.

Of a winter's night, when a wild storm mingled its wail with the howl of the wolves in the forests, the mountaineers were likely to tell their affrighted children the gruesome tale of Lycaon; while on a mild summer day, under the twin trees by the temple, it seemed more fitting to rehearse the beautiful story of Philemon and Baucis.

The tale of Lycaon is briefly told. Old Jupiter, tired of the celestials' idle talk, and curious to know how people carried on below, left his seat on Olympus, and in disguise paid a visit to wicked Lycaon who, surmising the true nature of his guest, placed before the god, to test his divinity, a dish of human flesh, his own son's, it is claimed. Burning with wrath at such ignominy, the king of the gods brusquely pushed the dish aside and instantly turned the human monster into a real beast. An old gray werewolf, the heartless wretch now led bands of ravenous wolves, always hungry for human flesh, through the wild Lycaonian forest. Yet one hope was left him: if for ten years he would not touch such meat, the wrath of the god would turn and he would be restored to human form.

Far lovelier and more important for the understanding

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of Paul's experiences at Lystra is the story of Philemon and Baucis.

Again Jupiter, the god of the elements, laid aside his thunderbolt and, accompanied by Mercury, the versatile messenger of heaven, returned to the earth to pry into the affairs of men. For miles and miles they wandered up and down the fruitful valley at the foot of the Kara Dagħ. They knocked at a thousand doors begging food and shelter, but everywhere they were turned away. At last they chanced upon the low-roofed, straw thatched, humble home of an old devoted couple, Philemon and Baucis. Here they were heartily welcomed and invited to rest. A simple meal of curd and cream, with newly laid eggs and a slice of bacon was placed before them. Colewort, endives, radishes and succory from the small garden, a handful of nuts and dried grapes from the winter's store and a pitcher of newly-pressed grape juice completed the modest country fare, of which the celestials partook with visible appetite.

While with deep draughts the gods emptied the beechen cups, the old people noticed that they were constantly filled anew, as if by invisible hands, with the sweetest of wine. "They must be gods," the old people cried, raising their hands in pious devotion. Quickly they then decided to sacrifice their last goose to the gods, but while Philemon vainly endeavored to catch it, the frightened fowl took refuge at the feet of Jupiter, who mercifully spared its life.

The meal ended, Jupiter rose and spoke: "We are gods. The inhospitable neighborhood shall perish for its impiety; you alone shall be spared. Leave your house and follow us to yonder mountain, without looking backward once."

The hurried to obey and, staff in hand, clambered up the steep ascent. Within an arrow's flight from the top they turned around and saw the neighborhood sunk in a lake, only their own house left standing. While they gazed and lamented the fate of their neighbors, that old hut was changed into a temple.

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Their little shed scarce large enough for two,
Seems from the ground increased, in height and bulk to grow.
A stately temple shoots into the skies,
The crotches of their cot in columns rise,
The pavement, polish'd marble, they behold,
The gates with sculpture graced, the spire and tiles of gold.

Jupiter then in benignant accents bade them to ask any boon, promising by the great river Styx—the most solemn oath a god could utter—to grant their request. Philemon took counsel with Baucis for a few moments, then declared to the gods their joint wish:

‘We crave to serve before your sacred shrine,
And offer at your altar rites divine;
And since not any action of our life
Has been polluted with domestic strife,
We beg one hour of death, that neither she
With widow’s tears may live to bury me,
Nor weeping I, with wither’d arm, may bear
My breathless Baucis to the sepulchre’.

Their petition was granted. They remained the keepers of the temple as long as they lived. When grown very old, as they stood before the sacred edifice rehearsing the story of the place, Baucis and Philemon were transformed into majestic trees.

Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen
Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly green!
Old Baucis looked where old Philemon stood
And saw his lengthened arms a sprouting wood,
New roots their fastened feet begin to bind,
Their bodies stiffen in a rising rind;
Then, ere the bark above their shoulders grew,
They give and take at once their last adieu.
‘At once, farewell, o faithful spouse’, they said
At once the encroaching rinds their closing lips invade.
Eve’n yet, an ancient Tyanaean shows,
A spreading oak, that near a linden grows.

OVID (Dryden’s Tr.)

Did Paul and Barnabas, as they sat there under the enchanted trees, have an inkling of what the leaves whispered above? Having been reared in Gentile surroundings, they were familiar with Greek mythology, but little could they foresee that a few days later they themselves were to be closely connected with Lycaonian folklore.

After a brief rest, they resumed the highway which

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passed midway through Lystra, in the center of which it widened into a public square, the market or forum.

Now open squares and parks serve mainly as lungs for our overcrowded cities, providing air and sunshine for the unfortunate inhabitants huddled together in narrow apartments which differ from prison cells only by the absence of bars. The ancient market, however, was the heart of the city. Through the market and the main thoroughfares, pulsed the life stream of the city and of the neighboring country.

The ancient *agora* or *forum*, the 'market' or 'public square', was the place for all and for everything. Here the men of the city gathered in council, considered the affairs of the commonwealth, while the women discussed the good and evil traits of their neighbors and husbands. It was the place where judgment was held. Here the prisoner was brought to court, the sentence passed and the culprit beheaded, hanged or put to public shame at the pillory. It was the playground for the young who in their play mimicked their elders. To this center of business the farmers brought their cattle and sheep and the fruits of their fields. For men of leisure the common was the place for news and amusement. Military, political and religious parades began and ended at the market. Here the unemployed stood around waiting to be hired, prisoners and debtors were sold into slavery, political leaders, scientists in the philosopher's mantle, devotees in various religious garb, the forerunners of soapbox orators, medicine-men and street preachers, harangued the people, trying to gain adherents and converts. Most of all, the market was the paradise of beggars, who by word and gesture and the exposure of their physical defects appealed to the crowd for charity.

At one end of the market at Lystra stood an old spacious building, the house of a wealthy Greek. It was not a tavern, but whenever a Jewish stranger arrived at Lystra, he was directed there. It was the only house in town which

sheltered a Graeco-Jewish family, and whenever a Jew stepped over its threshold he could be sure of a hearty welcome by the two Jewish women of the house, Eunice, the host's wife, and Lois, her mother. Paul and Barnabas enjoyed the hospitality of this charming home during their lengthy stay at Lystra.

We know next to nothing of the religious attitude of Eunice's husband. He seems to have been one of those good-natured pagans who had no deep religious convictions of any sort.

Eunice, who in her maidenhood had fallen away from her allegiance to the Jewish faith by entering upon a marriage to a Gentile, forbidden to Jews, had under the gentle influence of her pious mother, and still more so by her own motherhood, begun anew to cultivate a deeper religion for her son's sake.

Both women devoted themselves to the religious training of young Timothy, Eunice's only son, then in his teens.

This mother and daughter, who lived in the Scriptures, undoubtedly belonged to those spiritually minded Jews who, like Simeon and Anna, were "waiting for the consolation of Israel." They gladly listened to the Gospel proclaimed by their guests and became, together with young Timothy, the first converts of Paul at Lystra.

From the window of Eunice's home, Paul and Barnabas enjoyed a full view of the market, and whenever a larger group assembled there, they went out to preach the Gospel. In so doing they shared the usual fate of street orators. Crowds would gather around them, listen for a while and then move on, mocking and laughing.

One day, when a crowd had just left, Paul noticed a poor cripple, sitting in his customary place, begging. He had apparently listened on different occasions and the Gospel had not been ineffective.

Perhaps Paul had just spoken of Jesus, the Son of God, who "went about doing good." Perhaps he had mentioned the words of the Lord: "The blind see, the lame walk."

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Such words must have thrilled the heart of the afflicted "who never had walked." Luke tells us: "Paul steadfastly beholding him, and perceiving that he had faith to be healed, said with a loud voice, 'Stand upright on your feet'. And he leapt and walked. And when the people saw what Paul had done, they lifted up their voices, saying in the speech of Lycaonia, 'The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men'. And they called Barnabas, Jupiter; and Paul, Mercurius, because he was the chief speaker."

The imposing manly stature of Barnabas doubtless made him appear to the Lycaonians as "the father of the gods," while Paul, the healer of the incurable and a master of the word, suggested to them the agile "god of health and patron of eloquence."

It was but natural that the excited people should voice their opinions in their vernacular. The deepest emotions can be fully expressed only in one's mother tongue, a fact often overlooked, even by the church, when dealing with immigrants and foreigners. Of all that was said at Lystra, Paul understood not a word, and in order to escape the general turmoil, the Apostles, after the first outbreak of enthusiasm, slipped away to their quarters.

Hiding as much as possible from sight, the missionaries watched the mob in the market. Newcomers continuously swelled the crowd. A number of men seized the beggar by the hands and led him toward the gate of the city. Noisy women and shouting children followed. For an hour or longer the glaring sun shone upon the forsaken square.

Unknown to Paul and Barnabas, the populace assembled before the temple of Jupiter. The leaders, one interrupting the other, tried to explain to the high priest of their guardian god the theophany they had just witnessed on the common. Distrust stood plainly written on the wrinkled forehead of the old priest as he listened to the strange story of the excited mob that clamored for a sacrifice. In what other way could they have shown their gratitude to the divine visitors?

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After some deliberation, the priest, seeking his own good fortune, gave orders to prepare the sacrifice. Leaves and branches were hastily torn from the two sacred trees, wreaths were bound, sacrificial animals fetched from the stables, and wheat, salt and incense brought from the temple. Then a procession was formed.

Youths in sacerdotal vestments, leading white oxen with beads on their broad foreheads and wreaths around their short horns, opened the sacrificial pageant. Flute players followed. Then came the acolytes bearing wheat and salt, wine and incense, as a vanguard to the high priest in full pontificals.

The procession, crossing the market, headed directly for the house of Eunice. As it neared, the missionaries, alarmed and horrified, ran out among the crowd, rent their clothes in Oriental fashion, and tried to dissuade the people from doing them homage.

Paul addressed the multitude. Sharp and shrill his voice rang above the general din; "Sirs, why do ye these things? We also are men of like passions with you, and preach unto you that ye would turn from these vanities unto the living God, which made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all things that are therein: Who in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways. Nevertheless he left not himself without witness, in that he did good, and gave rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness."

Paul's vehement protest stopped, though with difficulty, the intended sacrifice. Chagrined, the priest returned to the temple and the disappointed crowd dispersed.

The main result of the exciting event, however, was the interest it created for the strangers and their message. Never thereafter did they lack hearers. They gained converts even in the outlying districts. On the other hand, the interrupted ceremonies and the declaration that the pagan gods were but vanities, aroused among the greater part of

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the populace bitter animosity constantly stirred by the priest.

Meanwhile, fall had arrived and with it the annual fair at Lystra. From every quarter of the town, from the neighboring villages and hamlets, and even from such distant cities as Antioch and Iconium, people flocked to the market. Half a dozen languages were heard as the different tribes and clans of Asia hastened to seek bargains and diversions. A fair, then as now, was not simply an occasion for business, but for enjoyment and jollification, especially for women and children. Cattle and horses were hitched to posts and bars. Temporary stalls and pens were crowded with sheep and goats. Nearby stood tents of magicians and soothsayers, mountebanks and gamblers, similar to the knights of fortune who follow a modern circus and infest county fairs and even church bazaars.

The annual fair at Lystra was moreover considered by the ill-famed mountaineers of that region as a favorable time, and the market as a convenient place for settling their family feuds. Paul had seen these highlanders occasionally at his home town. They were men of vigorous physique and harsh and guttural speech. Superstitious and little inclined to respect rights of property, they had beside that fervid temperament so characteristic of cliff and mountain dwellers. They were proverbially fickle and faithless—Aristotle already mentions this as one of their traits. Quarrels among them at the Lycaonian fair, therefore, were nothing unusual, and since these half-savage men were by no means particular in the choice of their weapons, using knives and swords as readily as their fists, these fights frequently ended in open or secret murder.

Amidst the shifting, shuffling throng of wealthy burghers in costly garments, of farmers in homespun and mountaineers in skins and furs, a group of Jews from Antioch and Iconium, attired as horse-traders and cattle-dealers were seen, eagerly moving about, apparently in search of

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livestock. At length they chanced upon the Apostle preaching to a curious throng in a corner of the market. Here was the man they had come to destroy.

Ruthlessly they elbowed their way through the crowd and immediately began to denounce and defame the speakers. They told the astonished crowd that these men were followers of a Galilean Jew who had posed as the Son of God, claimed to be the King of the Jews and who, therefore, had been justly put to death by the Roman governor, Pontius Pilate. Barnabas and Paul, they declared, were likewise imposters who had been driven from Antioch and Iconium as disturbers of the peace and proclaimers of an illicit religion.

Murmurs of indignation were heard all around. Some shouted, "These are the men who dared impersonate the gods and perpetrated an enormous deception on the inhabitants of Lystra." At this the crowd grew furious and pressed toward the preachers. Soon Paul was separated from his companion and the wrath of the people was turned against his person. In the general riot, the Jews picked up stones. The bystanders followed their example and straightway Paul was pelted by the infuriated rabble.

Calm and undaunted, Paul stood before his aggressors, without a word of defense or rebuke. Did he think of what had occurred years ago at Jerusalem, where he had been an assenting witness to a similar scene? Did he perhaps consider what was happening here and now, a retribution for his former iniquity?

A large stone, thrown with great force, struck him on the head. Senseless he fell to the ground. The instigators of the lynching hastily seized the limp body and hurried it out of the city. Into an open space amidst the thicket of the woods by the roadside, they threw what seemed a corpse to the ground. They cast a last hateful look at it, as if to make sure that their wicked plans had been carried out. Then, satisfied that the hated man had met his death at last, the Jewish assassins secretly set out to Antioch and

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Iconium, while their accomplices from Lystra returned and mingled with the crowd. Most of the people at the market were not even aware of what had been going on.

Night had fallen. A full moon—fairs were usually held under that phase—shone brightly upon the deserted market of Lystra. A small group of men emerged from the house of Eunice. In sombre silence they crossed the square and disappeared in the direction of the city gate. With hurried steps they neared the woods by the temple, young Timothy pointing the way. He had followed the assassins from the distance and had seen them carry the body into the woods. He had not ventured nearer, but returned to the city to carry the sad news to the friends of Paul.

The posse from Lystra searched the woods, groped among the stones and the brush until at last they discovered the bruised and wounded body. In mournful circle they stood around the prostrate figure of the Apostle. With tear-filled eyes they saw the deathly pallor on his face, a ghastly wound near his temple and a black streak of blood across his forehead. With eyes and mouth half-open, hands and feet relaxed and powerless, Paul lay there, the victim of Jewish wrath. Yet amidst the weird surroundings the sight of the dead was to his friends not a picture of horror and fright but of serenity and peace.

Tenderly Barnabas, who had hardly escaped a similar fate, lifted the wounded head of the Apostle and washed the congealed blood away with water which Timothy had fetched from the pond, when, to the surprise of all, Paul slowly opened his eyes and with a faint smile looked at his companion. He then laid his hand on the head of the youth, who, overjoyed, had dropped to his knees at Paul's side. Feebly Paul uttered the words by which he was wont to address the young man and which he later always used in his letters to him: "Timothy, my dearly beloved son!" Then he looked around the circle of his friends, apparently unaware how he and they had come to this forlorn spot.

When Paul fully recovered consciousness and recalled

the happenings of the afternoon, he first thanked God who in special providence had spared the life of His servant. In agony he then rose to his feet. His whole body was bruised, every bone ached; yet this invincible Jew declined any further assistance. Biting his teeth together, for every step caused him pain, he returned to Lystra. After a sleepless night, spent in agony from bodily pain and mental suffering—work at Lystra for the present was hopeless—he left the next morning with Barnabas for Derbe, a frontier town twenty miles distant at the foot of the Isaurian Mountains.

According to Cicero, who a century before Paul had spent some time at Derbe, this forlorn mountain place was an ancient robbers' nest. No Jews had settled there and Paul and Barnabas worked among the rough mountaineers and Greek and Roman settlers unmolested. "They made many disciples," among them Gaius who on Paul's second missionary journey became a fellow traveler of the wandering Apostle.

Derbe, the last place the missionaries visited on their present journey, was the first they could leave with the satisfaction of complete success; for, at their departure, they left behind a congregation properly organized and provided with responsible leaders.

Perhaps the missionaries had originally intended to return through the Cilician Gates to Tarsus and thence to Antioch, the starting-point of their journey. But now, in mid-winter, the passes of the Taurus Mountains were blocked with deep snow. Paul and Barnabas decided, therefore, to retrace their steps—in this they were encouraged by their success at Derbe—to organize the brethren of the cities they had formerly visited in a similar manner. Thus they returned through Lycaonia and Pisidia, devoting themselves at Lystra, Iconium and Pisidian Antioch to the churchly organization and brotherly confirmation of the disciples at these places.

What time they spent at each place cannot be known. Luke in Acts hurries the Apostles and his hearers along:

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“They returned again to Lystra and to Iconium, and Antioch. Confirming the souls of the disciples, and exhorting them to continue in the faith, and that we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God. And when they had ordained them elders in every church, and had prayed with fasting, they commended them to the Lord, on whom they believed. And after they had passed throughout Pisidia they came to Pamphylia. And when they had preached the word in Perga, they went down into Attalia. And thence sailed to Antioch, from whence they had been recommended to the grace of God for the work which they fulfilled.”

Thus Luke brings the account of Paul's first missionary journey, which had lasted four years, to a rapid conclusion.

BOOK III

THE JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM

Nature is man's foremost teacher. When for the first time he looked upon the tranquil waters of a gently flowing river or a quiet forest lake as it reflected his image and the landscape around him, She held up to him an original picture which taught the born imitator the rudiments of painting. Grotesque figures and odd shapes among the rock formation of canyons and mountains, dimly revealing the semblance of a human form, were man's first crude models of plastic presentation and called forth his timid attempts at sculpture. When hundreds yearly gaze at the Old Man of the Mountain in New Hampshire, when thousands of others, in wondering awe and thoughtful contemplation, stand before similar figures and forms all over the world, we do not wonder that man, the insignificant yet daring creature and docile pupil of Nature, selects the vast side of a Stony Mountain for a tablet on which to trace the figures of heroes, so as to immortalize events of history which, he deems, should be spared from oblivion.

Nor is this venture entirely new. Ancient Greek artists and Egyptian sculptors have undertaken similar gigantic tasks. But where we place the figures of idolized humans, they carved the humanized faces of their gods. Thus, from the great crag of Mount Silpius, the dark face of Charon frowned down upon the beautiful city, called "Antioch the Golden," "Queen of the East."

Perhaps the artist meant the image of the ferryman of Death's River as a warning, more eloquent in its grand silence than the scribbling of the pious Jew on the walls of Pompeii: "Sodom!" "Gomorrhah!"

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"The wages of sin is death," says Paul. As death stares into the face of every man "for all have sinned," so that stony likeness of the Stygian helmsman ominously "looked upon a scene of vice and licentiousness, luxury and splendour, such as the world has seldom seen," and waited for the wicked city's final destruction.

The wait was indeed long. Centuries passed until in the sixth, Antioch, by repeated earthquakes, was laid in ruins. Today the weatherbeaten face on high stares upon an insignificant town, reared over the débris of the old metropolis.

What tales old Charon would tell, could he but speak. He saw the rise of Antioch, witnessed the rearing of the great temple of Jupiter at the forum, watched Titus embellish its main gate with the cherubim, captured from the Temple in Jerusalem. When pagan Antioch became a Christian city and its houses were marked with the sign of the cross, he witnessed how Jupiter's temple with all the rest was turned to a place of Christian worship.

A silent witness, he watched the Moslems besiege and capture Christian Antioch five years after the death of Mohammed (632), the eccentric prophet of the Arabian desert. Four eventless centuries passed before he beheld the crusaders regain the city. Scarcely had they replanted the cross in place of the half-moon, when he saw them besieged by a large Turkish army. Famine wasted their ranks, when suddenly the news of the discovery of the Holy Lance which had pierced the Savior's side gave them new courage. Bearing the relic as a standard, they rushed forth from the city, and with the cry, "God wills it," drove the Turks to headlong flight.

The Holy Lance is not the only relic found in Antioch. In 1910, Arabs digging a well, probably on the site of an ancient church, brought to light seven silver objects. Among these was a beautiful chalice, about eight inches in height, consisting of a rather poorly made silver communion bowl, covered with a costly silver sheath of chased ornamentation,

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the work of a Greek artist of remarkable skill, on which birds and vines with bunches of grapes surround the figures of Christ and ten of His Apostles, with Peter to the left and Paul to the right of the Master.

Some claim that the chalice dates from the first century of our era, and consider the figures of the disciples to be actual portraits made when most of these persons were still alive.

Similar pictures of Paul and Peter are found, executed in gold leaf at the bottoms of glasses, perhaps used at communion, though some of them, judging from the accompanying mottoes: "Mayest thou live long," "A mark of friendship," or "Life and happiness to thee and thine," seem to have served for festival gifts. These glasses, eighty of which out of more than three hundred bear the pictures of the Apostles, date from the second half of the second, and the beginning of the third century. The uniform type of the pictures resembles that on the Antiochian chalice, and may therefore have originated from real portrait pictures. The two apostles are usually placed together, sometimes Peter and sometimes Paul taking the place of honor at the right side. Peter is shown with broad face, a luxuriant crown of curly hair and a closely cropped beard; Paul with a narrow face, bald forehead and a long Vandyke beard. Paintings of the two Apostles do not appear until the fourth and fifth centuries. The oldest picture representing Paul alone, dates from the fourth century and was discovered in the catacomb of Domitilla at Rome.

We return from our ramble through the centuries to the days of Paul, from Rome to Antioch, from the pictures to the man himself, who, as stated before, had returned from his first missionary journey to the place whence he had started.

* * *

It was in the fall of the year 49 A. D. Nature, the originator and dictator of seasonable fashions, had exchanged her bright green summer dress for one of many

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colors. The soft twilight of a peaceful Sabbath eve lay over the sleepy Ghetto of Antioch.

Here in front of a massive house, Raphael, an elderly Jewish merchant, was seen eagerly talking to a young Greek. On previous occasions the merchant had already endeavored to convert Titus—this was the name of the youth—to the faith of his fathers. To this task he had set himself again. His proselyting efforts, ardent though they were, did not spring entirely from religious motives. The men were neighbors in business, their shops adjoining each other at the river front, and for some time past, old Raphael had secretly nourished the hope of a union between the splendid young man, if converted, and his only daughter, the pride of his heart. This, he thought, would mean an eventual merger of the rival stores, increased business, a desirable successor, and a care-free old age.

While the old man stood there excitedly talking, a sudden loud cry, as of many voices, was heard from nearby. It consisted of but one word, uttered with vehement force. Titus listened intently. Had someone called for help? The cry was not repeated. Startled, he looked at the merchant who disdainfully declared, "It is but the Christians' Amen."

Titus looked still more puzzled and Raphael explained, "It is a custom in our synagogue that the congregation expresses in concert its satisfaction with words of the leader by the Amen. By the same word, it voices its confidence that the general prayer spoken by one for all will be heard. The Christians, these renegades, though discarding many of our time-honored customs, have retained the blessed Amen. Some years ago, I heard the Amen sound with ever increasing vigor from their meeting place over yonder. During the last four years its sound had grown constantly weaker, many apparently forsaking their assemblies and perhaps even their faith; but since that apostate returned, who, ashamed of his good Hebrew name of Saul, calls himself Paul, greater and greater numbers flock to their meetings and their ever-louder Amen angers the neighborhood."

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Just then another thundering Amen was heard. The merchant frowned—how these Pharisees hated Paul!—and shook his fist in the direction of the Christian meeting house; then, forgetting his young listener and muttering curses unintelligible to the latter, he ran into the house.

Amazed at the merchant's behavior, Titus slowly walked down the street, when suddenly he was accosted by friends who invited him to come with them to the Christian meeting house where two missionaries were telling of their experiences. They found the large court crowded and with difficulty gained standing room in the rear.

Bending from side to side, Titus caught an occasional glimpse of Paul, who was speaking. He was somewhat disappointed in Paul's appearance and voice, but felt singularly attracted by the deep blue eyes as they sparkled benevolently upon the listening multitude. Wonderful things he heard, as in deep humility Paul spoke of the deeds God had done through His servants. In conclusion, the Apostle broke out into the words: "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake."

There was a moment's silence. Then the mighty Amen of the congregation re-echoed from the walls into the midnight air. Titus joined whole-heartedly. His voice sounded loud and distinct over all the rest.

The sonorous Amen of Titus caught Paul's attention. He went to greet the young man, who lingered a while at the end of the service. Paul, a close observer of men, seemed to read a question in the eyes of the youth and encouraged him to speak.

There was indeed a question which troubled Titus. Who was that God who was always with the missionaries? Why did Paul call him sometimes by the name of Lord, and again by the name of Jesus? The question could not be answered briefly. Paul therefore invited Titus to his home.

As the Master had spoken to Nicodemus in the night, so now His Apostle explained to the young seeker of truth

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the way of salvation by a new birth. The teacher was competent, the disciple eager, and in the course of that memorable night Titus was converted to Christ. With the birth of a new day, Titus was born anew of water and of the Spirit, for in the early morning hours he was received by Baptism—"the washing of regeneration," as Paul loved to call it—into the fellowship of Jesus and His Church.

There seems to have been a reciprocal attraction between Paul and the younger men of his generation; some of these among his converts became his closest friends and trusted associates. So it was with Titus whom he calls: "Titus, my own son after the common faith," and "Titus my brother."

As the fishermen of the Lake of Galilee upon the Master's call immediately left their boats and nets to follow Him, so Titus directly attached himself to Paul. He did not return to his shop the next morning, and a few days later Raphael learned that the business next door had changed hands.

Titus, like all other Gentiles, was received into the church of Antioch by baptism only, without being first subjected to the painful rite of initiation practiced by the Jews. If the early Christian church had required circumcision, Greeks and Orientals would have been won to Christianity but slowly and in small numbers, and the Church would have remained an insignificant side-branch of Judaism. Yet the vexing question of the mode of admission to the Church was by no means settled at the time of Titus' conversion; in fact, his own was to become a test case.

Immediately upon the return of the missionaries to Antioch, Paul assumed the leadership of the congregation in place of Barnabas, but their friendship had in no wise suffered by this change. It had, in fact, grown more intimate. These men, so different in ability and temperament, found their talents and gifts so happily supplementing each other that they worked most harmoniously. Peace and harmony reigned also in the continuously growing congregation.

One evening, however, when the two friends returned to the quarters, shared with them by Titus, they found this ordinarily mirthful youth in utter distress.

Encouraged by the kind words of Barnabas and Paul, the young man reluctantly bared his troubled heart. That afternoon he had attended a meeting at which some visitors from Jerusalem had spoken. Such clandestine meetings were by no means unusual in Apostolic times, especially in larger congregations. The men had come down to Antioch to investigate the teachings and practices of Paul and Barnabas which, as rumor at Jerusalem had it, were not in harmony with those prevalent in the mother congregation. So cunningly had these Judaizers set about their task of gathering evidence against the Apostles and of sowing distrust into the hearts of their followers, that Paul and Barnabas remained unaware of the impending storm until it broke.

Emphatically the strangers had declared: "Except ye be circumcised, after the manner of Moses, ye cannot be saved." Timidly Titus had ventured to remonstrate. Never, he said, had he thus been taught nor had any rite of initiation been administered to him save Baptism. The rigorists smiled. At last they possessed clear evidence against Paul, from one of his most intimate friends. Titus felt that he had said something which implicated or betrayed his teacher. He grew excited; so did his antagonists. When again he quoted Paul as his authority, they laughed him to scorn. What was Paul compared to James by whom they had been sent? (This proved later to be not wholly consistent with truth.) Could Paul, who had never seen Jesus during his earthly life, really be considered an Apostle?

Angered, Titus left the assembly. Afterwards, when he was alone, his anger changed to doubt; his excitement to despondency. In vain the youth sought satisfactory answers to the questions which perplexed him. Were the happiness and joy he had experienced after his conversion and Baptism merely illusions? Must he subject himself to the

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repulsive demands of the strangers and be circumcised in order to be assured of his salvation? Why should Paul, who had seen the Lord in His heavenly glory, be inferior to the other Apostles? Undoubtedly Paul and Barnabas were better men than those Judaists whom he had disliked from the beginning. But might not these men from Jerusalem have fuller information, if not of Christian knowledge, then at least of Christian customs? Distrust once sown into his unsophisticated heart, Titus lacked the power to uproot that vague feeling of distress always concomitant with scepticism and doubt.

With surprise and growing apprehension, Paul and Barnabas listened to the report of Titus. They were accustomed to antagonism by orthodox Jews in the synagogues, but never as yet had they met opposition from Jewish Christian brethren.

From the tale of Titus they learned that now, for the first time, the peace and unity of the Church was seriously threatened from within. They sensed the danger, yet hardly did they realize the seriousness of the crisis, the greatest in early Christianity, because any decision made at the beginning, would of necessity affect the future history and destiny of the Church.

Paul and Barnabas decided to meet their antagonists immediately and openly. While they talked matters over, Titus became easily convinced of the correct attitude of his teachers; to discuss the matter in open assembly.

Long after Barnabas and Titus had gone to rest, Paul still walked the floor. These men had dared to doubt his apostolate. He was more than ever convinced that the Lord had called him as an Apostle of the Gentiles. But what of an Apostle whose authority is called into question? He was perfectly certain that Gentiles, as Gentiles, were called to salvation and need not first become Jewish proselytes. The matter robbed him of his sleep, haunting him later even in his dreams. Suddenly, toward dawn, an illumination came to him. In that morning hour, as so often at important

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crises of his life, he heard a voice from heaven directing him to go to Jerusalem and lay the matter before the Apostles.

Over their simple breakfast Paul spoke to Barnabas about the message. Barnabas was delighted. He looked at Paul with a significant smile. He also had thought of that solution and would have suggested it at an opportune moment. He had hesitated till now, knowing how firmly Paul stood upon his apostleship.

Paul was always sure of his call and his work. To the Romans he writes, "Paul, a servant of Christ, called to be an apostle, separated unto the gospel of God." Both letters to the Corinthians begin, "Paul called to be an apostle, through the will of God." The Epistle to the Galatians, the first chapters of which are written in defense of his apostolate, opens still more emphatically: "Paul an apostle not of men, neither by man, but by Jesus Christ, and God the Father who raised him from the dead." Most of his other letters are headed by similar phrases.

Why then should a man, so perfectly convinced of his divine call, be compelled to submit his credentials to the other Apostles? Nevertheless it was a happy solution of the present difficulties to have the original Apostles endorse the authority and practice of the man subsequently called by the Lord Himself. Barnabas, at least, thought so. So did the congregation, when the matter was laid before its next meeting. Since Paul himself suggested the journey, there was no humiliation. He was perfectly convinced that the Apostles would approve his title and his work. The Judaizers agreed likewise to the plan.

A sigh of relief passed through the congregation when the motion was made; and when the vote was called, all hands went up, and a thundering Amen, 'Let it be so,' ended the unhappy quarrel for the time being.

* * *

The morning wind from the Orontes gently moved the

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awnings of the bazaars lining the river street of Antioch. Fondly it played with the long, graying beard of Raphael, sitting before his shop, head bent forward, hair disheveled, eyes closed.

The distant tramping of many feet disturbed him. He rose, and, shading his eyes, watched a crowd of people coming down toward the river. What could this mean? It was no military parade, for neither uniforms nor weapons were apparent. Customers never came in such numbers. Distinctly he now discerned three men heading the column. The small figure in the center he immediately recognized. Once seen, the Apostle could never be mistaken for another. The man to the right undoubtedly was Barnabas and the one to the left — Raphael hardly believed his eyes — was Titus, the young Greek from next door. Raphael had learned that a delegation was to be sent to Jerusalem to lay the question which recently had caused so much trouble among Antiochian Christians, before the Apostles and elders of the Holy City. It pained the old man to notice that Titus apparently was one of the chosen delegates who were now "being brought on their way by the church." Not willing to meet Titus under the circumstances, the old merchant quickly withdrew to the rear of his shop.

At the cross-roads, a short distance up the river, the Christians held a last prayer meeting in the open. The delegates then took the road to the right heading straight-way toward Phoenice.

Phoenice, as the early Greeks named the country, or Phoenicia, as it was called later, was a comparatively narrow strip of rolling country, stretching over a hundred miles along the coast of the Mediterranean. The meaning of Phoenice is a matter of controversy. Some take it to mean the "land of purple," others the "land of the red-skins." "Land of the palm tree" seems a more plausible explanation, for when Greek seamen first sailed along this coast they were so greatly impressed by the beauty of the numerous palms at the shore that they named the land after them.

The palm tree was, moreover, the emblem of Phoenice and its cities, as seen from the coins of Tyre and Sidon. Even Carthage, the Phoenician colony in Africa, retained the palm tree on its coins, adding to it the horse of the Lybian plains.

For days the travelers marched along the much frequented ancient highway which connected the coast towns of the eastern Mediterranean with the land of the Nile. In ancient Sidon and beautiful Tyre, and in many smaller settlements along the coast, the missionaries chanced upon Christian congregations. Here Paul and his friends were gladly received and constantly urged to preach. "Declaring the conversion of the Gentiles: they caused great joy unto the brethren." Their journey thus assumed more and more the aspect of a triumphal march.

Near the border of Galilee the road led upward to Mount Carmel. In the days of Paul, this mountain region still did honor to its name of 'woodland gardens.' Woods of mighty oaks alternated with groves of gnarled olive trees, forests of pines with clumps of pistachios, beautiful vineyards with fruitful orchards. Today, however, the heights are bare and barren, the sides covered with brushwood and thickets of thorns, barely hiding the apertures of numerous caverns which, at the time of Elias and Elisha, offered shelter to fugitives and hermits, but which, in Christian times, harbored such numbers of monks that they were compared with beehives, in the cells of which many "bees of the Lord prepared honey from spiritual sweetness."

From the ridges of Mount Carmel the men looked upon the wide 'plain' or 'watered field' of Sharon. Its green pastures were strewn with myriads of flowers of many hues—the yellow and white of the "roses of Sharon" predominating everywhere. Flowering shrubs and bushes of white and red roses separated the fields of wheat and barley from the flowering meadows. With hearts rejoicing in all this beauty, the wanderers descended to the inviting plains. They followed the easterly highway which, passing between

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the mountains of Ebal and Gerizim, brought them to Sychem, the Samaritan capital.

Did they rest a while beside the well of Jacob, where in a peaceful noonday hour the Master had conversed with the Samaritan woman? Did they recall his words? "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain (Gerizim) nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth."

The words had been fulfilled. In many cities and villages of Samaria, Philip the evangelist, and others had preached the Gospel.

From Sychem Paul and his companions turned south to the barren mountains of Judea and to Jerusalem, their present goal.

Now they stood on the crest of Mount Olivet. In plain view before them, resting on three hills, lay Jerusalem. Jehovah's Temple beckoned to the pilgrims from the highest point of Mount Zion, known of old as Mount Moriah. The Holy Hill with its marble sanctuary "appeared to arriving strangers" according to the glowing account of Josephus, "as a snow-capped mountain: for where the temple was not covered with gold it was of dazzling whiteness."

Titus and the Antiochians stood in awe. Paul and Barnabas, who had often viewed Jerusalem from this place, likewise reveled in the sight, but for them, an ominous, though invisible, shadow hovered over city and temple.

Both men were aware that they were standing on or near the spot where, a few days before his death, Jesus had been sitting amidst his disciples, looking with pitiful, tear-filled eyes upon the ancient city and his Father's house. They remembered how one of them had said: "Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings are here. And Jesus answering said unto him, "Seest thou these great buildings? there shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down."

Recalling these words, the men stood there, apprehensive of a coming terror, each given to his own thoughts, as to what would follow upon the fall of the city.

A cloud of smoke rose from the great altar in the temple court. Someone was offering a sacrifice. For a while, the smoke hovered over the turrets and pinnacles of the Temple. Then it slowly rose higher, turned brighter, spread wider in ethereal figures and fantastic outlines. Barnabas followed its ever changing forms until it gradually vanished from sight in the boundless expanse of the sky. As he gazed heavenward, the Temple and city below sank from his sight. Did the absorbed spectator see the celestial prototype of the earthly sanctuary, as viewed by Moses on Mount Sinai, and the heavenly counterpart of Jerusalem, as later visioned by John the Divine?

Still aglow with enchantment, Barnabas turned again to the Temple before him. With pride and dignity—what Hebrew did not feel a national pride; what Levite not a clannish superiority stir within him at the sight of the Temple—he pointed out to his Antiochian friends the massive buildings, the spacious courts and ample porches of Israel's great sanctuary. There were the sacred courts, reserved for the Jews, and there the court of the Gentiles, unsanctified and free to people of all nations. Here, Barnabas informed Titus, even he, the uncircumcised, might enter and worship with the Christians in the Porch of Solomon.

With astonishment Paul remarked that Barnabas had made the last statement with a tinge of condescension and subtle complacency, so unusual with him. Had the sight of the Temple revived in him the self-consciousness of the Hebrew?

Indeed, Israel's Temple embodied in its various courts the distinctions made between the chosen people and the Gentiles, between men and women, between the priesthood and the common people. Were similar distinctions to be

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made in the Christian Church? By no means! The middle wall which divided Jew and Gentile must fall; the parapet which parted men and women must be torn away; and the enclosure which separated the priests and their court from the laymen must not remain in the Christian Church.

Yet at the very beginning of Christianity, people were ready to erect again a "middle wall" and to make distinction between Jewish and Gentile believers, as later between clergy and laity. Had not Paul and his companions come to Jerusalem to defeat such unbrotherly endeavors? Paul's eyes turned to Titus, whose look of admiration had changed to one of disappointment. Indeed, Titus was, as Barnabas had stated correctly, not permitted to enter the Temple beyond the forbidding middle wall. Was he also condemned to an inferior place in the church?

To Paul's intent, the matter must be settled quickly, rightly, definitely and for all times. He therefore urged the men to hurry with him to the city. He was more anxious than ever to lay the matter before the Apostles, and to gain—of this he was firmly convinced—their approval of the Antiochian practice regarding the admission of converts to the church.

Through the busy streets and serried markets of the crowded city the travelers wended their way to the home of Mary, Barnabas' sister. The respite there was but brief, and after the exchange of hasty greetings, the men left with the promise to return at night.

Their next goal was the house of James, the leader of the church, who has been styled the first bishop of Jerusalem. Yet James, the humble soul, was hardly ever addressed by the Greek name of bishop. He certainly would have objected to this title had it been applied to him in the sense it attained later in the church.

James, no doubt, held an honored position among the Christians of his day, due mainly to his relationship to Jesus. He was known in the church as the "Brother of

the Lord." As such, he is mentioned several times in the Bible. Whether he was a step-brother or cousin of Jesus cannot be settled here. The question is still an open one. In the succession of religious leadership among Semitic people, great importance was attached to the relationship to the founder; hence it can be readily understood why James superseded Peter in the congregation of Jerusalem. After the death of James, the church chose Simeon, likewise a kinsman of Jesus, as his successor. Accordingly there was more likely a rudimentary caliphate than a "bishopric" at Jerusalem.

The Jews as well as the Christians regarded James with extraordinary respect. Hegesippus relates: "James is called the Just by all from the time of the Savior to the present day. For there are many called James, but he was holy (a Nazarite) from his mother's womb; and he drank no wine or strong drink, neither did he eat flesh; no razor came upon his head, he did not anoint himself with oil, nor take a bath. He alone was permitted to enter the Holy Place, for he wore no woolen but linen garments. He was in the habit of going alone into the Temple and was frequently found upon his knees, begging forgiveness for the people, so that his knees became hard like those of a camel. . . . Because of his great justice he was called Just and Oblias, which signifies in Greek, 'Bulwark of the people'."

A humble dwelling of sun-dried bricks sheltered the leader of the Christians. Nearby stood the double palace of marble in Grecian architecture where the high priest resided. The president of a great synod lately deplored the homely simplicity of his 'Church House' as compared with the stately mansion of the cardinal in the same city; but the disparity could hardly be as great as that between the house of James and the palace of High Priest Ananus. The contrast between the crumbling manse of a country parson and the Vatican could not be greater indeed than that of the two buildings, of which one graced, the other defaced the same street in Jerusalem.

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Paul, Barnabas and Titus—the rest had remained at the house of Mary—found James at home and with him Peter and John. Immediately Paul acquainted them with the purpose of their journey. He writes of this meeting: “I went up by revelation and communicated to them the Gospel which I preach among the Gentiles, but privately to them which were of reputation, lest by any means I should run, or had run in vain.”

These men then, were to form a colloquy or ecclesiastical court, to pass on Paul’s apostolate and the mode of his work.

May it be said here in passing that Paul never could have passed a modern theological colloquy. In fact, he would never have reached that far, if he had been obliged to make an application for a Church Scholarship with a modern Board of Education and to answer its elaborate questionnaires.

How interesting Paul’s personal health report would prove as demanded by Questionnaire I. It would give his height in stocking feet, his yearly gain and loss of weight, and specify his deformities. In characterizing his temperament it would state whether or not he was: nervous, irritable, impatient, optimistic, depressed, phlegmatic, timid, aggressive and so on. Over his own signature Paul would state whether he suffered from wakefulness, disturbed sleep or difficulty in falling asleep. How the old Saint would chuckle over questions like these: “Is there any history of ‘hay fever’ among your uncles and aunts?” “Did you have measles?” Give date and severity (severe, moderate, mild) —“Are you troubled with constipation?”—“How many cups of tea or coffee daily?”

How Paul would frown at the insinuation in the request for a testimonial letter (on a blank supplied by the Scholarship Committee) “from a person (not connected with the family or the congregation of the applicant) who knows the financial condition of family of applicant.” But then,

this testimony by an extra-congregational person was perhaps suggested by Paul's own words: "He must have a good report of them which are without." It would not be the first and only saying of Paul misunderstood and misapplied.

"Minister's life is beggar's life." This proverb seems to be generally accepted as Gospel truth. Generously the merchant gives the liberal discount of ten per cent to the clergy; a Railroad Company even grants fifty per cent in the form of half-fare; while physicians as a rule offer their services free to the preacher. Paul thus enjoyed free treatment by his "beloved physician." It was perhaps Luke who wrote the benevolent time-honored rule of free treatment for the clergy into the ethical code of the medical profession.

Picture Paul going to Luke for the required Physician's Certificate. His own health certificate finished—the work of many hours—he carries a second questionnaire of thirty-two major and more than a score of minor questions to the doctor for guidance in his medical examination. In surprise Luke stares at some of these questions, puzzling to a practitioner or even a specialist of his day. Though this follower of Aesculapius has mastered all the wisdom of Hippocrates, he has never heard about a tenderness at McBurney's point; but it must be remembered that appendicitis is a fashionable disease of modern times. With amusement he watches the little bow-legged, red-haired applicant go through the acrobatic stunts of a modern revivalist stepping on a chair five times in fifteen seconds, leaving one foot on the chair throughout the test for heart-action, as prescribed in the questionnaire. In due time, all the questions are conscientiously answered, and with a sigh of relief Luke lays down his quill.

Luke is about ready to hand the report to Paul, when his eyes fall upon the last unnumbered question: "Do you recommend examinee as physically fit for Christian service?" With tender compassion Luke looks at Paul, shaking his head. His Hippocratic oath forbids an answer in the affirmative. The curvature of Paul's legs might remain

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unnoticed when looked at from the side. His "excitability, irritability, and occasional depressions" might be toned down in the report. But there are the flat feet. An itinerant preacher with flat feet? Impossible! What an insecure foundation are flat feet for the system of a great theologian!

The fact remains: great as Paul was, he could never have qualified for a modern minister as "evaluated" by an up-to-date Board of Religious Education.

Even if Paul had met the financial and physical requirements for theology, there would have been still another obstacle to be overcome: the "intelligence test." Persons taking these "tests" are not permitted to see the papers later, hence many assume them to be a convenient means of excluding undesirables from entering college for national, racial or even religious reasons. Be this as it may.

"Tests and measurements" as employed by modern psychologists, were not in vogue at the time of Paul; the rod (*regula* or canon) was indeed used in education: to impart intelligence, not to measure it. We would, however, seriously suggest to psychologically inclined theologians to establish even at such a late date as this our enlightened century the 'Intelligence Quotient' of the Apostle. It would offer an excellent theme for a Doctor's Thesis. The following suggestions might prove helpful: We can with fair accuracy determine the dates of Paul's Epistles and his own age at the time. There is a definite progress discernible in the language and theological teachings of his letters. This should give us a true picture of his mentality, his mental age. Since the intelligence quotient is found by dividing the mental age by the chronological age, the question is finally reduced to a simple mathematical problem. If, as claimed by the lights of our Teachers' Colleges and Schools of Education we are able to predict the intellectual growth of a student by "tests and measurements," it would seem still easier to show, by the final product, what the mental capabilities, as shown by past performances, must have been.

The apostolic committee of three at Jerusalem, plain villagers and simple fishermen from Galilee, had never heard of intelligence tests, nor were they familiar with Wall Street ratings and health certificates. There was no physician, financier or psychologist among them. Yet these men were to pass on such vital questions as Paul's apostolate, the status of Titus and other uncircumcised Gentiles in the church, and on Christian benevolences.

The question of Paul's apostleship was readily settled. Paul reports, "When James, Cephas (Peter) and John, who seemed to be pillars, perceived the grace that was given unto me, they gave to me and Barnabas the right hand of fellowship; that we should go unto the heathen, and they to the circumcision."

Christian benevolences were also discussed, yet the word stewardship was not mentioned, nor do we find it anywhere in the Bible in the sense it has acquired during the last decades. The apostles did not suggest the imposition of an apportionment on the Gentile congregations. "Only they would," writes Paul, "that we should remember the poor (of Jerusalem)", and magnanimously he adds, "the same which I also was forward to do."

There still remained that perplexing question which had brought Paul and Barnabas to Jerusalem: Were the Gentiles to be admitted to the church and if so, simply upon confession of faith, or must they submit to a strict observance of the Mosaic law?

The Apostles at their conference hesitated to decide the matter. Peter, whom a later tradition would fain make the first infallible Pope, did not consider himself competent to settle the affair. He warned the elders of his time not to think themselves lords over God's heritage. He and the other Apostles considered themselves leaders, not rulers of the church. Therefore it was mutually agreed to lay the matter before the congregation. Satisfied with this arrangement, the men from Antioch returned to the house of Mary.

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On the morning appointed for the general discussion a great crowd assembled at the house of Mary. To judge from their furrowed brows and wrinkled faces, this typically Jewish assemblage might have been appropriately called a convocation of elders or a council of venerable church fathers, had it not been for a few who still showed the smooth cheeks and beardless chins of youth.

A hum of many voices filled the court. Many had arrived early and vented their preconceived opinions on the vexatious controversy, while awaiting the entry of the Apostles who held a last preliminary conclave with the emissaries from Antioch in a private room adjoining the atrium. There was much confusion, due, as in all theological controversies, to mutual recriminations, inaccurate language, misunderstandings and vague conceptions. Here, as in other disputations, when arguments lacked in clearness, they abounded in heated assertions. True, these men were Christians, men of the Spirit, but the Holy Ghost has never yet miraculously extinguished human differences or obliterated human imperfections. Here as elsewhere, self-asserting youth was loudest. Passing a group of younger men, one might hear derogatory remarks about Paul and his adherents, such as: laxness, irreligion, disregard of honored customs and unbelief in revealed truth.

The men hushed and arguments ceased when the curtain of the living room was drawn aside and the Apostles Peter, John and James appeared, followed by Barnabas, Paul, Titus and their Antiochian friends.

As the small group slowly worked its way through the pressing crowd toward the cloistered arcade in the rear of the court, occasional remarks were heard as one or another pointed out the different personages to his neighbor.

Peter did not seem to be a favorite. Was it his forward bearing or his rumored leniency to Gentile converts that had robbed him of his former popularity? Evidently the former Pharisees among the Christians did not count on him as a staunch supporter of their legalistic demands that

Gentiles must likewise observe the precepts of the Torah.

As to the probable attitude of John, opinions differed. John had changed since the death and resurrection of the Master. There was no longer that fiery look and boisterous spirit which had brought to him and his brother the surname Boanerges, 'sons of thunder.' Since the violent death of James he had become still more tranquil, almost melancholy. Or was the change due to the gentle influence of Mary, the mother of Jesus, whom the Master in his dying hour had entrusted to the filial care of his beloved disciple? At the secret conference with Paul he had hardly spoken a word. Would he speak this morning?

But there was James. On him the legalists counted. He, the Just, the scrupulous, even punctilious, adherent of the Law, would prove worthy of his title.

When the stately figure of Barnabas emerged from the room, he was greeted by many a nod and smile from those who recognized the former patron and benefactor of the congregation.

"There he is! There he is!" These words went from mouth to mouth through the whispering crowd as Paul stepped into the opening of the door. They were by no means expressive of a joyous welcome; they rather voiced a hostile sentiment.

This indeed was an important day in his life and in the history of the young church. With breathless interest Paul looked forward to the result of the deliberations of this meeting. Whatever the decision might be, it would not alter his course. He was determined to continue his work, which had already found the approval of the Apostles. Yet he ardently hoped and prayed that no open break would divide the church of Christ.

Among the Antiochians who followed in Paul's wake, the striking figure of young Titus drew the attention of all. Yet it was not his shapely form that made him here the object of general interest but the knowledge of the fact that Paul had persistently refused to have this wonderful crea-

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tion of God marred by the knife of the *Mohel*. Titus, the uncircumcised, was the embodiment of the vexing question before the assembly.

When the apostolic party had reached the platform, everybody was ready for the debate.

It is usually assumed, though without any authority, that James presided over the meeting which is commonly called the Council of Jerusalem.

Though this term 'Council' seems a misnomer—only two churches being represented—the mode of procedure had much in common with the general routine observed at modern conventions. The debate, which was from the beginning an open one, "was at first confined to the minor canons, whose artillery is more remarkable for the loudness of its report than the precision of its aim." People like to hear themselves talk. "Then when the way had been cleared by their disappearance, the mightier men, whose judgment was mature and whose character lent force to their words, set forth their views."

Luke's style in giving an abstract of the minutes of the Council at Jerusalem becomes reportorially terse and concise. He wastes no words on the heated arguments nor does he mention the names of the men who took part in the discussions which must have occupied considerable time. With three significant words he dismisses the small, incompetent debaters and just as briefly introduces the first speaker of importance, "after much disputing, Peter rose up."

There he stood, hearty, impulsive old Peter in the plain fisherman's garb which left his broad hairy chest and short, muscular neck open. How uncomfortably Peter would have felt in an abominable, close-fitting, high-necked clerical vest! There was nothing clerical or priestly in Peter's manner or bearing. His round, sunburnt face, fringed by a short cropped grayish beard, did not show that bland and condescending expression so frequently met among the clergy.

It shone with a broad and genial smile that betrayed his jovialty and good nature. When wearing cap or turban he seemed the typical fisherman as he smiles at us from hundreds of pictures of ancient and modern art. Yet without his headgear, as he stood there that morning, even a child could have pointed out the Saint and Apostle among any group of men, for a silvery wreath of white curly hair, a natural halo, encircled the bald round head of the Apostle. This peculiarity in his appearance impressed itself so deeply upon the memory of the church, that in the course of centuries, Peter's bald pate became the saintly pattern of the tonsure. The *tonsura Petri*, the shaven crown of later priests, marks their admission to priesthood and apostolic succession. In a similar manner, lest we forget, Paul's unusually high and bare forehead has been perpetuated in the *tonsura Pauli* of the Eastern Church.

Had Peter held at Jerusalem that dignified ecclesiastical position which a later tradition imputes to him at Rome, one might be tempted to call his words to the Council an allocution, but it was neither sermon, oration, nor plea. Notwithstanding the wondrous gifts of the Holy Spirit in the Apostolic Age, they did not make a scholar of an unlearned man, an orator of one untrained in the arts of rhetoric, or an able advocate of one unskilled in the law. Peter's speech was the plain tale of a personal experience by a man who meant every word he said.

"Men and brethren," he began, "ye know that a good while ago, God made choice among us,"—here he cast a side glance at Paul—"that the Gentiles by my mouth"—a self-complacent smile played around it—"should hear the word of the Gospel and believe."

When for the first time Peter had related his experience with Cornelius, the "god-fearing" centurion of Caesaria, he had met with considerable opposition. He had bravely withstood the storm of indignation that arose against him. Nothing similar had occurred since, at Jerusalem or its vicinity, hence the church had never drawn

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the natural inferences and logical consequences of Peter's action.

On this morning, however, Peter purposed to show that by the admission of Cornelius to the church, there had been established an authoritative precedent and permanent rule which henceforth had to be applied to all pagan converts. Having once condoned his action, Peter thought, the church could not reimpose upon the Gentiles the ceremonial obligations from which they had been once released.

Looking over the restless crowd before him, Peter noticed an expression of doubt and disagreement on the faces of "certain of the sect of the Pharisees." They were not ready to accept his conclusions.

Peter, then, appealed to a higher authority than church customs and resolutions. God Himself, he declared, had settled the matter. By a vision at Joppa he had directed Peter to preach the Gospel in the Roman household and to administer baptism to these pagan converts. God had moreover approved the admission of Gentiles by shedding his Holy Ghost alike on Jews and god-fearing pagans and by purifying the hearts of both by faith.

With stentorian voice Peter thundered the question into the assembly. "Now therefore why tempt ye God, to put a yoke upon the neck of the disciples, which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear?"

There was not one among all those present who had not felt at one time or another how this burden of the Law interfered with the daily routine of life.

To be sure, Peter was more conservative than audacious. He did not advocate the abolition of the Law, nor was he formally opposed to circumcision. The Jews to whom the Law was given might naturally persevere in its observance, but since these customs had never been meant for Gentiles, the Gentile Christians could not be required to observe rites which must prove to them strange, unreasonable, burdensome and even a stumbling block.

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Peter's brief personal remarks had cleared the air, and deep silence spread over the assembly when Barnabas and Paul rose to speak. Both refrained from argument. Barnabas, it seems, never was prominent in debate, and Paul too wise to discuss theological differences before a heterogeneous audience. They simply told the story of their mission, dwelling mainly on the "signs and wonders" wrought by their hands.

Miracles always deeply impressed Jewish hearers who were familiar with them from their Holy Scriptures. All the great men in their history had worked miraculous deeds which constituted to the Hebrew mind God's approval of His messengers. Had not Jesus, by the multitude and magnitude of His miracles, by far excelled the greatest of the prophets? There could be no question, God had likewise authorized the work of Barnabas and Paul by such mighty signs of approval.

There was a long pause when the missionaries ended. All eyes turned to the venerable figure which occupied the center of the alcove.

James now rose. Tall, of heavy build, the leader of the Christians, a second Moses, towered high above insignificant Paul, sturdy Peter and the rest of the assembled clergy as he stood there before a devoted assemblage, a figure in white. White were the long locks streaming over the white robe that flowed from his broad shoulders in ample folds to his calloused bare feet; white were the strands of his untrimmed beard which completely covered the front of his white *ephod*, the symbol of his episcopate; white his turban adorned at the forehead by the *petalon*, the golden-plate of the priesthood. The engraving "Holiness to the Lord" on this frontlet seemed superfluous with a man like James. His stern face, white, of an almost deathlike pallor from constant seclusion, he stood there an ancient saint, austere, dour, forbidding. If there was anything angelic in his white ghostly figure, it was not in the semblance of the sweet

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messengers of God, sent forth to minister to his children, but rather of that avenging angel placed at the entrance of Eden. Would James grant admission into the Christian church to Gentiles without subjecting them first to painful circumcision and demanding of them strict allegiance to the Mosaic Law?

James now summed up the discussion. A strict adherent to the law, he did so in rabbinical fashion, justifying his opinion by an appeal to prophecy.

"Men and brethren, hearken unto me: Simeon (he calls Peter by his Hebrew name) has explained how it was God's original concern to secure a people from among the Gentiles to bear his name. And this agrees with the prophets, as it is written, 'After this will I return and rebuild David's fallen tent, its ruins I will rebuild and erect it anew, that the rest of men may seek for the Lord, even all Gentiles who are called by my name, saith the Lord, who makes this known from old'."

This opening of his speech was well calculated for a Jewish-Christian audience. The argument from prophecy for them was conclusive. Besides, the restoration of the house of David appealed even to the Pharisees among his hearers, who regarded the descendants of David as the true representatives of Israel rather than the priestly caste of Sadducees then in power. James was himself of the house and lineage of David. All therefore were ready to accept his decision and anxious to hear it.

"I then decide," slowly, deliberately and emphatically the words dropped from James' lips, while his eyes wandered over the large congregation.

"I then decide not to cause needless difficulties to those who among the Gentiles are turning to God." To this concession, however, he immediately added a reservation: "But that we write them, that they abstain from whatever is contaminated by idols, from sexual vice, from anything strangled and from blood." These four restrictions were to conciliate the Jews and to make real brotherly intercourse

possible among Jewish and Gentile Christians. James further assured them not to fear for the honor of Moses, adding: "For Moses has his preachers from the earliest ages in every town where he is read aloud in the synagogues every Sabbath."

A consenting murmur swept through the crowd. Here and there, to be true, a dissatisfied look was discernible; yet not even the most fanatical bigot dared to dissent openly; for every one knew James to be a Jew to the core.

The vote was taken. The Apostles and elders and the whole church of Jerusalem, as far as they were present that morning, unanimously acceded to the verdict of James.

An approving smile brightened the heretofore grave faces of Paul and his companions. They were delighted that the church of Jerusalem had endorsed fully the customs and practices of the daughter church at Antioch. Henceforth Jewish and Gentile Christians could live peacefully together if they adhered to the decision which admonished the Jewish Christians not to put fresh difficulties in the way of converted pagans and exhorted the latter not to offend Jewish believers by violating the four restrictions proposed by James.

The importance of this decision, committed to writing at the suggestion of James, has been frequently overestimated. The letter, indeed, is the oldest Christian document and antedates the other writings of the New Testament. It was probably embodied by Luke into the Acts of the Apostles from a copy in the possession of Paul. It has been called "the Decree of the Apostolic Council" and even heralded as the "Magna Charta of Christian Freedom."

Neither designation is correct. The letter was no decree but at best a wise recommendation from one church to another. Besides the letter was not meant for the church at large, but was addressed to the churches in a particular district. The church in general has paid little attention to at least two of its restrictions, and the Judaizing party,

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against which Paul had to battle all his lifetime, treated it from the beginning as a dead letter.

The letter is best considered as a "local concordat," an agreement of only temporary validity between the churches mentioned; hence it cannot well be called the Magna Charta of Christian Freedom. Moreover liberty, political as well as religious, cannot be secured by written guarantee; it must be maintained by living men. Letters and documents in which liberties have been incorporated are little more than historical records of liberties won. If they are to endure, they must be ensouled in the hearts of courageous men ready to uphold and defend them; even regain them if need be at the cost of their lives.

* * *

Undoubtedly it took a little time to word the letter to Antioch and the neighboring churches. When finally it was ready, it was entrusted, as Luke informs us, not to Paul and Barnabas, but to Judas and Silas, two men chosen from the prophets of the church at Jerusalem, one a Jew, the other a Gentile by birth. The Mother Church apparently was resolved that its own representatives should officially sanction the work of the two great missionaries of the Gentiles. Two reasons may have prompted their election. A written document, no matter how carefully worded, always has a stern and cold aspect. These prophets, then, by word of mouth were to expound more fully the brotherly feeling of the Mother Church, the meaning of the letter, and, at the same time, relieve Paul and Barnabas from the necessity of explaining the decision in a controversy in which they had been so prominent.

While waiting for the apostolic party to make ready for their journey to Antioch, we may read the letter which ran thus:

"The Apostles and elders and brethren to the brethren who are of the Gentiles in Antioch and Syria and Cilicia: Greeting.

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Foreasmuch as we have heard, that certain which went out from us have troubled you with words, subverting your souls, saying; Ye must be circumcised, and keep the Law: to whom we gave no such commandment: It seemed good unto us, being assembled with one accord, to send chosen men unto you with our beloved Barnabas and Paul, men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. We have sent therefore Judas and Silas, which shall also tell you the same things by mouth. For it seemed good to the Holy Ghost, and to us, to lay upon you no greater burden than these necessary things: That ye abstain from meats offered to idols and from blood, and from things strangled, and from fornication: from which if ye keep yourselves, ye shall do well.

Fare ye well."

In all probability this letter was the composite work of a committee which afterwards dictated it to one of the many professional scribes who offered their services for a small remuneration. These early writers were the forerunners of the tribe of letter-writers, still found at the street corners and markets of some Eastern countries, who offer for a pittance business and love letters to the less skilled and illiterate. Perhaps the modern literary bureaus, which proffer, at a somewhat higher cost, ready made sermons, speeches, theses and lectures, likewise revere these ancient scribes as their patron saints. Among the Hebrews the professional writers were mainly found in the ranks of the Scribes and doctors, as many a Rabbi today,—many a preacher also for that matter—lends his ready pen to his parishioners. The well-to-do Greeks and Romans employed educated slaves or learned freedmen as tutors and secretaries. How times have changed! In the days of Paul, slaves were pedagogues and writers; today writers and pedagogues are slaves.

Probably several copies of the document were made and attested by the Apostles and elders. The ink of the

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heavy signatures was hardly dry, when Paul urged his fellow-delegates from Antioch and the newly appointed deputies from Jerusalem to make ready for departure.

It was a dreary, gray morning, just the weather for parting, when they left Jerusalem by the Joppa Gate. All night it had poured, but at dawn the rain had ceased. The torrents of water streaming down from the hills had washed clean the usually dirty streets and alleys of the city. Clean also were the commonly dust-covered stones and boulders in the serpentine roads leading up the bald and curved slopes toward the table lands to the north. On the summit Paul turned for a last look at the city. Beyond its walls rose the marble palace of Herod, the gray castle of Antonia, and the white and gold Temple. The towers, turrets and pinnacles of these magnificent buildings stood out against the pale sky of early dawn with the rare beauty of something seen in a dream.

Musingly Paul viewed the enchanting picture, intent to impress it upon his memory. When finally he turned to resume his journey, he did so with a deep sigh. Barnabas looked at him. Paul volunteered no explanation.

Perhaps he would not have been able to explain, had he been directly asked. It is comparatively easy to frame profound knowledge in words, but even a genius finds it difficult to give expression to emotions, deeply felt.

As an Aeolian harp passively interprets to the human ear the tuneful melody of the sighing wind, so the deep, labored, inarticulate breath of a heavy heart is understood by a sympathetic heart alone.

There trembled through Paul's sigh a plaintive note of disappointment: Jerusalem, once the dream and delight of his youthful ambition, no longer held such thrilling attraction for the mature man. There also was an harmonic overtone of joyous satisfaction in it: his mission had ended happily in a complete victory over his opponents. But what gave full resonance to his sigh was a feeling of relief: Paul

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was glad to leave Jerusalem, for the Jewish Christians there, though inhabitants of a great city, the capital of the nation, appeared to the widely traveled man, narrow and provincial. Paul no longer could have labored happily at Jerusalem.

Hurriedly he strode along at the head of the small caravan. On their way hither, the men had frequently stopped to acquaint the Christian brethren with their work and success among the heathen. Now they hastened homeward to bring the good news to Antioch where "they arrived in a few days."

A vociferous crowd hailed the returning delegation. There was a general shaking of hands, mutual salutations with the holy kiss, and an exchange of hearty greetings of welcome everywhere. It took all the authority of Paul and the gentle persuasion of Barnabas to restore the quiet and order necessary for the reading of the apostolic message and the explanatory remarks of Judas and Silas. When the full meaning of the document dawned upon the multitude, there were outbursts of joy. Jewish and Gentile Christians held each other in pious embrace. The almost tumultuous scene showed to what extent the true exponents of the apostolic views had succeeded in creating a sense of restored unity and mutual confidence in a congregation, which, but a short time ago, had been threatened by complete disruption.

After a brief stay at Antioch and a missionary circuit through Syria-Cilicia—the letter was addressed to all the churches of the province—Judas and Silas were formally discharged to return to Jerusalem. Silas, however, was so overcome by the brotherly treatment of the Antiochian Christians and by the spell of Paul's personality that, according to the Bezan Code, "it seemed good to him to remain there, but Judas went his way alone."

Paul's apostolate having been recognized by the pillars of the church, he now became the foremost leader of the

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Gentile church. His acts and letters soon gained greater importance than all the acts and epistles of the other Apostles combined. No wonder that Luke devotes the second part of the Acts of the Apostles almost entirely to the labors of Paul. Already at Jerusalem Paul's superiority had made itself felt. Sanguine Peter and amiable John, as well as awe-inspiring James, had learned a great deal from him, while he could boast, "They who seemed to be somewhat in conference added nothing to me." Paul was soon to find an opportunity to manifest his pre-eminence again.

* * *

The lengthening shadows of the trees fell across the dusty road connecting Port Seleucia with Syrian Antioch and reminded the travelers who passed there that the weary hot day was on its wane. So did the burning western sky above the cragged ridges of Mount Silpius, now visible in the distance. The rugged summit reddened by the evening glow had the appearance of a volcano in action.

Ten wearisome miles the two wandering Jews had covered when they neared a parklike garden at the banks of the Orontes. These wooded lowlands were sacred to Apollo. The colossal statue of the god of light, poetry, music and song, a model likeness of manly grace and vigor, rose high above the surrounding gardens which embowered the god's hidden shrine of gold and gems. This grove of Apollo was commonly known among Antiochians as the grove of Daphne.

The hitherto straight highway here abruptly turned to the right. In passing the grove the travelers faintly caught whispered words and tittering laughter from the deep recesses of the woods. The muffled human sounds mingled with the chattering of love birds and the cooing of doves hidden among the scented foliage of the laurel shrubs. A mysterious and alluring spell lay over this pagan pleasure garden in which respectable citizens dared not be seen, and

the frequenting of which was strictly forbidden to Roman soldiers by their superiors. Here and there the bare statue of a god or the naked image of a goddess peered through the foliage, making the Jewish wanderers turn aside in disgust and quicken their steps. When through a wider aperture in the woods the older man caught a glimpse of a lake, its banks crowded with nude female figures awaiting their chance for an invigorating bath or a cool evening's ablution, he egged his companion to still greater hurry, so as to reach the city before nightfall.

An hour's walk brought them in sight of their goal. Majestically the third city of the Empire rested on the banks of the Orontes, in the wide Syrian plains midway between the snowcapped mountains of the Lebanon and the white peaks of the Taurus.

A colossal archway, flanked by a low broad tower, the Golden or Daphne Gate, admitted the travelers to the great Corso of Herod. Darkness had now settled over the city, but this grand Broadway presented one long stream of light. Huge torchlike lanterns illuminated the large square marble blocks of the pavement and enlivened the sheer endless colonnades decked with statuary and lined with flower beds and shade trees.

Tired by the long walk the men took a short rest on one of the carved stone benches placed at regular intervals along the gay avenue. The Grand Concourse of Antioch, never forsaken, saw larger crowds at night than during the day, for Antioch, like modern large cities, did not awaken at dawn but at dusk.

Bewildered the older man watched the endless stream of wild pleasure flow by. He had seen great multitudes pass and repass through the narrow streets of Jerusalem, a larger city than Antioch, but the city of God had no grand "White Way" and the solemn religious processions and numerous trains of pilgrims could not well be compared to the giddy, frivolous throng of pleasure seekers of the Syrian capital.

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Now and then a noisy group exchanging witticisms and impertinences, took notice of the lonely men by the wayside whose garments singled them out as strangers. Strangers readily become a target for the wit of natives. "Look at the Jews," more than once contemptuously fell from the painted lips of a scantily dressed woman, but oftener, and then with a touch of still greater derision, "Chrestianos, Chrestianos."

The older, who had never heard this apparently contemptuous appellation before, inquiringly looked at his companion whom he knew to be familiar with Antiochian customs and ways from former visits. The latter annoyed and angered by the intended contumely, arose, beckoned his friend to follow and, as they walked down the glittering Corso toward the forum, explained the meaning and origin of the derisive name.

We hardly need to remind the thoughtful reader that the Antiochians had coined a new name for the believers by recalling the statement of Luke, "the disciples were called Christians first at Antioch," but the explanation of the young man as to its derisive meaning will bear repetition.

The name Christian, heard everywhere about the city, though good Greek, was meaningless to the ears of pagans who had never heard of Christ. It was but natural, therefore, that by a slightly different pronunciation, Chrestians instead of Christians, they should give it a rather contemptuous meaning. Since the Christians in their endeavor to live a pure and godly life were a constant reproach to the licentious and pleasure seeking populace of Antioch, the latter dubbed them Chrestians. Chrestos meaning the 'good-one', Chrestians were to them the 'awfully pious' or 'goody-goody' people. No wonder that the young man fled from the stinging "Chrestianos, Chrestianos."

The men meanwhile had reached the forum and now turned in the direction of the Ghetto. The young man always in the lead, they traced a maze of narrow, winding

dismal alleys until they finally arrived at their destination, the home of Paul, a modest, unpretentious building.

There was no one at home, but neighbors informed them that Paul and his associates had gone to a love feast and directed them to the meeting house.

Love feasts at Jerusalem were a rather gloomy affair, due in part to the poverty prevailing among the participants, but more so to the stern legalistic view natural to converted Jews. There are still Christians who think piety and gloom inseparable, who can but worship in a dim religious light and who must even dampen the enjoyment of the festive board by dull and sanctimonious speeches. It was different at Antioch. The Gentile Christians there still retained something of Grecian levity, ready wit, and love of life, though hallowed by a true Christian spirit. A feeling of good fellowship pervaded the air while the loving cup passed from hand to hand around the laden tables. The well-to-do among the members brought ample provisions for the feast and magnanimously shared them with the needier brethren. Paul had no occasion, as later at Corinth, to censure the rich for selfishly separating themselves from the poor at a meal intended to be the expression of the mutual tie which binds the hearts of believers in Christian love.

Paul, who presided at one of the tables while Barnabas headed another, was greatly surprised and hardly believed his eyes when the door suddenly opened and two strangers entered unbidden to the feast. Was not that florid, rotund face with the cropped grayish beard familiar? Where had he seen it last? It could not be—the older man now removed his broad-brimmed hat, pushing it under his arm—lo, there appeared a shining, bald pate encircled by a silver halo—there could be no longer doubt, it was Peter—Peter, whom Paul thought to be far away at Jerusalem. Quickly Paul arose, ran over to the welcome intruder, heartily shook his hands, and planted a burning kiss on the ruddy cheek of the ex-fisherman, who in turn bending low over the much

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smaller man, kissed the pale high forehead of the Apostle of the Gentiles.

Mark, the young man who had entered with Peter, meanwhile flung himself into the widely opened arms of his uncle. Gaping and staring, the congregation now viewed the apostolic brethren, then wonderingly turned to Barnabas and Mark; and again, in utter bewilderment, gazed at the two worthy Apostles whom the old church, as mentioned before, always presented together on one picture and whom a later time has honored with a common Saints' Day in the calendar.

What had brought Peter to Antioch? The old records are silent about his reasons. Yet theologians, who thrive on conjectures and hypotheses, have advanced three suppositions.

Had Peter come to Antioch, as some assume, on a diocesan visitation similar to the one he had made a few years previous with John through Samaria? The agreement made with Paul as to the division of their fields of labor forbade this; and Paul, notwithstanding his reverence for Peter's age and former prominence among the disciples of Jesus, would never have recognized him as his superior bishop or as official supervisor of the Antiochian congregation.

The second supposition claims that Peter stopped at Antioch on his way to the East, the traditional field of his labors. But the way from Jerusalem to Babylon did not lead past Syrian Antioch.

The Roman tradition, that Peter came there as bishop and held the See at Antioch for seven years (36-42) before ascending the bishop's seat of Rome, cannot be reconciled with Biblical accounts nor verified from profane history.

For reasons unknown, then, Peter had unexpectedly arrived at Antioch, and was, as we have seen, heartily greeted and welcomed by Paul. Peter immediately felt at home among the Gentile brethren, and gladly accepted the invitation to share in their feast. There was no need of coaxing. Men of his robust nature usually enjoy a hearty

appetite—his, moreover, was sharpened by a long day's march. Without reluctance, he partook of everything placed before him. Peter was neither gourmand nor gourmet and perfectly relished the meal, nor did any religious scruples spoil it for him, though the Antiochian menu greatly differed from the ordinary Jewish bill of fare at Jerusalem. There might even have been among the many unknown dainties proffered him some forbidden fruit—forbidden at least by Jewish tradition—but Peter did not stop to reflect. He did not ask whether the meat was perhaps from sacrifices offered to idols—so frequently offered for sale in the market—nor did he inquire whether it was strictly *kosher*. Paul ought to have seen to that, and besides Peter remembered the vision of clean and unclean seen at Joppa (Acts 10). With that, his first meal at a Gentile table recurred to his mind. He must tell the story.

So when his hunger was partly appeased, he stopped now and then, and in these intervals, still munching, he told with an air of great satisfaction his pet story of the wonderful reception given him at the house of Cornelius the Gentile centurion of Caesarea. Nor did he forget to emphasize, as he was wont to do, that he, Peter, was by God's choice the first Apostle to preach to pagans.

Peter's remarks were made in an easy conversational manner. There was nothing tedious nor preachy in what he said. He even showed wit and humor, as Luther did in his famous table talks to the friends who enjoyed that great Reformer's hospitality. While Peter spoke, others from the next table listened in, and ere long the whole assembly followed with breathless attention the Apostle's account of his experiences at Joppa and Caesarea. Thus Peter had become the speaker of the evening and an entertaining speaker he was. His story, of course, was of greater interest to these Gentiles than it had been to the Jewish Christians at Jerusalem. He grew more lively with the growing interest of his hearers. They liked the story and were pleased with the speaker. Glad to hear how God had chosen

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himself a people from the Gentiles, they took no little pride in having him who had baptized the first pagans, as the guest of honor in their midst.

Most pleased of all was Paul as he watched Peter freely associate with the Antiochians whom other visitors from Judea not long ago had treated with disdain.

Before Peter went home with Paul, he had received and accepted a goodly number of invitations to the homes of Gentile Christians.

No wonder that the following weeks were one continuous round of happy festivities. Peter felt like a schoolboy on his vacation, glad to be free from constant supervision. He did not have to fear the spying eyes of the Pharisaic brethren or the stern looks of James. What a difference there was between the brown, sombre eyes of the brother of the Lord, in whose presence one hardly dared to breathe, and Paul's bright blue eyes and cheerful expression that invited approach and inspired confidence. How congenial these Gentile brethren were! How their open-hearted hospitality differed from the cool aloofness of the Judaistic brethren! Peter never before had felt so free and unrestrained and, when asked how he liked Antioch, he could truthfully state: "It is good to be here."

Paul watched Peter's cordial intimacy with the Gentile Christians at first with delight, but when he saw the impulsive enthusiast — carried away by the new freedom — abandon his former Jewish mode of living to adopt Gentile customs and ways, he had his misgivings.

Paul's apprehensions were to prove true, though in an entirely unexpected way.

To the astonishment of the congregation, the attendance of the *agapae* suddenly began to dwindle. Many of the Jewish Christians, for some reason or other, stayed away. Though they were but a minority, their absence was keenly felt, especially since Peter was one of the absentees. He was now as regularly absent as he had been present

formerly. Of late he also declined invitations to Gentile homes. He seemed to have turned recluse.

Paul soon discovered the reason for Peter's strange behavior; his withdrawal from his newly found friends coincided exactly with the arrival of "certain from James." These men had not been sent by James, but had come as a self-appointed committee of investigation. They regarded Paul as the arch-enemy of Judaism and doubted Peter's loyalty to the Jewish-Christian cause. Peter, anxious to hide his former unconstrained fellowship with the Antiochian Christians, broke off all intercourse with them. Misled by his example, many of the Jewish Christians likewise separated from the Gentile converts and not a few of the latter wondered whether—judging from Peter's return to Jewish customs—it was not necessary after all for Gentile Christians to assume a Hebrew manner of life, and observe the Law.

Peter had never considered the harmful consequences of his actions on the congregation, but Paul foresaw them clearly. He was determined to forestall any serious disruption. But how? He must talk matters over with Barnabas.

At this, it occurred to Paul that of late Barnabas also had been missing from the love feasts. Should his companion, who had stood by him everywhere in defense of the liberties and rights of the Gentile Christians have turned from the cause? Paul could understand Peter's wavering, comprehend how the other Jewish Christians thoughtlessly and in all simplicity had followed the vacillations of the apostle of the circumcision, but Barnabas—?

Paul thought long and deep about the unintentionally detrimental influence of erratic Peter and always came to the same conclusion. Peter's authority and reputation had proved so potent that the "other Jews dissembled with him, inasmuch that Barnabas also was carried away with their dissimulation."

"Dissimulation," Paul decided was the appropriate designation for the conduct of Peter and his undiscerning fol-

lowers. He thus bluntly characterized their attitude as hypocritical—for the Greek word for dissimulation is *hypocrisis*. However, the word hypocrite does not bear the same opprobrious meaning in Greek as does its English derivative. In Greek parlance a hypocrite was an actor, representing on the stage the feelings and actions of other men. He performed simply for the purpose of winning approbation from his hearers. The word significantly described Peter's behavior. Peter shared Paul's doctrines and convictions, but in order to gain or retain the good will of the visitors from Jerusalem, he deemed it expedient under the circumstances to make concessions to them in the matter of ancient customs. In all likelihood Barnabas was of similar opinion. But these optimists nourished vain hopes, and Paul considered it his duty to disillusion them.

How was he to proceed? He would have preferred to speak to the offenders in private, or, since it was not a personal matter, the offence being given to the Gentile part of the congregation, he might censure their behavior before the Gentile leaders of the church, the manner prescribed by Jesus in such a case. Paul would have followed it to the letter had not Peter's indiscretion caused public comment, and had not the ever increasing numbers of his followers threatened to cause an irreparable breach among the Christians at Antioch. The affair had grown to be an open scandal. The matter, therefore, needed to be settled in public. Paul decided: I must withstand Peter to the face because he is to be blamed. The others also need censure, "for I saw that they walked not uprightly according to the truth of the Gospel."

The night before the public meeting in which Paul was to remonstrate with Peter regarding the threatened cleavage in the Antiochian congregation and the introduction of caste into the church, was as restless for Paul as the night preceding the Diet of Worms was for Luther. Like the Reformer, the Apostle was to champion Christian liberty

single handed. Both spent the waiting hours in ardent prayer and deep reflection.

It was, indeed, no easy matter for Paul to "withstand Peter to the face." Peter was by far the older of the two, and from his youth Paul had shown due respect to age. Peter had lived in daily intercourse with the Master, had been the leader and spokesman of the Twelve. He had been the first to preach the Gospel on the day of Pentecost, the first to receive Gentiles into the church. He had suffered prison and exile for the faith. The Master had honored him with the surname Cephas, and on the rock of Peter's confession Christ was to build His church. Among the believers in Jerusalem Peter was considered a pillar of the church. But now, the rock had proved unstable; the pillar turned a shaking reed, endangering the structure of the whole church. There was no question, Peter first of all "was to be blamed" for the impending disruption in the church.

But who was Paul that he should rebuke the great Apostle? He remembered but too well that he had been an enemy of the church, an accessory to the crime of stoning Stephen. He had committed men and women to prison, had beaten them in the synagogues, compelled them to blaspheme, not only at Jerusalem, but according to his own words, also in strange cities. Should he, confessedly the least of the Apostles, withstand Peter, the foremost of the disciples, to whom the Lord had spoken: "Feed my sheep, feed my lambs, strengthen thy brethren."? Paul would be a traitor to the Master's cause, were he now to shrink from this painful task.

To Barnabas he must also speak. Rebuke Barnabas? The thought seemed unbearable. Barnabas, the noble and magnanimous soul, had once been his only friend. Barnabas had sought him at Tarsus, had called him to mutual labor at Antioch. He had been his faithful companion on his missionary journey, had shared its perils and its joys, had watched over him in the hours of sickness at Perga, and washed his wounds and bruises at Lystra. He had gone

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with him to Jerusalem to plead the cause of Christian freedom.

Yet the harmless trusting soul had been carried away with Peter's dissimulation, had condoned, excused, and even followed the great Apostle's error. Paul saw no way out of the dilemma; the offense publicly given must be publicly rebuked—for Paul an almost impossible task.

Gray dawns the day, one of the dreariest in the life of Paul. He leaves the house early. He does not want to see the friends before that dreaded hour in which, by proclaiming anew the liberating power of the Gospel and by condemning their digression from the path of brotherly love and Christian forbearance, he must hurt their feelings and grieve their hearts.

He seeks strength for this trying hour in a solitary walk. Slowly treading his path along the Orontes, he notes that the usually slow, clear waters run high and muddy, almost overflowing the banks. The turbulent river seems a picture of his agitated heart. Looking up to Mount Silpius he sees the ragged cliffs steeped in a cloud of chill, dun fog, the omen of a dismal, murky day. But there, high above the rocky crown of Charon, one little speck of blue peeps through. It seems oracular, for at the sight of it the prophet's word flashes through the darkened soul of Paul: "At evening time it shall be light."

More effectively than the cool air of the morning, the breath of the Prophet revives the courage and strength of the downhearted Rambler. Abruptly he stops. Quickly he turns about. Resolutely he walks back toward the city. The decisive hour is at hand, Paul is ready to meet its demands. Christ, he feels, will be with him.

Notwithstanding the disturbing occurrences of the last few weeks, the attendance at divine services had not been affected. The meeting house was filled with devout worshippers when Paul entered. Peter and the visitors from

Jerusalem occupied seats in the front. The services already had opened when Paul arrived and quietly went to the platform. With bowed head and eyes closed he listened devoutly to the reading of Scriptures, eager for a Divine Word of comfort and encouragement.

When the Amen of the congregation marked the end of the lesson, Paul rose and stepped to the edge of the platform.

With one sweeping glance he scanned the large assembly. Then riveting his eyes upon Peter before him, he looked for some time at the Apostle. He seemed vainly to search for words to express the conflicting thoughts that flooded his perturbed soul.

Motionless, the small, frail man—at other times so agile and given to gesticulation—stood there, his high forehead pale, every muscle rigid. There seemed no life in that silent figure save for the sparkle in his eyes, and even they were firmly fixed on the one person before him. All anxiously waited for Paul finally to speak.

The whole congregation was astonished when, instead of the usual greeting, "Beloved brethren," or the more formal: "Men and brethren," but one single name fell from his lips: "Peter!"

At the unexpected call of his name, Peter leaped to his feet. His ruddy, round cheeks turned a deep crimson as he met the eyes of Paul, staring at him with stern indignation. What did this mean? For a brief span of time, that seemed endless to the onlookers, the two Apostles stood there face to face, as on those old pictures, neither uttering a word.

Paul finally broke the silence. In a voice trembling with suppressed emotion he asked: "Peter, if thou, being a Jew, livest after the manner of the Gentiles, and not as do the Jews, why compellest thou the Gentiles to live as do the Jews?"

Shamefacedly Peter turned aside. He dared no longer look at Paul who so pitilessly had bared his former social intercourse which he had so carefully tried to conceal from

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the Judaistic visitors. He ventured no glance at the latter who were astonished and chagrined by the unexpected yet, as we know, well-founded accusation of Paul against Peter. He was ashamed to face the Gentile brethren who had so kindly received him and whose friendship he had cast aside in such a provoking and offending manner. His face turned ashen; his eyes sought the floor; he found no words.

When Paul noted Peter's embarrassment, he no longer addressed himself to Peter individually, but turned to the Judaists, whose bigotry had caused Peter's aberration, and to Barnabas and the Hellenists, who had followed in his error and held up to them a torch of truth. In glowing words he proclaimed the gospel of Justification by faith alone. "We who are Jews by nature, and not sinners of the Gentiles, knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ, that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law: for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified."

Paul's face lost its stern aspect. Serene peace spread over his features as he, in utter self-effacement, burst forth: "I through the law am dead to the law, that I might live unto God. I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live: yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

His hearers were deeply moved by these words, especially Peter. As his eyes met Paul's he read in them deep sympathy and ready forgiveness. They reminded him of the eyes of the Master which had looked upon him in the night of his denial with an expression of gentle reproof and commiseration. It was as though Christ, living in Paul, looked again in clement pity upon his wavering and stumbling disciple. Tears came to Peter's eyes and quietly he stole away.

This is the last time Peter is mentioned in the Bible.

Of his later life we know nothing definite save that he wrote two Epistles to congregations of Asia Minor. In his second letter he recommends to his readers all the letters of Paul, whom he affectionately calls "our beloved brother Paul." These touching words show that he has entirely forgotten past differences. We must admire his utter humility in calling the attention of the Church also to that letter "on one page of which his own censure is recorded."

Probably Peter and Paul became fully reconciled immediately after the unpleasant encounter at Antioch. Was Peter now cured from his tendency to vacillation? It seems not. He remained the same Peter, "consistently inconsistent." An old legend relates that during the persecution under Nero, Peter, while fleeing from Rome, was met by Christ on the Appian Way. Peter asked the Lord: "*Quo vadis?*" Christ responded: "I go to Rome to be crucified again." Thereupon Peter turned back to Rome and suffered martyrdom for the sake of Christ.

Did Paul and Peter meet again? We do not know, though probably both died at Rome. Some claim they died at the same date but in different years. Others maintain that, while they seldom met laboring in the Master's service, their lives were united, and "in death they were not divided."

BOOK IV

THE SECOND MISSIONARY JOURNEY

After the public reproof of Peter there had been considerable speculation at Antioch as to the future relations between the Apostles, but the fraternization of the two men—Paul and Peter were often seen together—put an end to all gossip.

Gossip is detestable. We hate its hissing sound. Yet the word, which today bears such an un-Christian meaning, is of Christian origin. Old English *godsibb* denoted at first an honorable "godly relation," that of a godfather or a sponsor, a spiritual adviser held responsible for the good conduct of one about to be baptized. Now it signifies the irresponsible babbler or the idle tale he carries from house to house. Gossip, uncharitable as it may be at times, still bears a certain note of confidential familiarity. For this reason, perhaps, it has survived among us, not as a Christian virtue, but as a Christian foible. Many a Christian forgets Paul's good advice, "Shun profane and vain babblings," and lustily engages in eager gossip. Ministers are no exception. The writer once spent an evening at a denominational summering place, the gardenlike beauty of which was significantly expressed in its name. A number of vacationing ministers, reclining in easy chairs were engaged, as on every evening, in conversation. Since vacation is such an excellent time to refresh one's theological knowledge, grown stale amidst the daily routine of official duties, the writer hoped to learn something worth while from the discussion of some deep religious problem, current scientific query, or educational question; for no trivial matter, to be sure, could hold the attention of these learned men night

after night. But alas, he found them, one and all, exchanging petty confidences and ventilating the virtues and shortcomings of their respective congregations or religious bodies. They were talking shop, or, to use Tennyson's more poetic expression, there was "the common talk of gossips when they meet." Disappointed, the writer left on the morrow—only to fall into the same sin, for we moderns live and thrive on gossip. Already at the breakfast table we reach, not for a devotional or instructive book to feed the mind synchronously with the body, but for the paper, to cloud our brains with the latest gossip, which, since we dislike the sound of the word, we call more euphoniously—under its real name no reporter would find it fit to print—the news. How anxious we are to get the news and to get into the news. We even maintain publicity committees to see that the latest entertainment, bazaar, illegal lottery, card party and dance for the benefit of the church and the extension of the Kingdom receive a proper place, if possible on the front page of the newspaper. One need not wonder that many editors of good common sense place the church news under the same heading with secular social activities.

In Paul's day, news was still disseminated with great effect by word of mouth. Exciting news would shake whole provinces, run like wildfire through their cities, spreading over vast regions in ever widening circles. Ovid calls the news rumors. Another word which, once in good repute, has deteriorated in meaning, while the then disreputable *fama* has attained an honorable signification in our days.

Hardly had the gossip about the contention of the two Apostles died out—gossip, rumors, news and fame, like man, can live only by constant nourishment—when a new rumor spread from mouth to mouth, this time about a quarrel, a serious quarrel between Paul and Barnabas. It must have been serious indeed, for Luke, Paul's biographer, deemed it worthy of record in the Acts of the Apostles.

It was a secret quarrel, but secrets will out. Paul,

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afraid that the Judaistic disturbances at Antioch might have caused similar confusion in the congregations founded by him and Barnabas on their first missionary tour, was anxious to forestall a rupture between Jewish and Gentile Christians there by acquainting the churches with the conciliatory decree of the Council of Jerusalem. He therefore proposed to Barnabas: "Let us go again and visit our brethren in every city where we have preached the Word of our Lord, and see how they do." Barnabas consented gladly, but upon one condition, namely: that his nephew, John Mark, was to go with them. Then came the breach. Luke states: "But Paul thought not good to take him with them, who had departed from them from Pamphylia, and went not with them to the work. And the contention was so sharp between them, that they departed asunder one from the other: and Barnabas took Mark, and sailed for Cyprus."

Many Bible readers, in order to save the saintliness of the early leaders, ascribed to them in the course of centuries, would be pleased had Luke not mentioned the quarrel at all. Nearly all commentators deplore the occurrence. But since the quarrel is once mentioned, they must explain, if possible excuse, or at least minimize the affair. All seemingly feel that the quarrel left a blemish on the participants. They have written pages to exculpate both opponents taking sides, now with one, now with the other. They have even argued that both these men must have felt sorry for their rashness later on. The most ingenious excuse is found with a recent writer on Paul who, exonerating both Paul and Barnabas, attributes the whole affair to the Holy Ghost. This seems rather strange theology, but it is by no means new. It is as old as Adam who not merely put the blame of the first sin on Eve, but insinuated that, in part at least, it was God's own fault, saying "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." It seems so logical: since nothing, not even an

evil thing, can happen without God's will, God is to be praised or blamed, as the case may be, for everything.

The Holy Ghost whose fruits according to Paul are: "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance," was in the opinion of this modern theologian the author of a paroxysmal personal contention. Personal quarrels usually are more bitter, hot and feverish than contentions about principles, though theological controversies rarely lack in acrimony.

Luke knows nothing of a divine causation of this personal quarrel; he simply records the plain facts and blames nobody. We ought to be grateful to have the unbiased account of the apostolic quarrel from his pen. It shows Paul perhaps a lesser saint, but a greater man; depicts him not as a super-man, but as a real human; for though it takes courage to defend a principle against a world of open enemies, he is a still greater man, who for conscience's sake will part, if need be, the company and cooperation of his closest friends.

The wide-spread sails of the vessel, which carried Barnabas and Mark to Cyprus, gradually paled against the horizon and with them these men are lost from sight as far as the New Testament is concerned. We hear nothing of them save for a few allusions of Paul in his letters. There is one appreciative reference to Barnabas in First Corinthians which shows that there was no lasting estrangement between them.

Ancient tradition has busied itself extensively with the noble Levite. According to one account, he was stoned by inimical Jews at Salamis on Cyprus where his grave is still pointed out today. The apocryphal Acts of Barnabas, on the other hand, relate that the Jews burned him at the stake outside the gate of Salamis and threw his ashes into the sea.

Shortly before his death Barnabas is said to have admonished Mark to return to Paul, but it seems that Mark

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first attached himself to Peter. It is certain, however, that Paul, when a prisoner at Rome, welcomed Mark again to his fellowship.

* * *

On a chill but sunny April morning a large group of Christians stood on the ancient stone bridge that spanned the Orontes, watching the departure of Paul and Silas, while a small band of more intimate friends accompanied them on their way to the summit of the hills north of Antioch.

Paul had made a happy choice in selecting Silas for his partner on the second missionary journey. There were many competent leaders at Antioch willing to replace Barnabas, but Silas was by far the best qualified. Closely connected with the church at Jerusalem and one of its emissaries to confirm the decree of the Council at the Gentile capital, he was, notwithstanding his close relation to the Jewish Christians, an ardent champion of Gentile liberties. Himself a Jew, he was probably born like Paul in Gentile surroundings; his name Silas shortened from Silvanus, seems to indicate this, as does his Roman citizenship. Many Jewish families of the dispersion enjoyed this citizenship which implied a certain dignity and insured prestige and immunity wherever the Roman Law prevailed. Silas thus was qualified at once to disarm Jewish prejudice and to win Gentile confidence.

The division of the mission fields between Barnabas and Paul necessitated a revision of the latter's original intention to retrace the route of their previous journey. Since all the churches which Paul was to visit lay on or near the great trade route from Antioch in Syria to Ephesus, he chose this ancient highway. Leaving Antioch, the travellers crossed the Amanus Mountains by a deep gorge anciently called the Syrian Gates, now known as the Beylan Pass, and entering Cilicia, they "confirmed the churches." The longest time they probably spent at Tarsus.

Toward the end of May or the beginning of June—it was impossible to cross the vast mountain-barrier of the Taurus before that time—they left the sunny plains of Cilicia for the rugged table-land of Asia Minor.

From Tarsus the ancient highway leads up the wide and luxuriously fertile mountain valley, watered by the cool streams of the Cydnus river and its tributaries. Wooded hills and sylvan heights border the green fields and flowery meadows on both sides. The farther one advances, the higher the hills seem to grow, and the closer they draw in toward the banks of the river. Now and then at a point where a tributary torrent mingles its turbulent waters with the calmer flood of the main stream, a verdant dale opens a wider vista, showing in the distance the rocky promontories, and afar off the snow-capped peaks of the Taurus Mountains. Beyond the place where the road from Adana joins the highway, the mountains suddenly draw so close together that they form a narrow pass, guarded by precipitous cliffs which are now crowned by the ruins of medieval castles. This is the entrance of the famous Cilician Gates, a deep rent in the Taurus Mountains extending from south to north for a distance of eighty miles.

In some places the ravine contracts to a width of ten to twelve paces, leaving just room enough for one carriage to pass. The deep canyon between the steep bare rocks of limestone, which rise on either side to an elevation of several hundred feet, is dark and gloomy, especially where overhanging canopies of fir-trees and cedars almost exclude the view of the sky. Yet, in Paul's day, the good Roman road leading through the winding gorge was an easy way of travel, though at times a perilous place to one in command of a military force. Did the wanderers perchance think of the armies, Persian, Greek and Roman, which before them had traversed this narrow gulch? Did they remember Alexander the Great, who passed here to conquer the world and to spread throughout it the knowledge of the Greek language in which the Gospels were to be written?

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They certainly could not foresee the vast armies of Christian soldiers descending the pass, sturdy, haughty Knights of the Cross bound by sacred oath to rescue the traditional tomb of Christ, their acknowledged Savior, from the hands of the Infidel. These Crusaders were so horrified by the terrors of the place that they named it the Gates of Judas.

Steadily Paul and Silas made their way along the seething, roaring torrents which in numerous cataracts streamed down the gorge, now undermining the road, then washing over it. Weary of travel, they rested a while for a frugal meal, seating themselves upon a huge boulder. They quenched their thirst with clear, cool water, filtered among the rocks. Pious thoughts filled their minds at the time. Paul recalled the word of the Psalmist: "He shall drink of the brook in the way: therefore shall he lift up his head." Perhaps he reminded Silas of the old Jewish legend of the wandering rock to which he later alludes in First Corinthians, saying: "they drank of the spiritual Rock, that followed them; and that Rock was Christ."

Strengthened in body and soul, the wanderers continued their journey, always aware of the "Divine Presence," and comforting each other in the gloomy vale: "Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." When at nightfall they finally emerged from the gorge and found themselves on a wide open plain, four thousand feet above the level of the sea, they rejoiced: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth beside the still waters."

An old inn, looking more like a stable than a human dwelling offered shelter for the night. Refreshed by a sound sleep and the cool mountain air, they crossed the plain in the morning. The road continued northward. Soon the rocks closed in upon it, and the wanderers again found themselves in a narrow ravine with steep cliffs among pines and cedars, "an intricate defile, which a handful of men

might convert into another Thermopylae." In twists and turns the road ascended toward the highest peaks of the Taurus Mountains. When these were left behind, they reached a fork in the road where they camped for the night.

The main road continued in a northerly direction to Tyana, but Paul and Silas turned to the left and took the road to the Lycaonian plain.

Their next stop was likely at Cybistra, a military station from where Cicero a hundred years before, while governor of Cilicia and the neighboring provinces, wrote a number of letters describing the condition of those provinces under the dominion of Rome. From here it was but a short distance to Derbe, the home of the bandit chief Antipater who played a considerable part in Cicero's life. To this robber's nest the wanderers now turned their steps.

Derbe had been the last place visited by Paul on his former journey. Then he had come as a stranger from the opposite direction; now he was greeted as a spiritual father by faithful converts. One can readily picture the friendly reception of the returning Apostle, the anxious inquiries for Barnabas, and the hearty welcome to Silas, his new companion. Luke gives no details of their visit to this place, nor to Iconium or Pisidian Antioch. He merely relates that Paul and Silas "delivered to them the decrees for to keep, that were ordained by the Apostles and elders at Jerusalem. And so were the churches established in the faith, and increased in numbers daily." Only at Lystra Luke detains us for a while, for here Paul found another companion who remained his most faithful friend and co-worker to the end of his life.

* * *

The sweltering heat of the dog days lies over the sleepy town of Lystra. Although the time for the midday siesta is long passed, people are still lounging about the common, seeking shelter and rest in the shade of the old trees which at the slightest breath of air shed a flurry of dried leaves

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upon tired sleepers below. Save for the faint rustle of the dropping leaves and the almost inaudible humming of countless gnats, there is no sound.

Faintly, distant steps are heard approaching the market from the eastern gate. Paul and Silas, fatigued by a long march, cross the common with slackened pace. Accidentally the foot of one scatters a small heap of horse dung—there were no street cleaners of yore. A swarm of angry flies suddenly rises from a disturbed meal and buzzes hard by the face of a sleeper near the roadside. Frowning with eyes closed, he beats the air with unaiming hands; then turns to the other side and dozes on. The wanderers make their way across the market to the house of Eunice. They disappear through the wide open gates in the shadowy passage-way of the porch. They knock at a door, wiping the perspiration from their burning foreheads as they wait.

A young man, the son of the house, appears on the threshold. One glance and his face brightens with a smile of happy recognition. Impetuously he stretches forth his hand to greet Paul, who presses the youth to his heart and, placing an ardent kiss of peace on his brow, mutters under his breath, "Timothy, my son." Then turning to Silas he introduces his friends to each other.

While Timothy approaches the stranger to welcome him to his home, Paul's eyes rest in delight on the charming figure before him. To what advantage Timothy has changed! He is no longer the small lovable boy Paul had met at his last visit, but an attractive young man. From Timothy's dark eyes, sparkling in happy excitement, Paul reads affection for his person and devotion to his cause. He thinks of Titus and Mark, his former attendants, and it flashes on his mind that Timothy might fill the place they once held. But he dares not utter the wish at present. With Silas he follows Timothy into the house to greet its mistress and her mother.

No special messengers were needed to announce the

arrival of the Apostle to the Christians of Lystra. The news seemed to spread on the wings of the wind. All afternoon a stream of callers flowed toward the house at the market, and when the cool shadows of the night brought relief from the heat of the day, the whole congregation assembled around the beloved teacher. Paul read to the assembly the decree he had brought from Jerusalem. Silas then spoke of the meeting there, and explained the letter in detail. The document undoubtedly was of the greatest importance. Yet the *magna charta* of Christian liberty interested the hearers but little. We never fully appreciate the good that has always been ours. The Gentile Christians of Lystra had enjoyed the freedom decreed in that letter from the beginning; hence they were only interested in the restrictions imposed. There was indeed but one really attentive listener, Timothy. Paul's eyes turned again and again to the young man who sat there completely absorbed in the words of the speaker. Why should a youth at the end of his teens be more interested in theological questions than older and maturer Christians? Did his interest betoken the future theologian? Paul regarded the youth with growing appreciation. The passing thought of the afternoon occurred to his mind and began to crystallize into the earnest wish to have the youth for a constant companion, at first as a minister to his personal needs; later, perchance, as a faithful associate and—Paul's thoughts here roamed far into the future—in the end as a worthy successor.

It was late before the last of the worshippers left. Paul made ready to retire when Timothy asked to speak to him for a moment. They withdrew to the upper room. At a glance, Paul discerned that some serious question troubled the youth. What could it be? Did his wishes perhaps meet those of the Apostle? Did Timothy want to go with him? He encouraged the young man to speak.

Hesitatingly Timothy began his confession, a puzzle to theologians ever since. We are certain, however, it did not perplex the Apostle. It showed to him at once why Timothy

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had taken such interest in the words of Silas during the evening.

At Paul's previous visit to Lystra Timothy had been received by Baptism into the church. Tonight he had learned that Gentiles were to be received as Gentiles, Jews as Jews into the Christian communion. What had he been at the time, a Jew or a Gentile? Everyone would have considered him a Jew, even though his father had been a Gentile; for, according to Jewish rule, a child followed the religion and nationality of the mother. Now Timothy, brought up in the Jewish faith, had never received the rite of initiation customary among Jews. Was this mere neglect, as in our times some Christian children grow to manhood without having been baptized? Had his father objected? Some theologians have blamed the father; others the mother. In Paul's and in our opinion, neither was to be blamed. The father, though perhaps not a proselyte, as some have assumed, had been satisfied that his son should be taught the religion of his mother. Why then should he have objected to its initiatory rite? The reason for its omission in all probability was this: there was no one at Lystra at the time, eight days after Timothy's birth, to perform the ceremony. Its performance was by no means a rabbinical or priestly prerogative: it might be performed by any Israelite, but by none except an Israelite. Since there were no male Jews living at Lystra, the rite had of necessity been neglected. Would this neglect now affect his status as a Christian?

Paul explained to the youth, how Christian Baptism had supplanted the Jewish rite, making the latter null and void. No, circumcision was not necessary to salvation, nor would its absence in Timothy's case affect his status in the church at Lystra where he was highly esteemed by all. Yet under certain conditions, Paul added, it might be desirable even at this late date. Timothy, whose scruples had been appeased by the Apostle's explanation, now looked at him in blank astonishment. What could make circumcision de-

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sirable in his case, if it was not necessary for a Christian?

In tender love Paul looked at the youth. He could no longer withhold from him the wishes and hopes which he had cherished on the afternoon and evening. The lonely man without wife or child was yearning for a steady companion and as a sick man, he needed a constant and sympathetic attendant. He was anxious therefore to have Timothy accompany him and eager to adopt him as an own son. One thing, however, would seriously interfere with these plans and Timothy's usefulness in the work, namely the lack of the "seal of the covenant." Timothy, the son of a Jewess, would be regarded by Jews and by Jewish Christians a mamser and bastard, unless he would comply with the ancient Jewish custom of circumcision.

Timothy was elated at the prospect of going with his fatherly friend, and, since circumcision was indispensable under the circumstances, he agreed to submit to the rite. So Paul "took and circumcised him because of the Jews which were in those quarters: for they all knew that his father was a Greek."

The quiet hour in the lonely upper room at Lystra remained forever a sacred memory to Timothy and Paul. Unreservedly they bared their hearts to each other and read there the ardent longing and holy joy of an ideal love of man to man consecrated by a common relationship to the Lord and His Church. Never was there a friendship between men more true and faithful, blessed and beautiful than the affectionate attachment of the sainted Apostle to his beloved son and the tender devotion of the admiring disciple to his revered teacher.

True, Paul never mentions the blissful hour which marked the beginning of this friendship in his writings, but many years later, he reminds Timothy of that wonderful day when their friendship was made known to the church and sanctioned by the festive service of Timothy's ordination. It is from the Epistles of Paul to Timothy that

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we gather the details of what happened a short time after Paul's arrival at Lystra.

* * *

Sunshine and happiness are twin sisters, while rain-drops seem fit companions of tears. Though showers of rain cannot drown man's joy or brightest sunlight banish his woes, yet man loves to be in harmony with Nature, attuned to her moods; it heightens his own, be they pleasant or sad. Moods often change, so does the weather, suddenly and unexpectedly at times. There is need not only for sunny and rainy days, but also for days of inclement and variable weather.

Such a changeable day is now settling on Lystra. It is the day before the departure of Paul, the date set for the ordination of young Timothy.

Early at dawn Eunice awakens, languid and weary. Her sleep has been restless. Dreamingly she rises and sits on her couch, giving ear to the weather outside. A blustery wind plaintively whines around the old house. She answers its wail with a faint sigh. It rises deep from the bottom of her troubled heart. What mother's heart does not tremble at the thought: on the morrow my beloved, my only son will part? Drowsily she listens again. There—heavy rain-drops tap on the roof of the house. Tears in response slowly moisten her eyes. Gently they drop on the cover. Now with the pattering rain, they stream heavier. Let them gush forth, they lighten the heart.

The rain now stops and for a few brief moments fleeting rays of sunshine play over the tops of the old trees on the common. Eunice represses the tears, a faint smile brightens her face: it is a day of honor for her son, the day of his ordination. One must not weep on such days.

Remembering her guests and the many duties of the day, she hastily makes ready to meet them. A few quick strokes smooth the folds of her dress—her best—worn only

on festive occasions. A quick glance through the window shows sunshine all over the market; it calls the sunshine back to her heart. Pensively her small nimble hands pass over her forehead, to wipe, as it were, from her brow the furrows traced there by the wearisome years of her widowhood; quickly her white slender fingers rub down the slight wrinkles which the dreary thoughts of the morning have deepened around her dark, beautiful eyes. Her face is still handsome. She smiles. Today she must be happy and brave. There will be ample time to weep on the morrow.

First, as on every day, she goes to call on her mother, sleeping next door. How she loves her, sweet soul, who tenderly watched over the happy days of her childhood and proved a faithful companion in the lonely hours of her bereavement. With light step, Eunice crosses the threshold to find Lois already awake. Deferentially, as becomes a dutiful daughter of Israel, she draws near, to notice in the now smiling eyes the lingering traces of sadness; the eyelids are reddened. Untold, the daughter knows why. Poor mother also has secretly wept. Bravely Eunice fights back the tears as they well up again in her own eyes, then she goes to kiss the withering cheeks of old age with gentle devotion.

Arm in arm, as though one would support and comfort the other, the women walk to the common hall. On the way they meet Timothy, the sunshine of their lives and now the cause of their grief. Fondly Eunice presses her son to her bosom and tremblingly feels his excited heart beating against her own.

The conversation at meals that day is rather one-sided, its burden mainly carried by Paul. Silas, still feeling somewhat a stranger, ventures but casual remarks. The two women for the most part keep silence, a silence that speaks, but their eyes and faces are eloquent. They shine with happiness as Paul speaks of the wonderful privileges and happy duties which are to come to their son by his ordination, but a shadowy gloom clouds them when he discusses

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the plan for the journey which will take his young friend far from home.

All now repair to the court to arrange matters there for the service of ordination. With anxious looks they examine the sky. Will the weather be fair and favor their purpose? Will a downpour suddenly frustrate their plans?

Feathery clouds, white and fleece-like, softly float high in the air. They are drawn by the sun, and faintly they spread a veil, thin as gauze, over its radiant face. Lower, heavier, massier clouds follow. Piled up like wild mountains they slowly ascend, and behind them Old Sol vanishes from sight. Yet swiftly like arrows, rays dart forth here and there through the rifts. A gust of wind closes the gaps, and the wide expanse turns into one rolling dark sea. Vain seem the attempts of the day-star to conquer the cold gloomy masses. A wind now blows up, rolling away the flood and dying out in the effort. Brightly the sun shines supreme in the wide open space.

While the battle of light with darkness is raging high in the sky, hurrying shadows fleet over the earth, quickly pursued by bright sunlight.

Keenly the two women of Lystra watch the grand spectacle of nature. Shadows of gloom now darken; happy smiles now brighten their faces. Do they reflect the varying moods of the sky or reveal the fluctuating struggle of their hearts? They are mournfully happy and joyfully sad, whatever the cause.

But they must hasten their work and complete the arrangements; time is fleet-footed and the hour of service draws near. Already a few friends have arrived with flowers and garlands to adorn the court for the festive occasion. How thoughtful of them! For, to the women, flowers are a sweet token of the love and esteem in which Timothy is held by the friends. How can man better express the tenderest feelings, the fondest sentiments and deepest sympathies of the heart?

"Say it with flowers" may be a new and commercial

slogan, yet it is a welcome reminder to a busy, restless age like the present. The age needs it, lest in the din and noise of the ever faster running, louder humming wheel of time it entirely forget the sweet language of flowers, the silent messengers of love, both human and divine. Flowers are God's holy revelation of beauty in His wide temple of nature. Man feels this and piously carries flowers to his home and the house of his God. Flowers adorn pagan temples and Christian churches to brighten the joy of the living or to pay homage to the memory of the dead. Flowers always express the best in man. Their language is pure as their colors; their melody always harmonious. Ugliness, envy and hatred have no share with immaculate beauty. That is why flowers speak dearest and sweetest to poets, lovers and women. Women are better lovers than men, hence greater lovers of flowers.

Daintily the gentle hand of Eunice arranges the vases of flowers on the small table which on the dais serves as an improvised altar; while Lois, like an experienced gardener, watches the friends spread the garlands, evenly distanced along the peristyles on the sides of the court. A last examining look, and all now is ready.

With measured steps, headed by Paul and Silas, the reverend elders lead Timothy forth, the congregation following in solemn procession. When the leaders ascend the platform, it quakes under their heavy feet and the lovely children of garden and field nod, in tremulous agitation, a welcome and greeting to the modest youth, who, confused and embarrassed, looks down at the floor.

Brother Silas opens the service.

Hymns, Psalms, Responses, Prayers, Scripture Readings follow in the usual order, the elders, appointed as teachers performing their duties in turn.

Paul then arises to deliver the sermon. What was his theme and his subject? In what manner did he preach? A manuscript of his sermon is not extant; in fact, it never

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existed, for Paul did not read his sermons, which, by the way, is no commendable habit. He spoke extempore from a carefully meditated outline. The outline of his sermon at Lystra we can fairly reproduce from his later letters to Timothy which contain a vivid portrayal of all the details of Timothy's ordination.

The mode of ordination seems to have changed but little since that memorable day at Lystra. Paul first addresses the congregation on the importance and beauty of the ministerial office, basing his expositions on the theme: "Faithful is the word, if one aspire the office of a bishop it is a 'beautiful work' he is desiring." In his inimitable way he then depicts, extols, and magnifies the ideal calling which demands the best in man and the best of men.

Is it a wonder, when, under the words of Paul, the earnest, searching question rises in Timothy's heart: "How shall I ever be worthy of such an office?"

Paul does not withhold from his hearers the lurking dangers, ardent toil, and bitter battles which go with this calling. They know what the speaker has suffered at the common outside.

Will Timothy have the courage and strength to meet similar trials? Can youth bear the burdens which demand the strength, wisdom and endurance of a mature, wise and experienced man?

Paul turns to Timothy, who, unaware of the crowd in the court, intently keeps his eyes on the speaker, catching the words from the lips before they are uttered. These searching eyes reveal to Paul the holy fires which glow in the soul of the youth: the burning question as to his worthiness, the ardent longing for encouragement, the hidden enthusiasm which waits one personal word to set it aflame.

As the dew of the morning freshens a parched land, so the message of Paul, as he now addresses the youth, quickens and revives his drooping spirits. "Let no man despise your youth," Paul assuringly cheers him, and then raises before his eyes the ideal of a Christian minister

which he is to follow to the end of his life. "Be an example to the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith—give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine. Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear to all. Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them; for in doing this thou shalt save thyself, and them that hear thee."

When Paul has delivered the charge to Timothy, he again turns to the elders around him, asking each in turn his opinion as to the fitness of the youth for the high office about to be entrusted to him. One and all testify to his good character and the high esteem in which he is held, not only by the church of Lystra and neighboring Iconium, but also by his pagan townsmen. Many touch on the great expectations they hold for his future, and prognosticate a grand work for the young man. Their predictions are not mere human anticipations, like those occasionally uttered about a youth in our day, entering the ministry or some other high calling; Paul speaks of them to Timothy as truly prophetic voices.

But what about Timothy's theological preparation? He is no university man, no graduate of a theological seminary, holds no degree. He does not pass a formal examination in dogmatics, ethics, exegesis and the other branches of theology; but Paul gives to him a testimony regarding his knowledge for which many deeply learned in the divine sciences may truly envy him. From his talks with Timothy, Paul knows he states the truth when he solemnly declares: "From a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

Paul adds to his testimony some wholesome advice, good for Timothy but more salutary perhaps for not a few modern clerics who, in the tread-mill of ecclesiastical duties and the time-wasting attendance at dull meetings of ever more numerous brotherhoods and similar churchly societies

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—shaking props at best for a tottering church—forget all they once knew in the happy time of their candidacy of sacred theology and scriptural science: “Continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them.”

At the last words, Paul turns to the balcony where Eunice and Lois, leaning over the balustrade, are eagerly watching what is going on below in the court.

It is more than a polite compliment which Paul pays by these words; it is the grateful tribute of the Apostle to those pious women who have instilled in the heart of Timothy “the fear of God, the beginning of all wisdom,” and who have filled his soul and enriched his memory with words of Holy Scriptures, the revelation of Jehovah, the foundation of all Christian knowledge and life.

Many, in the course of centuries, have honored the names of great professors and teachers at whose feet they had studied the science of God and godly things. Far be it from us to belittle the work and influence of the fathers and doctors of the church but, as like breeds like, professors raise scholars, men of science and learning; yet no matter how needful and desirable knowledge may be: *Pectus facit theologum* (The heart makes the theologian.) While it has been the prerogative of man to fructify the head and the mind, the heart has remained the secluded garden, cultivated by the tender care of woman. The gentle, sanctifying influence of pious women and mothers has given more faithful ministers and self-denying missionaries to the church than all the theological schools and faculties combined. Woman owes much to the church, but—to this all great men will agree—the church no less to her women.

When at the words of Paul the eyes of the crowd turn toward the balcony, the women draw back. They seek no public recognition and modestly hide their honest pride from the inquiring looks of the multitude.

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There follows a momentary pause of silent expectation. Paul beckons to Timothy. Meekly the youth steps to the front of the platform. Quickly his eyes pass over the vast assembly. Women fill the peristyles on the sides, men crowd the court, and even from the parapet along the roof people gaze down on the great gathering below.

Slowly, timidly, tremblingly at first, but more bravely and distinctly with every sentence uttered, Timothy makes his public profession. No record of its exact wording has been preserved, but we have every reason to believe, and could cite, were we writing a theological treatise, many weighty authorities that Timothy repeats here "before many witnesses" the simple, concise and familiar sentences which constituted the oldest creed of the church. This creed, in a but slightly extended form, is known among us as the Apostles' Creed.

With bowed heads the assembled Christians ratify the general creed by a loud Amen.

Timothy now turns and kneels at the altar. At a sign from Paul, the elders come forward to ordain the young man; for Paul wants all things done "decently and in order." He wants the act of ordination to be performed by the church through its elders. To him ordination is a gift of the church; beyond question he means this, when he says: "Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy (that is, according to the prophecy which pointed thee out for it), with the laying on of the hands of the presbytery."

Paul has a still greater gift to bestow. Approaching the kneeling figure, he places one hand on Timothy's head and, raising the other towards heaven, solemnly utters these words: "O man of God, flee evil things; and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness. Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses. I give thee charge in the sight of God, who quickeneth all things, and before Christ

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Jesus, who before Pontius Pilate witnessed a good profession; that thou keep this commandment without spot, unrebukable, until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ: which in his times he shall show, who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords; who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen nor can see: to whom be honor and power everlasting. Amen."

Under the touch of the Apostle's hand, the frame of the kneeling youth seems to tremble. He feels a power emanate from the man of God and pervade his body, penetrating to every nerve, quickening it with new mysterious energy. Paul has conferred on him the miraculous gifts of the Holy Spirit.

The gift of the Holy Spirit Timothy had already received in holy Baptism, but now this Spirit is renewed and increased in him, and added are those spiritual gifts, known to early Christianity as "charisms." These special divine endowments fitted a man more fully for life, work, and office, and occasionally manifested themselves in the singular powers of healing, prophesying and speaking of tongues. As a personal benefit these spiritual gifts are now bestowed upon his young friend by the will of God.

While Paul is performing this holy act, a few raindrops fall upon the bowed heads of the men, apparently from a clear sky, for, as they look up, they see but a small vanishing cloud in the blue expanse bathed in bright sunshine. A few tear drops too, roll down the cheeks of Eunice and Lois, happy tears of sweet joy. Tears of joy work greater magic than tears wept in sorrow. These lighten and calm the heart, while the former brighten and cheer it.

Jubilantly happy, through her tears, is the mother, as Timothy stretches forth his hands, without fear and trembling—the Spirit sustains him—to pronounce for the first time on the church of God the Benediction of Aaron.

The congregation is dismissed. Men and women press forward to congratulate the young preacher and to shake

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hands with the Apostles and elders. One and all they then withdraw, leaving the family alone with its guests to make the last preparations for the departure.

* * *

Leaving Lystra in the morning, Paul, Silas and Timothy set out for Iconium, whence, after a brief sojourn, they went to Pisidian Antioch. In these cities and the surrounding villages they announced the decision of the Apostles and elders of Jerusalem, strengthened the brethren in the faith, and daily added new converts to the churches.

Among former converts at Antioch, Paul also visited the kind physician who had attended him when convalescing from malaria during his previous journey. It was not merely a friendly call, for he was suffering from a renewed attack of the same malady.

Our friends will perhaps challenge our opinion that Paul's infirmity, his "thorn in the flesh," was malaria.

Luke, Paul's beloved physician and first biographer, observant of the rule of professional ethics, does not discuss the nature of his client's ailment, does not so much as hint at the nature of Paul's sickness. It is from Paul's own rather indefinite allusions to his infirmity, that we must form our diagnosis. Some have suggested that Paul, like Caesar, Mohammed, King Alfred, Cromwell, and Napoleon, was an epileptic; others have assumed that he suffered from ophthalmia or trachoma, and that this illness was an after effect of the temporary blindness which seized the Apostle on the way to Damascus. The old church fathers speak of recurrent severe headaches. The most reasonable explanation, in our opinion, seems to be malaria: this malady is recurrent, causes severe headache, affects the eyes, causes febrile paroxysms, not unsimilar to epileptic fits. Seizing upon Paul at the most inconvenient time and thus interrupting his work, it might well be called a messenger of Satan, the 'adversary', and its sudden attacks and annoying

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recurrences might well be compared with the irritating pain of a "thorn in the flesh." It will furthermore be noted that the letters in which Paul speaks of his sickness were all written from swampy regions, infested with mosquitoes.

Doctor Luke gladly received his spiritual father and proffered his services without charge.

Some here will raise the question: Doctor Luke a resident of Pisidian Antioch? It is a well known fact that the church fathers call Luke an Antiochian. Most theologians, ancient and modern, understand this to mean that Luke was a native of Antioch in Syria. Weighty reasons, too many to be recounted here, have led us to believe that Pisidian Antioch may lay better claim to the honor of calling Doctor Luke her son.

Luke has been taken by some for Lucius, a teacher at Syrian Antioch, but this notion is unfounded, for Lucius, we are told, was not a native of Antioch but of Cyrene, and Luke is an abbreviation of Lucanus, not of Lucius. Luke was a Greek, who before meeting Paul, belonged to the interesting class of "God-fearers." Paul himself tells us that Luke was a physician and this is verified by the many medical terms which appear in his writings.

In those days the rank of a physician varied among different nations. Among the Jews, the practice of medicine was a more or less priestly prerogative though the number of non-priestly physicians at the time of Christ was increasing. Among the Romans, medicine was practised mainly by freedmen, retained by noble families as barbers. They combined the medical profession with the tonsorial trade, just as in the Middle Ages barbers dabbled in medicine and performed minor operations. Among the Greeks, however, the study of medicine at the universities ranged with the study of philosophy. Like the philosopher, the practicing physician was given to extensive travel and Luke also seems to have traveled widely, even before he attached himself to Paul. Luke, the only university man among Paul's companions, was a man of refined literary taste and

an able historian. Whether or not he was also a painter, as a later legend claims, is doubtful, but his writings are truly marvelous paintings. Next to Timothy, Luke was Paul's dearest disciple, accompanying him, with brief intervals, on all his succeeding journeys. The fraternal companionship with Luke was one of the richest blessings in Paul's sorely troubled life and the daily intercourse with the literary physician left its traces on Paul's vocabulary and style.

Paul did not waste many words on his ailment; Luke saw no need of a thorough examination—he knew Paul's constitution and the nature of his malady—and soon the friends, forgetting sickness and medicine, were engaged in familiar conversation. Paul did most of the talking. He told Luke what had happened since they last met. He spoke of his success in the Lycaonian cities, of the difficulties at Syrian Antioch, of the council and decree of Jerusalem, of his contention with Peter, of his separation from Barnabas and of the new friends he had found in Silas and Timothy. Then he proceeded to outline his plans for the immediate future. He was to follow the old trade route to Ephesus and to make this city the center of extensive labors in the province of Asia.

With manifest interest Luke followed the glowing reports. The eventful journeys of Paul reminded him of his own peregrinations, and revived in him the love of travel. He thought of casting his lot with Paul. Might he not watch over Paul's health as his private physician and, at the same time—this was his deeper motive—serve the beloved Master together with the Apostle in his world-wide missions.

Luke had grown musingly inattentive, but when Paul divulged his plans of entering Asia, the physician became fully awake in him and disapprovingly he shook his head. Paul, surprised at this sudden motion, stopped abruptly. He looked puzzled and became somewhat irritated when Luke plainly informed him that he must aban-

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don the idea, at least for the present. To venture into the rich alluvial valley of the Lycus and Maenander with its sultry climate, which, especially at this season, was a hot-bed of malaria, would be a perilous, perhaps even a fatal undertaking. Common sense, he contended, pointed in an entirely different direction, northward to the cool and invigorating Phrygian uplands.

Common sense—Paul smiled at the words as though common sense weighed with him but little. Yet Paul was, unwittingly perhaps, a man of good common sense. His letters show this, for they abound in sound, practical advice. Common sense is, like the Spirit, a gift of God, granted God-like without regard of person. The Spirit and common sense go well together, and in Paul they are harmoniously blended. Common sense, like a jewel, is more precious because of its rarity. It is seldom found with the ordinary run of people, though it is named from them; it is still more uncommon with the educated. Philosophers, lawyers, theologians and pedagogues show a deplorable lack of it. Modern education, in fact, proves an almost mortal enemy of common sense. Most uncommon it is, however, with a certain class of journalists and writers who arrogantly style themselves “the intelligentsia.”

The dread of the “medicine man” still lingers in the souls of many. They shun to consult a physician, and when finally persuaded to do so, refrain from taking the prescribed medicine or from following the advised regimen, especially when the latter demands a serious change of habits or a complete revision of their plans. Luke found Paul no easy patient and his task to induce him to desist from entering Asia proved difficult. No mere appeal to common sense and no well-meant medical counsel would suffice to alter Paul’s intentions. One question directed all his actions: “What shall I do, Lord?” Luke must show him that it was the will of God that he should not enter Asia.

In order to convince Paul of this, Luke probably adopted

the Apostle's own method of argument. In the endeavor to make his opinion more impressive and weighty, Paul would frequently say: "Herein I give my advice, for this is expedient for you after my judgment," adding: "I think also that I have the Spirit of God."

The Spirit of God, even in Apostolic Times, taught men the will of God, not only in supernatural revelations, but more often in providential dispensations. Christians recognize God's will in everything that befalls them. So Paul, when Luke earnestly forbade him to pursue his purpose, finally recognized in the physician's warning the guiding voice of the Holy Spirit. Hence Luke could truthfully state: "They (the missionaries) were hindered by the Holy Spirit from speaking the Word in Asia."

Paul, Silas and Timothy set their faces northward towards the central regions of Asia Minor, and traversed "the Phrygian and Galatian district." Geographers trace a few rivers and mountains in this region, but for the rest leave it blank. Theologians meanwhile quarrel about the extent and possible frontiers of the two countries mentioned. As yet they have not agreed as to whether or not these names in Acts and Galatians are to be taken in a geographical or political sense; and, since we shall never see them agree, we shall leave them at their beloved game, while we watch Paul and his companions enter the wide dark forests that cover these invigorating uplands.

In the days of Paul, the central woodlands of Asia Minor were peopled by a strange alien race who a few centuries before had emigrated from Gaul, sacked the city of Rome, devastated Greece, ravaged the coasts of Asia Minor and finally settled in these regions. The Romans called them Gauls after their original home, but to the Greeks they were known by their ancient tribal name as Galatians or Celts. Celt means a man who dwells in the woods, a woodman. Clinging to their old clannish customs, these people lived on lonely farms or in small settlements in the forests.

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Hence Paul on his journey found but few towns antedating their arrival, and no cities. A few ancient Christian writers, such as Lactantius, take the name Celts to mean 'pale-face' or rather 'milk-face', from the Greek word, *gala*, 'milk'. At any rate, the Galatians were of a whiter complexion than most of the peoples living around the Mediterranean. Virgil in his "Aeneid" gives a graphic account of the appearance of these mighty warriors who in the year 390 B. C. besieged the city of Rome. "The Gauls were at hand marching among the brushwood, and had gained the summit, sheltered by the darkness and the kindly grace of the dusky night. Golden is their hair and golden is their raiment; striped cloaks gleam on their shoulders; their milk-white necks are twined with gold; each brandishes two Alpine javelins, his body guarded by the long oval of his shield."

Among these warlike people Paul, whose sickness had grown worse, was detained for some time. He found them, strange as it may seem, hospitable and good natured at heart. They received the strangers generously and kindly. Paul's zeal for the Master would not let him be silent. His bodily weakness roused his spirit to greater efforts, and, with unusual vividness, he preached the "Glad Tidings" in those gloomy woods to all who would listen. Thus unexpectedly Paul became the Evangelist of Galatia.

Nowhere was Paul received as enthusiastically as among the Galatians, who showed the same vigor and warmheartedness still characteristic of their modern descendants, the Welsh, the Irish, and the Bretons. Aside from these good traits, the Galatians showed all the vicious Celtic proclivities: fickleness, superstition, drunkenness, avarice, vanity and fondness for strife. No wonder that a few years later Paul found it necessary to reprimand these passionate, impulsive and mercurial people for their early backsliding.

It is difficult to find one's way through dense wild woods; still harder to trace the tracks of one who has passed

there long ago. All we know about Paul's journey is that he followed a northerly direction, for, at the end, we find him at the borders of Bithynia, a large province stretching along the banks of the Black Sea.

As the missionaries approached the frontier, "they assayed to go into Bithynia, but the Spirit of Jesus suffered them not."

Here again, in our opinion, we note the warning voice of the physician. All commentators agree that Luke was in the company of Paul at Troas whither he now turned his steps. Why could he not have joined the Apostle *en route* probably at Cotyaeum or Aizani?

On the wide chalk downs near the place where the boundaries of Asia, Mysia and Bithynia meet, lay ancient Cotyaeum, and, a few miles to the west between the fountains of the Rhyndacus and the Hermus the little town of Aizani. The scenery around these uplands is exquisite. Flocks of wild swans are often seen sailing through the air and visiting the numerous pools and lakes in the watery hollows where hundreds of storks are wading and feeding among the reeds. Herds of cattle and sheep wander over the interminable pastures, which, green and fruitful, spread over the wide open tablelands, bordered on the north by the long snow-covered ranges of the Mysian Olympus; to the south by the green wooded summits of the Phrygian Dindymus. The whole scene presents the appearance of a truly Virgilian landscape.

With the rivers, several roads descended from this western watershed in different directions. Whither should the missionaries turn their steps? The road along the banks of the Hermus which passed in a southwestern course to the Aegean Sea was not feasible, for Asia had been previously forbidden them by the Holy Ghost. Should they descend into Bithynia by the valley of the Rhyndacus which rolled its waters northwards to the Propontis? This was their original intention, but the "Spirit of Jesus suffered

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them not." So, upon the advice of Luke who had recently joined them, they chose the old trail which led over the bleak and thinly populated plateau of Mysia directly to the West.

After a weary march of two hundred miles the companions, pointing to a purple and sapphire streak along the horizon, rejoiced as the returning soldiers had done of old: "The sea! The sea!" Descending to the Gulf of Adramyttium which washes the base of Mount Ida, they reached the old Roman highroad. This they followed northward to the "ringing plains of windy Troy."

The road, winding along through groves of pines and woods of plane and oak trees, crossed numerous streams which flowed from the "many-fountained" cliffs of Mount Ida. Now descending to the pebbly beach, now rising among the shingled rocks, covered with evergreen brushwork, it constantly hugged the sea until it reached Assos. For nineteen miles the highway then circled inland about the slopes of the mountain and emerged, from a deep ravine at the end, upon the wide plains of Troy.

Was Paul familiar with Homer's "Iliad," those grand ballads of the blind old bard that "tell the tale of Troy divine"? For centuries, wandering minstrels sang the lays of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" to the clear toned lyre at the feasts of the kings and on the common of every Greek village. These twin poems, a combined catechism and history for the youth of Greece, served as the principal text book of the classic schools, acquainting the young with the myths of their gods and inspiring them to deeds of valor equal to the heroic feats of their illustrious ancestors. Thus Alexander the Great, the Man of Macedonia, learned the Iliad by heart. He carried a copy of it with him when he stood at the huge barrow of his legendary sire Achilles at Troy, and girded on the armor of his forebears to overthrow the ancient dynasties of the East.

The Romans no less than the Greeks treasured the epics of Homer and, being the first people who taught a

foreign language in their schools, prided themselves in quoting the "educator of Hellas" in the original. Nor was it merely a literary interest the Romans took in Ilium (Troy). Their nobles claimed to be descendants of the Trojan heroes, traced their genealogies to that classic soil, and considered Troy the cradle of their own civilization.

Encouraged by the Emperor Augustus, Vergil, Rome's greatest poet, wrote a sequel to Homer's songs in his "Aeneid," the only epic worthy of comparison with the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." Though in form this poem relates the adventures of the Trojan hero Aeneas, its real theme is the growth of Rome under the fostering care of the ancient gods. The interest in the "primeval Rome of the Asiatic shore" was so greatly roused by this epic that Horace, another member of Augustus' literary circle and close friend of Virgil, warned his fellow-citizens in one of his Odes not to rebuild the ancient walls of Troy lest the greatness of their own city vanish.

The warning indeed was timely. Julius Caesar, who like Alexander traced the origin of his family to Troy, is said to have selected the seat of Priam's kingdom for the capital of the grand empire of his dreams, which was to embrace the East and the West. The daggers of Brutus and his accomplices ended the life and the dreams of the ambitious conqueror. But a few years later his grand-nephew, Emperor Augustus, connected Troy with Rome by making it a colony, and assimilated its land to Italy by granting it the *jus Italicum*.

Paul must have been acquainted with these almost contemporaneous occurrences, for at every step through the city he noticed the Roman insignia; everywhere on pillars and columns, public buildings and arches he read the four great letters "S.P.Q.R." (the Senate and People of Rome). What Paul saw that day was not the old Troy, city of Priam; not Antigonía Troas, built over its ruins by Antigonos; not Alexandria Troas, named after the great Macedonian; it was the Roman "New Troy," the full name of

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which occurs on old coins as: "*Colonia Alexandria Augusta Troas.*"

Paul on his wanderings through the city was treading truly historical ground. He thought, perhaps, that the stories of the Trojan War in the "Iliad" were mere idle fancies of a poet's mind and no real facts of history. Yet there rested beneath his feet several cities buried by the dust of centuries. Schliemann's discoveries and those of later excavators have proved that at Hissarlik, the site of ancient Troy, at least nine successive cities had sprung into existence, flourished and passed away. Excavations in 1892 A. D. have shown that the sixth city in order from the bottom, with its powerful wall, defended by mighty towers, well-fortified gates and palaces of stone, was the one described in the "Iliad." The marks of fire throughout the ruins bear witness to the disastrous conflagration that destroyed the renowned city of Priam.

But Paul was not concerned about buried cities and things antiquarian. He was a man of the present. His interest was with the New Troy and its cosmopolitan populace. Deeming the busy seaport a promising field, he set out with his friends to survey the city and view its surroundings.

Among the numerous European merchants, to him novel figures in their western attire, the Macedonians were most noticeable in their *chlamyses* (short oblong mantles fastened with a clasp in front or on the shoulder) and with their broad sun hats, which, so Suidas relates, served as shelter from the summer heat and as helmets in their frequent affrays. These strange-looking men Paul met everywhere. They thronged the markets, crowded the streets, loitered in the shade of the mighty arches of the aqueduct and lounged on the marble benches along the colonnades connecting the city with its harbor.

Of the aqueduct a few massive piers are still standing, the colonnades having disappeared long ago. A few steps,

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still visible, mark the location of the wharves where in the days of Paul a fleet of ships lay moored to the granite pillars. Some of these are still seen prostrate on the lonely shores. Yet even today the deserted harbor is not without a certain desolate beauty, especially when seen in the foreground with the hills and peaks of the islands in the distance, a most enchanting picture when land and sea are colored by the rays of the rising or setting sun.

The calm of the evening settled over the plains and city of Troy when Paul and his companions, weary of the day's march, slowly descended through the white colonnades to the harbor to watch there one of those radiant sunsets which so often formed the theme of classic poets.

Far and wide, calm and deep, the blue waters of the Aegean stretched like a soft coverlet, the gentle undulations of which betrayed the dormant powers of the mighty god of the waters slumbering beneath. Rippling wavelets ceaselessly lapped against the bases of the piers and the hulls of the ships. The bare masts of the numerous boats in the harbor resembled a sleeping wintry forest, leafless and dreary. Yet the green hills of Imbros, an emerald isle, resting upon the blue waters a short distance from the mole, together with the warm balmy air, reminded the onlookers that summer had not yet passed. Farther towards the west the high rugged peaks of Samothrace, like hooded giants, lifted their gray heads, tinged roseate and purple by the setting sun. Beyond them as far as the eye could see spread the endless sea gleaming with changing tints of blue and violet, vanishing at the distant horizon into the lighter blue of the sky.

Gradually the sun receded toward the west. For a brief while its burning face, still red with the heat of the day, peeped over the blue waters of the Aegean—the last stretch of a long day's weary journey. Calmed by the apparent nearness of the sea, its red glow faded and, a huge, yellow disk, it sank to rest behind fleecy roseate clouds along the

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horizon. Dimly at first, but growing more and more distinct, the stern lines of Mount Athos now rose into view. Invisible in bright daylight, the colossal peak appeared at sunset like a black equilateral triangle above the skyline. The sombre pyramid of the mysterious mountain, the *Monte Santo* of the superstitious Christians of the Levant, slowly brightened and, reflecting the rays of the retiring sun, changed by and by into a huge mass of burnished gold. The spectators from Troy watched with increasing delight the play of colors, and when sky and sea turned to darkest blue, the triangular flame-colored mount appeared to them as the wings of a mighty angel beckoning them across the sea to Greece, the home of philosophy, poetry and art. Suddenly it occurred to Paul that behind that luminous mountain there stretched still other lands, Italy and Spain. Both he must visit, first of all the eternal city of the West, imperial Rome. The thought which seized him here never left him again and in time grew to a firm conviction: "I must go to Rome."

A few years later, when writing to the Christians of Rome, Paul expressed the ardent longing which henceforth filled his soul in these words: "God is my witness, whom I serve with my spirit in the gospel of His Son, that without ceasing I make mention of you always in my prayers, making request, if by any means now at length I might have a prosperous journey by the will of God to come to you; for I long to see you."

A starlit night spread over Troy when Paul and his friends returned from the harbor to the city, where they immediately lay down to rest.

Novel sights which have roused in us new emotions during the day often rise to life again in vivid dreams. The deeper the impression upon our senses has been and the greater the mental activity caused thereby, the clearer and more natural will be the thoughts, images and emotions occurring in our sleep. So Paul's waking meditations shaped

themselves into a dream, and the vague reveries of the day changed into a lucid vision. Says Luke: "A vision appeared to Paul in the night; There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over to Macedonia, and help us."

Though the appearance of the nocturnal figure in wide *chlamys* and broad sun hat was undoubtedly caused by the reaction of the subconscious to the sight of the men in Macedonian attire, though the cry for help was an answering echo to the wishes of Paul's inmost soul, he nevertheless rightly assumed the vision to be a call of the Master to new and extended activities beyond the sea.

God often spoke and speaks to His people in dreams. Even today—the critical *dicta* of modern psychology notwithstanding—not all dreams are mere fanciful or distorted reflexes of everyday life. There still is a divine background to many of the mysterious workings of our mind. Science has not yet fully explained all the phenomena of dream life, and though the writer does not believe in the artful explanations of Egyptian dream books, he yet maintains that some dreams of God's children, even when traceable to natural causes, are nevertheless divine warnings and revelations.

When the morning star rose above Mount Ida, Paul related the dream to his companions. They took it as divine revelation. "Immediately we endeavored," says Luke (who by the use of the personal pronoun "we" modestly introduces himself as a companion of Paul) "to go into Macedonia, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us for to preach the gospel unto them." In this new adventure Luke recognized a personal appeal. He gladly responded, cast his lot with the missionaries, and thus became instrumental in introducing the Gospel to the most active and advanced races of the world.

Early the next day, Paul and his companions were seen hustling through the crowd at the harbor front in search of a vessel bound for Macedonia. It was a beautiful morning in August, the month in which, as a rule, the Etesian

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winds were steadily blowing from the northwest. That day, however, as we may infer from Luke's statement: "we sailed a straight course to Samothrace," the wind must have blown from the south. God manifestly favored their journey and the unusual change in the course of the wind may have recalled to Paul the words of the psalmist: "by his power he brought forth the south wind." The south wind in those regions is at times sufficiently strong to counteract or even fully to stop the southward current of the waters from the Dardanelles. So fast the favorable breeze sped them on their destined course that they covered the hundred and twenty-five miles from Troy to Neapolis in two days.

On the first day, the friends passed the islands of Imbros and Tenedos, scudded by the Dardanelles, and at night anchored to leeward under the sheltering shores of Samothrace. The colossal peak of the island, which the Greek mariner always regarded with awe, was the "Holy Mount" of a cult which spread widely over the neighboring isles and continents. Hidden beside the cataracts of the northern slopes stood the temples of the Cabiri. The initiatory ceremonies at these sanctuaries were of such a terrible nature that, to Paul, had he learned of them, they would have suggested the working of a demoniac presence. Something weird and hideous spread with the shadows of the night over the island. The craggy sides of the mountain with its numerous caverns and forsaken mines, worked by the Phoenicians centuries ago, were black and dismal, but, through the foliage of a wooded elevation near the shore a white marble figure, the "Winged Victory of Samothrace" glimmered in the moonlight. Holding the trumpet to her lips with the right hand and extending a wreath in the left, the goddess, considerably above life-size, greeted the ancient mariners from a pedestal representing a ship's prow. Today this wonderful work of Greek art graces the head of the grand stairway in the palace of the Louvre. Though the head and both

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arms are missing, it still fills the lover of art with reverential admiration for its unknown creator.

The mellifluous warblings of songbirds greet the rising sun and awaken the crew and passengers of the small boat anchored under the sheltered branches of an overhanging tree on the open roadstead. Samothrace has no good harbor, but there are smooth waters anywhere on the northern shore. The anchor is lifted, the sails set, and soon, driven by a favorable wind, the ship draws a bright furrow over the softly undulating blue waters.

Far to the southwest venerable Mount Athos is seen, its sunlit peak looming high above the nearer island of Thasos, at one time the headquarters for the Phoenician gold diggers. The currents of the sea change here to eastward, yet with the help of the land breezes, the skilled sailors keep the boat in a straight course toward the Macedonian coast whence, for hours, the "gold-veined crags" of the Pangaeus greet the travelers. Soon the mouth of the famous Strymon is passed and the ship steers through a wide bay directly toward a rocky promontory crowned by the marble "Maiden Chamber of Diana," the tutelary goddess of Neapolis, that peacefully rests on the level shore below. The traces of a military road, two piers of Roman arches carrying the remains of a great aqueduct, and a number of Latin inscriptions indicate that modern Kavala is the site of ancient Neapolis, the harbor of Macedonian Philippi. Yet, there being a port on either side of the promontory, the exact site of Paul's first landing in Europe still remains a welcome object of contention for the *archeogeothegraphologists*! (Though no lexicographer has stirred from his "easy chair" to admit this compound to the list of new and curious words in our modern dictionaries, the reader will readily discern its meaning.)

* * *

Since Macedonia was the present goal of the mission-

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aries, they did not linger long at Thracian Neapolis. Shortly they left by the western gate and gained the famous Egnatian highway which runs like a sharp furrow from the Hellespont through Thrace, Macedonia and Illyricum to Dyrrachium on the Adriatic, a distance of five hundred and thirty Roman miles.

From Neapolis the road skirts the shore for a short distance. Then turning northward through a narrow defile formed by steep precipices close to the sea, it ascends a ridge connecting the range of the Pangaeus with the higher Mountains of Thrace. From this elevation a magnificent view opens upon the beautiful bay of Neapolis with the isle of Thasos, the peak of Samothrace and Mount Assos in the background.

Passing through the straight gorge, the travelers lose sight of the Aegean and before them spread the vast Macedonian plains. For miles the road winds down the hillside. Then on the level below it makes straight for a precipitous hill with the Acropolis on its summit and the city of Philippi at its base.

Luke, who previously had spent several years at Philippi—some theologians claim he was a native of that city—pointed out to Paul and his companions special places of interest. He named a few of the many rivers and brooks that watered the plains before them. How surprised this accurate geographer would have been, could he have read some of the commentaries on his Acts by German scholars and some of their English and American followers, stating that Philippi lay on the banks of the Strymon! He informed Paul that the river which passed by the gates of Philippi was the Gangites.

Like most physicians of his day, Luke was also an eager student of botany. As the friends now descended into the plain, he called their attention to a special variety of thorny rose bush that grew abundantly on the slopes of the hills. It was the *rosa centifolia*, the 'hundred-petal rose', mentioned by Theophrastus and Pliny, the naturalist. He enu-

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merated all the lovely children of Flora in the flower-strewn fields along the wayside, and while doing so, he incidentally told the young men—for though a Christian, the poetic soul still loved the lore of his people—how from these very fields Persephone was snatched away by Hades to be made Queen of the Nether-World.

Paul shook his head in disapproval. He did not like pagan legends. Luke changed the topic from mythology to history. Philippi indeed stood on historic ground and played a role at the founding of two vast empires. Originally it was but an old mining camp, which the gold diggers, because of the many springs in its vicinity, called Krenides, the 'Fountains' or the 'Springs'. Later it was known as Datus or Datum. King Philip, during his Thracian War, recognized the strategic importance of the place. He built a fort on the site of its Acropolis. Following a peculiar whim, he named each of the springs about the city after himself, "Philip" and soon the town became known by this name in the plural: the "Philips" or Philippi. The famous gold and silver mines of the neighborhood not only furnished the wealth for his own military establishment, but also provided the sinews of war for his illustrious son, Alexander the Great, in his eastern conquests. The city grew rapidly and for a long time the treasures of the mines prolonged its marvelous development. A hundred and fifty years before the arrival of Paul, however, the rich veins of gold gave out and Philippi would have sunk into the insignificance of a rural commercial town, had it not been for another important historical event.

The assassination of Julius Caesar in the Roman senate house did not restore the old government of the senate as the conspirators had hoped, for after several indecisive battles, the second triumvirate was formed and the Roman world divided into three parts. Octavian (Augustus), the grand-nephew of Caesar, was to rule the West; Mark Anthony, Caesar's secretary, the East; and Lepidus, one of Caesar's old lieutenants, Africa. Days of terror like the

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reign of the Bolsheviks followed. The estates of the wealthy were confiscated. Three hundred senators and two thousand knights were murdered, among them Cicero.

The friends of the old Republic rallied in the East. Led by Brutus and Cassius, they met the combined forces of Octavian and Antony on the plains of Philippi. It was here, according to Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," that the ghost of Caesar appeared to Brutus one night, saying: "Thou shalt see me at Philippi." The phrase has become proverbial. "I will meet you at Philippi" means that one will meet another in a decisive contest.

The battle at Philippi 42 B. C. was indeed one of the most decisive and memorable in history. In two successive encounters the mighty armies of the liberators were cut to pieces. In the first engagement Cassius committed suicide; in the second Brutus likewise; and with them died the hope of a restoration of the Republic. Thus at Philippi the foundations for the Roman Empire were laid, a proper place, therefore, for Paul to begin his conquest of Europe.

After his Empire had been firmly established, Caesar Augustus, needing a place to locate the veterans who had served out their time in the army, chose Philippi as one most worthy of that honor. In commemoration of his own victory and, at the same time, as a memorial to the murdered Julius Caesar, he made Philippi a Roman colony, giving it the high sounding name, preserved to us on inscriptions and coins: *Colonia Augusta Julia Victrix Philippensium*.

Among the population of Philippi, the Roman colonists, or rather their descendants, formed the dominating caste, while the native Macedonians composed the numerically strongest section. There was also a considerable admixture of Orientals which included but few Jews, for though situated at the Egnatian highway and a meeting place of East and West, Philippi was of but little importance as a commercial center.

As an extension of the great Metropolis, Philippi

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showed Latin influence also in the architecture of its public buildings, temples and private homes. This became apparent to the travelers as they neared the city. For miles the roadsides, similar to the Appian Way at Rome, were bordered by tombs, mausoleums, sepulchres and monuments engraved with Latin inscriptions and epitaphs commemorating the names and deeds of the silent sleepers. Silence reigned over this necropolis. The friends, each one given to his own thoughts, hurried along until, passing beneath the triumphal arch of Augustus, they reached the forum. Here they found themselves surrounded by a surging multitude curiously watching a procession that moved in the direction of a beautiful marble temple. Luke informed the friends that the sanctuary was dedicated to Sylvanus, the rustic god, whom the rural population of Italy, from which most of the colonists had been drawn, worshipped with offerings of fruit and wine. He cast an amused glance at his companion who bore the name of this god and who, perhaps for the first time, felt happily reconciled that the full sounding name of the pagan divinity had been shortened for him to the simpler Silas.

The procession entered the temple, the curious crowd dispersed, and the friends now had an open view of the forum with its palatial edifices and magnificent public buildings, its numerous monuments, and columns of heroes and its colossal statues of gods and goddesses. Most prominent among the pagan temples were the sanctuaries of Dionysius and Diana with the plastic presentations of the divinities in front of them. Conspicuous was also a massive turreted palace with broad front-steps, on the landing of which stood, under a roomy pillared portico, a carved stone bench, sufficiently broad to offer seats for two persons. This was apparently the residence of the Roman Duumvirs and the seat of the Philippian court. A little to the rear of it one noticed a gloomy structure, its windows heavily grated, the garrison of the imperial soldiery. Still further back, beyond an open place with a huge basin of water, another building

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was seen, which by its heavy, iron clad doors was recognized as the town prison. Little did Paul and Silas dream that a few days later those heavy gates, with their shrieking rusty hinges, would close behind them.

The monuments and statues which we erect in our public places to the memory of famous warriors or leading citizens rarely fulfill their purpose. Most people pass them by without taking note of the immortalized names; far less do they inquire about the deeds of valor or peaceful achievements that doomed these great men to be exposed, though in effigy only, to all the inclemencies of the weather. Inclemencies? The weather indeed proves more clement than man. Do not the tenderly brushing winds and the gently washing rains keep the bronze and marble figures of these immortals clean and recognizable, whilst as for man, these statues would soon be covered as heavily with dust as are their memories with oblivion? It is the stranger only, the occasional interested visitor who will seek out these memorials and linger in their shade, or who is taken there, for lack of great contemporaries worthy of his admiration, to do homage before these memorials of the dead. How proud and honored one feels as a citizen of a town, famous not for its own name, but for that of an illustrious son or palatable viand. The name of Concord immediately conjures up the ghost of Emerson or the spirits of the luscious Concord grapes, and at the mention of Koenigsberg some see before them the little form of Kant, great as philosopher beyond all reason, pure and practical, or a dish of tasty little dumplings able to appease the hunger of the inner man.

There were many statues on the Philippian forum, not as many indeed as on the *agora* of Athens, nor as crowded as the figures of modern "grandees" in the statuary hall of our national capital. They were, however, sufficiently numerous to detract from each other's beauty and impressiveness. In a collection of statues, as in an assemblage of great

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men, the individual person or figure shrivels to greater insignificance with each added number, as the single person vanishes in a crowd. Even the great, in order to appear great, must withdraw from the mob and stand alone. Only the truly great will have the courage to do so, especially in our effeminate times where strength and greatness is sought mainly in numbers, organization and centralization.

Yet even in a large gathering one conspicuous figure may rise into prominence above all others. Thus in the National Hall of Fame, the striking likeness of LaFollette, seemed to the writer to occupy the seat of honor, while all the great statesmen and warriors of a century and more, standing around in stony silence, listened to his eloquent lamentations: how a present generation has trodden under foot the ideals of true liberty and personal freedom for which the august hearers once labored and fought with all their eloquence and valor.

The forum at Philippi likewise had one or rather two dominant statues which attracted the curious gaze of the newcomers. Both showed the same facial expression and the inscriptions on the socles confirmed the fact that they represented the same person: Caesar Augustus. There he stood on the one side of the great square as the victor of Philippi in the paludament of an Imperator, reminding the Philippians of the martial deeds of their forebears to which he owed his imperial cloak; on the other side of the forum he presented half-nude in the cincture of a divinity the first sculptural intimation of incipient emperor-worship which later martyriized so many Christians who refused to burn incense before the statues of these demi-gods.

Paul and his company arrived at Philippi in the middle of the week and spent the remainder of it in search of a synagogue, but in vain. They could not even locate a *proseuche* or prayer-house. The number of Jews was either too small to maintain such a modest building or the Roman

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authorities had forbidden Jewish worship within the walls of the city.

The friends on their errands through the city had learned, however, that "a Sabbath day's journey," about three quarters of a mile "outside the gate by the river-side," was a place "where prayer was wont to be made." River banks and sea shores were regarded by the Jews as places most pure as well as most convenient for the frequent ablutions prescribed for their worship. It is not quite clear from Luke's account whether or not there was a *proseuche* at the Gangites. Old Tertullian suggests that the small Jewish congregation met there in the open, but we are inclined to assume that the worshippers, since they met there regularly, provided some kind of a humble structure to assure seclusion from curious passers-by, and protection against wind and rain.

On the first Sabbath after their arrival, the friends set out in search for the oratory. The streets of the city were busy as on every day, but over the river and plains outside lay the sacred calm of the morning. As they strolled along the Gangites, their ears suddenly caught the melancholy strains of a Hebrew psalm. They followed the familiar sound and soon spied, hidden in the thicket of a secluded nook near the river bank, a rustic hovel. A small band of women were chanting the psalms and prayers prescribed by the Jewish ritual for the day. The worshippers were not a little surprised at the unexpected arrival of four strange men, but continued their service, in which the newcomers joined, their deeper voices lending to the song greater resonance and harmonic fullness. At the end, after the exchange of the customary greetings of peace, the men seated themselves, and Paul taught the eagerly listening women the Word of God. He did not preach a formal sermon, for to such the speaker would rise; but, following the easy manner of the Jewish rabbis in explaining the Scriptures, he remained seated during his talk. Beginning with the

promises of Jehovah in the Old Testament, he spoke of the hope of Israel and of its fulfilment in Jesus Christ.

Among his hearers one seemed most attentive. She was not a Jewess, for her classic features, her light hair and eyes betrayed her Greek origin, while her costly yet simple garments and her gentle bearing proved her a woman of wealth and of aristocratic caste. Her name was Lydia, a name not uncommon in those days but chosen in her case with reference to her native country, Lydia, then part of the province of Asia. A wealthy widow, she probably continued the business of her husband, and was prosperously engaged at Philippi as a "seller of purple," for the manufacture of which her original home, Thyatira, had been famous already in Homeric times. This fact, as also the accuracy of Luke, is corroborated by an inscription found there, relating to the "guild of dyers."

It was but on rare occasions that the small congregation by the riverside was visited by a traveling Rabbi, and never before had these pious women heard a more interesting and impressive speaker. Luke, who likewise took part in the conversational teaching, noted with joy the great interest shown by Lydia. He did not, however, ascribe this pleasing effect to Paul's eloquence, far less to his own; for modestly he records: "Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, which worshipped God, heard us: whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the things which were spoken by Paul."

Most pleased was Lydia, as were the other women, to learn that Paul and his companions contemplated to stay longer at Philippi and to hold daily meetings at the *pro-seuche*. She was one of those modest simple characters, so frequently found among the "God-fearing Gentiles" and truth seekers in Pauline days. Devotedly she worshiped the God of Israel, and yet her heart remained unsatisfied, for not a few of the peculiar Jewish ceremonial observances, later innovations of the Scribes, were distasteful to her. Paul's Gospel sermon that morning appealed to her particu-

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lar need. She was anxious to learn more. Day after day she listened to him and became more and more convinced of the truth of the Gospel.

One day, a great and significant one in Paul's life, and as we now know a most significant day also in the annals of the Church and in the history of Europe, Lydia made open confession of her faith and asked to be baptized with her whole household. Other women, perhaps also a few men, followed her, when with her children and slaves, she stepped into the tranquil waters of the Gangites to receive the Sacrament of Holy Baptism.

No sooner were the solemnities of that memorable Baptism ended, when Lydia, in generous kindness of heart, requested Paul and his three companions to make her home their permanent abode. The Apostle demurred. Lydia renewed her offer. "If you have judged that I am faithful to the Lord come to my house," she entreated and would take no denial. "She constrained us," reports Luke in one of his favorite terms. Paul finally assented and the missionaries moved from the humble inn in a side street to her palatial mansion on one of the main avenues of the city.

Henceforth Lydia's house became the scene of Paul's missionary activities and the meeting place of a congregation which differed favorably from all others founded by Paul. A singular spirit of harmonious joyfulness and mutual helpfulness pervaded this home and the Philippian church, due undoubtedly to the gentle influence of this noble woman.

Peacefully and prosperously the days passed. Paul and his Gospel were favorably received at Philippi. Since there was no synagogue in the city, Paul had not to fear the fierce resentment his Gospel had excited everywhere among the leaders of his countrymen.

Nevertheless Paul was to learn one severe lesson at Philippi: that the Gospel was an offense to Gentiles also, whenever it touched their personal and political interests.

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Paul learned this to his sorrow when, toward the end of the year, an incident occurred which brought his stay at Philippi to an abrupt termination.

It seems peculiar that, while a man in Macedonian attire called Paul in a dream to his work in Europe, two women, upon his arrival there, should determine his first steps on that continent; one a wealthy and noble lady, the other a poor demented slave girl.

Though the house of Lydia was now the center of Paul's activities, the services at the river bank were by no means abandoned. On their frequent visits to the oratory, Paul and his companions occasionally noticed an unfortunate young slave girl in ragged garments, her hair disheveled, wandering about. Keeping her dark, staring eyes fixed on the path before her, she mumbled monotonously and incessantly half audible and incoherent words. She was one of those women who at all ages have been susceptible to what are now called psychic influences. In Apostolic times, however, these unfortunates were regarded as possessed by evil spirits, enabling them to divine things concealed from others. She was what modern psychologists would consider an excellent medium.

Luke says, the damsel was possessed with "a spirit of divination," a "Python-spirit" is the Greek reading. Python was the terrible serpent which Apollo is reported to have killed at Delphi, the place famous for the oracles of the Greek sun-god. Thereafter, Python became the designation for soothsayers and ventriloquists. Ventriloquism was then considered a sign of possession. The inhabiting spirit was thought to speak from the innermost soul of the ventriloquist, using the voice and the lips merely as his instruments. This peculiar faculty was extensively used in magic for personal gain.

For the unfortunate slave girl there was no personal gain in her affliction. Slaves were not to own money. A group of charlatans, however, perhaps a band of greedy priests, were the joint owners of the poor slave, which, says

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Luke, "brought her masters much gain by soothsaying."

The fact that the girl was demented made her the more valuable, for a peculiar reverence was attached to an insane person "whom Heaven had deprived of ordinary reason, in order to endow him with the spirit of prophecy." Her temporary insanity thus only confirmed the popular belief in her declarations.

At times in her idle ramblings, she would chance upon the rustic *proseuche* in the brushwood, curiously slink near, and absent-mindedly listen to the services within. To be true, her scattered brain grasped but little of what was said, but now and then in a lucid moment she would pick up a few phrases which often recurred in Paul's sermons. Then turning again to the woods she would listlessly repeat the words again and again until they finally became deeply impressed on her poor irrational mind. The words, though meaningless to her, seemed to have a soothing influence on the girl, who soon, as though drawn by an irresistible force, followed Paul and his companions everywhere. Muttering the acquired phrases under her breath, she would stroll after them, but when meeting strangers she would cry forth with clamorous frenzy and wild gesticulations: "These men are the servants of the most high God, which show us the way of salvation."

"This," says Luke, "did she for many days." No wonder that Paul, who at first, from mere pity for the poor benighted soul had tolerated her wild screams and shrill unearthly utterances, became indignant at the daily annoyance, and addressing himself to the Python by whom she was believed to be possessed, said with calm authority: "I command thee in the name of Jesus Christ to come out of her." Paul by his words shows that he shared the popular belief, so did Luke, the physician; for he laconically reports: "And he, (the spirit of divination) came out at the same hour."

* * *

The most vulnerable spot of man is his pocketbook.

When the priestly clique who owned the poor demented slave girl learned that her rational mind had been restored to her and that she had become normal in speech and behavior, they were in no wise pleased. Chafing under the loss of their lucrative traffic, they conspired to avenge themselves on the man who had interfered. Furiously they hurled themselves upon Paul and Silas—Timothy and Luke as minor offenders were spared—and dragged them amid the shouts and jeers of a constantly growing mob before the magistrates who happened to hold court that day in the forum.

Roman law was very severe with sorcerers; hence the cunning priests dared not give the true reason for the arrest. But when have hundred per cent patriots ever been at a loss for a plausible reason for the persecution of men who have engendered their wrath? So the priests resorted to the time old custom of Jew-baiting. The Jews at the time were in disrepute. The whole empire was rife with anti-Semitism, so much so that the Jews had been expelled recently from Rome by the Emperor Claudius. Why not accuse the missionaries of disturbing the peace? Paul had heretofore been the cause of several riots, always on the grounds that his teaching was hostile to the Jews. How strange then must have sounded the accusation to his ears: "These men, being Jews, do exceedingly trouble our city, and teach customs which are not lawful for us to receive, neither to observe, being Romans."

Patriotism, what crimes have been committed in thy name! When the Roman colonists of Philippi heard the word "Jews" and the accusation that they advocated disloyalty to Rome, a wild shout went up for immediate punishment. The judges, sharing the general antipathy against the Jewish race, were eager to appease the turbulent mob, and gave no opportunity to the accused to plead their cause or to assert their Roman citizenship. Without even the semblance of a trial, they pronounced the cruel sentence—

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"*summovete, lictores, despoliate, verberate,*" ("Remove them, lictors, strip them, flog them.")

Without delay the captives were seized and dragged to the courtyard in the rear of the praetorium, the ruins of which remain to the present day. Here the lictors tied their hands to the *palus* or whipping 'post', tore off their clothes, opened the fasces, seized the rods, and, in the sight of an infuriated mob unmercifully beat the bare backs of the missionaries until they were raw with bruises, stripes and bloody wheals. To make the measure of their suffering full, Paul and Silas were "thrust into the inner prison."

So at Philippi Paul for the first time became acquainted with a Roman prison. This usually had three distinct parts: the outer prison, *communiore*, where minor offenders were interned, admitted at least fresh air and light; in the inner prison, *interiore*, criminals were shut off from the rest by iron bars or heavily bolted doors; past these Paul and Silas were led by a stone stairs to the *Tullianum* or dungeon below, a cold damp cave or cellar with but a single heavily grated aperture near the vaulted ceiling, so small as to exclude almost entirely light and air. Since the jailor had been expressly charged "to keep them safe," he had their feet fastened into the *nervus* or stock, a heavy piece of wood with holes to fasten the feet in such manner that they were widely distended. After the prisoners were thus carefully secured, the oaken doors closed upon them.

Dazed with the blows and racked with pain, the weary, sleepless prisoners passed the first long dreary hours in the dank and nauseating cell, with spiders, rats and hideous vermin as their companions. What a difference between the comfortable and hospitable home of Lydia and this dismal, ugly hole! Was this the end of their promising work at Philippi? Were they perhaps doomed to death? The *Tullianum* of a Roman prison served commonly the same purpose as a modern death-cell, and frequently was the place of execution.

They had no means to ascertain their fate. In their distress they turned to prayer. The very act of prayer brings consolation to a heavy heart. They were well acquainted with the Psalms, the prayerbook of the Jewish synagogue and of the Christian Church. We are not told what psalms they prayed but we may be assured that the appropriate words came to their memory. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. For he has looked down from the height of his sanctuary, from heaven did the Lord behold the earth, to hear the groanings of the prisoners, to loose those that are appointed to death. They that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death; being fast bound in misery and iron; when they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, He delivered them out of their distress. For He brought them out of darkness, and out of the shadow of death, and brake their bands asunder. Oh, that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness, and declare the wonders that He doeth for the children of men; for He has broken the gates of brass, and smitten the bars of iron asunder."

In the synagogue, psalms and prayers were not simply spoken but chanted. Hence Paul and Silas most naturally fell into the wonted practice and their prayers, first muttered under their breath, turned into songs of praise. Awakened by the unusual sounds, the prisoners above listened with wonder and consternation to the "songs in the night," as they rose from below and turned the prison into a sanctuary. Toward midnight the singing grew louder and more distinct, and, while the sacred hymns floated through the damp air of the cells, the very walls of the prison seemed to reverberate in tune with the rhythmical strains. Now of a sudden they were accompanied by a deep rumbling noise not unlike the grave diapason of a full-sounding organ. Thus indeed sounded no human voice.

The subterranean rumblings recurred at regular intervals and increased in ominous force. Then came a violent crash which rocked the foundations of the prison. Its heavy

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doors burst open. Stones, and with them the staples which held the prisoners' chains, fell from the walls. The stocks in the dungeon opened from the force of the shock. Paul and Silas, freed from an awkward position, jumped to their feet, and holding their breath, as did the stunned prisoners in the cells above, waited irresolutely for further events. Not one dared leave the prison.

What had happened? Nothing very unusual. Philippi lay in a region where earthquakes were not infrequent. Hence there was nothing supernatural in the event itself. But there was one particular circumstance about the matter. The earthquake occurred just at the time when Paul and Silas were singing and praying in prison. A mere coincidence, some will say, but to Paul it meant more. God often works—many Christians will testify to this—by such coincidences. To Paul, the earthquake proved a confirmation of his faith in "God that heareth prayer."

Knowing that a Roman official entrusted with the safe-keeping of a prisoner would at the escape of the latter prefer death by his own hand to execution by the authorities—under Roman law the guard must suffer the penalty of the fugitive—Paul and Silas hurriedly ascended the prison-stairs to prevent such a tragedy.

They were just in time. From the rear of the dark corridor they saw through the wide open gate an excited figure, clad in a military cloak, rushing across the threshold. Desperation was written on the brow of the jailor who, finding the great gate open and hearing no sound within, drew his sword and was about to fall upon it and end his life, when his hand was stayed by the loud cry of Paul, "Do thyself no harm, for we are all here."

Startled at the sudden voice, the frightened jailor called for lights, rushed into the prison and, as the Bezan text tells us, safely secured the rest of the prisoners. Then hastening in a tremor of agitation to the Apostles in the rear of the prison, he fell at their feet in a complete nervous collapse.

Anxious moments passed, until he regained his self control; then, obeying a sudden impulse, he led the missionaries outside the prison, and here, under the moonlit sky, burst out in the fervent question, "Lords, what must I do to be saved?"

What did the jailor mean by this outcry? Where had he learned the great cardinal word of Christianity: "Saved"? Some have affirmed that he was merely seeking an answer to give to the magistrates, but he evidently had no investigation to fear since all the prisoners were safe. From the address "Lords" commonly used only for gods and emperors, he would rather seem overwhelmed by a gleam of illumination that he was in the presence of a higher power. Besides, he no doubt remembered the words so often yelled by the demented slave through the streets of Philippi, "These men are servants of the Most High God, which show us the way of salvation."

Paul answered the jailor, partly at least, in the same terms, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house."

"Thy house," the words reminded the jailor of his wife and children who were eagerly awaiting his report on what the earthquake had done to the prison and its inmates. He beckoned the Apostles to follow him to his quarters. He briefly reported that all was safe and then induced Paul to speak of the wonderful and great God he served. Gladly Paul preached to the jailor and his family the "good tidings" of Jesus, the Savior of mankind. All received the Gospel with joy and, upon their confession of faith, the Apostles took them to the fountain in the courtyard. Here the jailor with his own hands washed the stripes and sores of the prisoners while Paul and Silas in turn moistened the foreheads of the keeper and of his wife and children in Holy Baptism. They all then returned to the house and held a love feast, ended with Holy Communion.

The nightly earthquake at Philippi had caused com-

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paratively little damage to the houses and public buildings, but had thoroughly roused fear and apprehension among the populace. Such phenomena of nature were commonly ascribed to the wrath of the gods, and people wondered what had incited this. While Paul and Silas praised Jehovah for his mighty deliverance, the Philippians queried how to pacify the angry gods. Most frightened were the superstitious magistrates who felt conscience-smitten for having passed such hasty judgment upon the strangers, remembering now the words of the slave girl, "These men are the servants of the Most High God." To right the wrong, they sent messengers at the break of morning to the jailor, bidding him to set the prisoners free. Perhaps further evil might thus be averted.

When the warden saw the lictors hurrying toward the jail at such an early hour, he feared the worst and ran out to meet them. To his surprise he received, instead of the death warrant, the brief order, "Let these men go." His face immediately brightened at the happy turn the whole matter had taken. He quickly wheeled about, ran toward the house so fast that the lictors could hardly follow and already from the doorstep excitedly called to Paul, "The magistrates have sent to let you go: now, therefore, depart, and go in peace."

The pardoned men did not show the least sign of joyous excitement at the news of their unexpected release. In equanimity they kept to their seats.

Bewildered the jailor looked from one to the other; such perfect self-control he had never witnessed before. His amazement heightened still more when, at the entrance of the lictors, Paul sternly fixed his eyes upon the officers of the law and gave them, emphasizing each word, this return message to the magistrates: "They have beaten us openly uncondemned, being Romans, and have cast us into prison; and now they thrust us out privily? nay verily; but let them come themselves and fetch us out."

According to Cicero the words, "*Civis Romanus sum*,"

(I am a Roman citizen) held an almost magic charm which would often stay the hand of the oppressor and the robber. He knew well of what he was speaking, for one of his most eloquent speeches proved powerless to secure the acquittal of a governor by whom the rights of a Roman citizen had been infringed.

The Philippian magistrates were horrified on learning that these strangers whom they had ill treated were Roman citizens. They knew that by the *Lex Portia* their harsh act made them liable to the penalty of death. So they came in person, offered all kinds of excuses and besought Paul and Silas respectfully to leave the city. They evidently feared that a longer stay might cause further trouble.

Satisfied with the apologies offered and convinced that their courageous behavior had gained security for a time to the congregation, the missionaries consented to leave. First, however, they returned to the house of Lydia, convened the brethren and admonished them to be faithful to the Lord. Then leaving Luke behind to care for the promising work, Paul, Silas and Timothy left the Roman colony of Philippi by the Egnatian highway to seek a new field at Thessalonica.

A journey of a hundred miles can hardly be described in fewer words than Luke employs: "Now when they had passed through Amphipolis and Apolonia, they came to Thessalonica, where was a synagogue of the Jews." The cities named here were nearly equidistant from each other, approximately thirty miles. Hence, we assume, that the three travelers stopped at these places over night, thus making the entire journey in three days.

Paul took as little interest in Amphipolis and Apolonia as he did in Stagira, the birthplace of Aristotle, which he likewise passed on this journey. In this he differed greatly from modern tourists who must "take in" all the sights and listen to all the legends and historic events connected with a place. Paul, having a mission to fulfill, hastened on.

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On approaching Thessalonica, the wanderers climbed wooded hills which are now bare and savage. From the summit they had a wonderful view of the city and its magnificent harbor, hemmed in by the horns of two promontories and filled with numerous craft. Directly opposite they saw famous Olympus, overhanging the sea, its snow-clad summit reaching into the clouds. The beauty of a golden sunset lay over all.

Did Paul appreciate the lovely picture spread out before him? We do not know his frame of mind as he stood there, for appreciation of beauty depends entirely on one's mood. When Cicero looked upon the same scene during his melancholy exile at Thessalonica a century previous, he uttered in pathetic irony: "I see nothing but snow and ice."

Fatigued from the long march, the men rested a while. There was no need of hurrying to the city to procure lodgings for the night, for there lived at Thessalonica a distant relative of Paul, a rich merchant and influential citizen, held in high esteem by Jews and Gentiles. For social reasons he had changed his good Hebrew name of Joshua to that of a Greek hero, Jason; or, more likely, he used these names interchangeably. Even unannounced, the friends would be welcome at his home.

The city below, stretching along the Thermaic Gulf, was formerly known as Therma, 'Hot springs'. But it now bore the name of a woman, the sister of Alexander the Great. Her father, Philip, hearing of her birth on the day he conquered the Thessalians, named her Thessalonica, 'Thessalian triumph', in commemoration of the victory. When later her husband Cassander, son of Antipater, rebuilt and embellished Therma, he honored the city by the name of his wife.

Thessalonica had always been a commercial center, but when the Romans improved the many highways leading inland, its trade took on larger dimensions, drawing many people from all the countries around the Mediterranean. Its busy streets were crowded with an international throng.

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One would meet there Roman soldiers, Greek merchants and philosophers, brown men from Egypt, black men from Africa, blond Goths from the Danube, and numerous Jews. Even today the Jews outnumber all other nationalities at Saloniki, the present abbreviated name of Thessalonica.

On a vine-clad hill, now crowned by a Turkish Mosque, and during the Crusades by the church of St. Demetrius, the men caught sight of an extensive, gray building. Its high elevation and severely simple lines singled it out from among the richly adorned temples and public edifices. Correctly the men decided that this must be the famous synagogue of Thessalonica. There, no doubt, were other Jewish schools and *Proseuchae* in the city, but this was the main sanctuary which, like the Medieval Cathedral, served as the central place of worship, not only for the Thessalonian Jews, but for those of the outlying districts as well.

Paul immediately determined to make this prominent synagogue the center of his activities, trusting that the influence it already exerted over Macedonian Jewry might prove helpful also for the spread of the Gospel. He had not made a miscalculation in assuming that the Gospel might radiate in all directions from Thessalonica. In his first letter to the Thessalonians, written not long afterward, he states: "From you sounded out the word of the Lord not only in Macedonia and Achaia, but also to every place your faith to Godward is spread."

On the following Sabbath he spoke at that synagogue on the theme: "Jesus of Nazareth is the true Messiah." He began by explaining the prophecies, and proving by them that the Messiah was not merely to be a royal conqueror, as most Jews thought, but also a "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." With the Old Testament before him, he verified therefrom every statement he made. He showed that the Christ was to suffer and to rise again from the dead. He then related the life of Christ, dealing mainly with his suffering, death and resurrection, and, in conclu-

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sion, declared, "This is the Messiah, Jesus, whom I am preaching to you."

It was not merely from a sense of propriety and duty, but from true love for his people that Paul at Thessalonica, as everywhere else, first preached the Gospel in the synagogue. He never abandoned the hope of the conversion of Israel as a nation. Even though he should not live to witness that great event, he felt assured that some day, when the fullness of the Gentiles had entered the kingdom, Israel likewise would accept Christ as the Savior.

But here again, as so often before, he met with stubborn resistance and learned anew the discouraging lesson, that, while individuals may perchance change their religious views, this is hardly the case with an organized religious body. A few of his countrymen, among them Aristarchus, his future companion, and Jason, his relative and present host, gladly received the Gospel of Jesus; but the rest remained unconvinced, notwithstanding the fact that all his arguments were borne out by passages from the Holy Scriptures. After three Sabbaths Paul found the synagogue closed to him.

The few Jews were not his only converts, a multitude of Greek proselytes and not a few of the wives of leading citizens believed and followed him to the house of Jason which henceforth became the meeting-place of the ever growing Thessalonian congregation.

Paul not only preached but lived the Gospel. We have it on his own authority that he worked "day and night" at his trade, so as not to be a burden to any one. His own untiring labors gave him the right to admonish the Thessalonians to similar industriousness.

At the time a famine was raging, wages were low, unemployment prevailing. In such times of depression many find an excuse for indolence, preferring mendicancy to honest labor. These Paul sternly admonishes: "If any man does not work, neither shall he eat." He lays down as a general maxim for Christian conduct: "Let it be your

ambition to be calm, and to mind your own business, and to work with your own hands."

Meanwhile the price of wheat had risen to six times its usual cost. Paul hardly was able to earn the pittance which sufficed for his personal wants. The longer hours of work threatened to encroach on his ministerial work. His ministry indeed would have suffered under the famine, had it not been for two liberal gifts sent him by his friends from Philippi. These Paul dared not refuse; they came at an hour of dire need from friends who could well spare the money and who would have been pained by a refusal. Grateful to be thus enabled to offer his ministry absolutely free as heretofore, Paul resumed his missionary efforts with renewed enthusiasm and vigor and carried them on with marked success.

With envy, the dissenting Jews observed the steady growth in attendance at the house of Jason, while that of the synagogue noticeably declined. Most chagrined they were over the loss of the resources, the reverence and devotion of the leading women. To hinder the further progress of the Apostle's work, they took to conspiracy and calumny.

One day a mob of lubbers from the quays, idlers from the streets, loiterers and loafers from the forum, thugs and gangsters from the slums, the very dregs of the city, trooped to the house of Jason, turbulently calling for Paul and his companions. The Apostle was either at work elsewhere or kept in safe concealment. Enraged at the non-compliance with the request, and hounded by the Jews in the background, the crowd stormed the house, seized Jason and a few brethren and dragged them before the *demos*, the deme or 'Popular' Assembly of the city. Here the cry went up: "These fellows that have turned the world upside down have come here too. Jason has welcomed them. They all violate the decrees of Caesar, saying there is another king, one Jesus."

Perhaps some of the populace actually believed that Paul was declaring a rival king and a rival Empire; he had

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a great deal to say about the kingdom of Christ and of His Second Advent in glorious majesty. The charge was most serious, a *crimen majestatis* (high-treason).

The rulers of the city evidently did not believe the charge; yet, seeing the whole city in a state of riotous turmoil and living under the very shadow of a proconsular residence—even though the proconsul would never interfere in the affairs of a free city—they had to do something in the matter. A short hearing was held in which Jason, known as a respectable and law-abiding citizen, readily defended himself. The *politarchs* released him and the brethren, though not without placing them under bail to keep the peace.

Advisedly we have used the Greek term *politarchs* for it illustrates the political constitution of Thessalonica and proves the accuracy of Luke's narrative. Twice in Acts he calls the "rulers" of Thessalonica *politarchs*, a title which is used nowhere else in the New Testament and does "not occur in any other place in Greek literature." For this reason Luke has been suspected, up to a very recent period, of having committed a curious blunder. But some years ago, a visitor at Saloniki found a marble slab which once formed part of the triumphal arch erected by the Thessalonians to commemorate the victory of Augustus and Anthony, who granted the "freedom" to the city. On this slab certain statements about the *politarchs* were engraved. We learn from the fragments now preserved in the British Museum, not only that the magistrates of Thessalonica were called *politarchs* but that they were seven in number, and that three of the names are identical with the names of three friends of Paul from that region: Sosipater, Gaius and Secundus. Nor is this the only inscription in Thessalonica on which the ancient term occurs; sixteen other texts have been found containing the same confirmation of Luke's accuracy.

It was one of the saddest moments in Paul's life, when at an assembly of the congregation in the evening after the

riot, it was thought best for him and Silas to leave the city, while Timothy might remain to continue the work. The Jews were implacable; they might assassinate him or cause a new riot in the morning. But where were the Apostles to go? The nearest city would be Pella, the birthplace of Alexander the Great; but since it lay on the Egnatian highway, their presence there would soon become known to the Thessalonian Jews who would hound the hated fugitives from place to place. It was decided, therefore, to send the missionaries under cover of darkness to Berea, an out-of-the-way town about fifty miles to southwest. Here they might be safe, at least for a time.

About a hundred years previous, this pleasant little town, according to Cicero, had offered a haven to Piso, a governor of Macedonia, who, by his gross maladministration, had become so unpopular that he had to flee from Thessalonica by night.

We must admire Paul's courage that, on the Sabbath following his arrival at Berea, he entered the synagogue of the small colony of Jews. "These were," says Luke, "more noble than those of Thessalonica. They received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures to see whether those things were as Paul said."

This time his work among the Jews was signally rewarded; "many of them believed," and when "also a large number of prominent Greeks, both women and men were converted," the usual rupture with the synagogue did not occur.

The Jews of Berea consoled Paul for his failure at Thessalonica to such a degree that twice he planned to return there. Fortunately, he was prevented from carrying out this intention.

Meanwhile the news of Paul's success had reached the Jews at Thessalonica. Instantly they dispatched emissaries to rouse a Berean mob against him. Before the storm broke, however, the brethren safely conducted him to the nearest seaport. Silas and Timothy, who had recently rejoined the

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companions, stayed at Berea. It was safe for them to remain, for the fury of the Jews and their Gentile agents was chiefly directed against Paul, now again a hated and hunted outcast.

* * *

Gentle winds from the rugged shores of Macedonia blow steadily upon the widespread sails of a small coaster as she slowly recedes down the Gulf of Therma toward the Aegean Sea. A little nervous man stands at her rail amidst a group of friends waving a last farewell to another group on the shore, Christians from Berea who have escorted their beloved teacher to the harbor, from whence he is bound for Athens, a sail of about three days. Not as a pilgrim to the "mother of arts and eloquence" has he boarded the ship, but as a fugitive from threatening danger, leaving behind in each church one of his friends to continue his work. Silas remained at Berea, Timothy returned to Thessalonica "to establish the brethren there, and comfort them in the faith," while Luke, the beloved physician, abode at Philippi.

Athens, however, was not to be merely a temporary place of refuge for Paul. This ever active "servant of God" was fully determined to preach the Gospel of Jesus in the very center of Greek paganism, and to unseat the ancient gods in their very stronghold.

Did he realize, as he set out to sea, the almost insurmountable difficulties of such an undertaking? Not far from the shore, snow-crowned Olympus, the legendary abode of the Grecian gods, was plainly visible during almost the whole of the first day. Then Pelion and Ossa rose into view. Did Paul recall the myth of the Titans, who, in their vain battle against the celestials, were said to have "heaped Ossa upon Pelion" to storm the seat of the gods? Was not his a similarly gigantic task, an endeavor likely as unsuccessful? Impossible! His was a faith which "could remove

mountains," a courage undaunted; his the blessed assurance: "God giveth us a victory."

As opinions differ whether Paul went to Athens by land or by sea, so the scholars who think that he made the trip aboard ship dissent again regarding the exact route. Some believe that, on the second day, the boat entered the narrow sound between the island of Euboea and the Greek mainland, thus passing Thermopylae and the plains made famous by the battle of Marathon; while others affirm that the ship continued her course to the east amidst the beautiful, sea-washed isles of Greece. In either case the ship, the third day, rounded the famous promontory of Sunium, where, high up on the furthestmost rock far above the foam of the breaking waves, the white temple of Neptune stood out in all its marble beauty. Even today, the massive Ionic pillars of the sea-god's sanctuary, rising stately above the crumbling moss-grown ruins, reveal to the traveler the "glory that was Greece."

Doubling this cape, Paul could see in the distance the bronze helmet and the point of the uplifted lance of Pallas Athene, glittering in the sun, for centuries the landmark to approaching boats. This great statue, a masterpiece of Phidias, over sixty feet in height, stood near the famous Parthenon on a ragged rock that rose sheer and high in the center of the city of Athens. The colossal image of Athena and her magnificent temple gave to every returning Greek and to strangers, who flocked to Athens in great numbers, a peculiar heart-thrill. Not so to Paul who as a Pharisee abhorred even the "shadow of a shadow of an idol." The formal beauty of a statue did not impress him who had seen the glorified human features of Christ, the Image of the Father, the real and absolute God. He was convinced that in due time this idol would be dethroned by the Gospel of Christ. His confidence was justified, for there came a day, though in the late future, when the Parthenon on the hill and the temple of Athena in the city were turned into Christian churches.

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To make sure that their city in time of war would not suffer by an interruption of its food supply, the Athenians had connected the port of Athens with the city by the celebrated Long Walls. An hour's walk along the highway between these walls brought Paul from Piraeus where he disembarked to the heart of Old Athens.

At Paul's arrival, this ancient city, then twice as old as Rome, had passed the zenith of its power and civilization. It had long lost its independence; its greatest orators and poets, its most renowned philosophers and artists were dead; yet notwithstanding her burghers' plain dwellings, built mainly of frame or common brick, it still remained a place of rare beauty and the center of Greek culture.

High above the city, the Acropolis, crowned by the Propylaea, the Erechtheum and the Parthenon, the magnificent temple of Pallas Athena, goddess of wisdom and guardian of the city, soared high into the azure expanse of a cloudless southern sky. A little toward the north stretched the hill of the war god Ares, the Areopagus or Mars Hill, where the highest Athenian court held its sessions in the open air.

At the foot of the eastern slope of this hill stood a marble temple in the Doric order, generally called the temple of Theseus, but probably dedicated to Hephaestus (Vulcan), the divine smith. This temple owes its almost perfect preservation to the fact that during the Middle Ages it was used as a Christian church. It adjoined the covered colonnades and porticoes which encircled the market place, the great *agora*, shaded by plane trees and filled with countless statues, altars and shrines. Scattered over the city were numerous temples, theaters, public halls, *stadia* and *gymnasia*, adorned by the chisel of a Phidias and a Praxiteles, and embellished by the brush of a Zeuxis and a Parrhasius, all of them marvelous creations of immaculate beauty.

We shall not venture here upon a detailed description of the beauties of the foremost city of Greece, knowing

that it is a thankless task to "carry owls to Athens." We do not refer here to that wonderful bird whose large head and solemn eyes gave it an air of sagacity and made it for the Greeks an emblem of wisdom, sacred to Pallas Athena. We rather allude to those among our readers—and there are many—who stare at these lines through broad and dark-rimmed glasses which give them the appearance of that sacred owl.

We invite, however, these "wise owls" to a stroll with Paul through the suburbs of the great University City where men from all parts of the Empire came to finish their education. Four schools claim our special attention, each bearing indelibly the stamp of its founder: the Academy of Plato, the Lyceum of Aristotle, the Garden School of Epicurus, and the School of the Stoa or Porch of Zeno.

The Academy founded by Plato, whose idealistic philosophy by far transcended the common thought-trends of ordinary life, was appropriately situated far beyond the old city walls in the Outer Ceramicus, part of which was used as a national cemetery and pleasure ground on the banks of the Cephissus. In an opposite direction almost as removed locally and intellectually from the busy life of the city, stood the realistic school of Aristotle, in another resort bordering the murmuring waters of the Ilissus. From the ambulatory habits of its founder, who used to teach his students while strolling up and down the Walk (*peripatos*) along the athletic field, his adherents became known as Peripatetics and his school, the Lyceum, as the Peripatetic School. Sometimes his walks would extend through the first Zoological Garden made possible by the munificence of Alexander the Great, Aristotle's royal pupil.

Idealistic Platonism was mainly concerned with mathematics, philosophical speculation and Utopian political theories, while realistic Aristotelianism eagerly pursued the study of logic, biology and the natural sciences. The students of the Academy devoted themselves primarily to philosophy as an attractive and agreeable pastime; those of

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the Lyceum to science mainly for science's sake. These schools were almost exclusively for gentlemen of means and leisure from the ranks of the landed aristocrats. With these men of higher social standing, Paul, the simple craftsman, apparently did not come into contact.

But "certain philosophers of the Epicureans and Stoics encountered him," according to Luke, while he was conversing with devout persons in the market of Athens. The Epicureans and Stoics were of a more practical trend of mind, making science and philosophy the servitors of life. Due to the simplicity and easy application of their theories, they had a far greater following among their contemporaries than their aristocratic rivals of the Academy and Lyceum. Since Paul came into direct contact with these philosophies, Epicureanism and Stoicism must engage our attention for a brief moment, especially since Epicurus would strenuously object to be classed as an Epicurean in the modern sense of that word.

To us who think of the Garden of Eden as the place of perfect human happiness long since gone, and who look forward to a paradise, a place of bliss in heaven, it seems highly appropriate that the philosophic school which made happiness the highest end of life and wisdom should have been located in a garden and should have been known as the Garden School. "Epicurus," says Fenelon, "bought a fair garden, which he tilled himself. There he set up his school, and there he lived a gentle and agreeable life with his disciples, whom he taught as he walked and worked." Though he led a simple and noble life, he and his teachings have ever been held in evil repute. For Rabbinic writers *Epicurosîn* (Epicureans) is almost synonymous with Atheists. No wonder perhaps, since Epicurus considered the universe not the grand work of a divine creator but simply the result of a "fortuitous combination of atoms," a materialistic view of the world that sounds strangely modern. Nevertheless Epicurus allowed for the existence of gods. In classical writings also, "epicurean" is used in a bad sense. In our lan-

guage an "epicure" is a fastidious glutton, yet Epicurus, though making pleasure the only conceivable and legitimate end of life and action—"Flee pain and seek pleasure"—finds this happiness, not in the gratification of sensual desires or in the ordinary pleasures of life, but rather in the joys of the intellect, in *ataraxia*—a state of equanimity, of constant peace of mind, that makes one feel perfectly secure and happily content.

To visit the fourth and most influential school we must return to the city. Approaching the *agora* we find this busy center almost deserted, and a glance at the "Tower of Winds" shows that the time for the midday siesta is not yet passed. Being too early for school—how few students experience this annoying feeling—we examine the figures which decorate the tower. There is Boreas (the north wind) "a cross looking old man in a heavy cloak"; there the other winds, as fittingly represented. The Athenians were very proud of this edifice, a monument of art as well as of scientific attainment; for this tower, equipped with a water clock, a sun dial, and a weather vane, served as the time and weather bureau of the ancient world's intellectual metropolis. Crossing from the Roman to the Greek marketplace—some claim both formed but one forum—we stop a moment before the altar of Pity, a goddess worshiped by the Athenians alone. We then pass along the public porticoes and admire the paintings illustrating the most memorable scenes and victories in Athenian history, until we finally reach, in the northwest corner of the market, the *Stoa Poikile*, the 'Painted Porch' where Zeno taught his disciples (hence the name Stoics).

The Stoics, in opposition to the materialistic Epicureans, were essentially pantheistic and spoke of "God" as the Spirit of Reason of the universe. This god was not, however, to be considered as a person, but as a force, a fire or mist, which permeated all things, producing them out of itself and resuming them to itself again. Paul's words in Athens, "in Him we live and move and have our being" are,

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in our opinion, a Stoic quotation. This school, more than any of the others, fitted men for the battle of life. No wonder that such noble men as Epictetus, Seneca and Marcus Aurelius, were counted among its adherents. To them, virtue was the highest good; resignation, restraint and self-control the foremost attributes of man. The highest aim of man was *apatheia*—a philosophical indifference and insensibility against pains and pleasures alike. He is truly happy who has overcome the world as well as his own passions. But as Epicureanism degenerated into the glorification of selfishness and lust, so Stoicism to fatalism and the worship of suicide. Zeno, the founder of the school, himself ended by his own hand.

Epicureanism and Stoicism widely appealed to the best of their times and deeply influenced the lives of coming generations, for each sought an answer to the deepest hidden longings of the human heart. Epicureanism tried to satisfy the innate desire of every human soul for lasting happiness; Stoicism man's ardent longing for complete independence from the disturbing influences of the outer world. Yet neither the philosophy of the Garden nor that of the Porch could satisfy these natural desires; both felt the right answer, but could not give it. The Gospel of Christ alone offers both: "a divine peace that passeth all understanding" and "the conquering faith that overcometh the world." The deepest questions of the human heart are not answered by Philosophy but by Religion, as St. Augustine in his "Confessions" so beautifully expresses it: "Our heart remaineth restless within us, until it rests in Thee."

This Gospel of Peace, Paul was now to preach, not only in the synagogue, but also to the pagan inhabitants of the city as the only salvation for Athens and for its great minds and beautiful souls.

There are cities which need no special publicity to attract strangers and travelers. Such was Athens. The fame of her schools and the charm of her art sufficed to draw

people there from all civilized countries. If propaganda at all, it must at least be considered propaganda in its better and pre-war sense, when an old Greek poet writes: "Foolish is he who does not wish to see Athens; more foolish he who saw it and did not love it; but the greatest fool is he who saw it, who loved it, yet left it."

Paul saw Athens. He wandered through its streets and suburbs all alone—the proper way to see a city and study its inhabitants. There is no more ludicrous sight than a drove of sight-seers following an official guide like geese a gander, or a group of tourists huddled together in an omnibus "doing" a town. How amusing it is to see the former nod understandingly when the guide points out a certain object, or to hear the latter, when a name is howled at them through a megaphone—making the indistinctly pronounced name still more mysterious—answer in chorus with the inevitable "Ah!" Place on each inquisitive nose a pair of tortoise shell glasses, in one hand a parasol or umbrella, in the other a guide book bound in glaring red covers, and you have the finest specimen of *homo sapiens* in search of knowledge, the globe-trotter.

Paul's opinion of Athens, based upon his own observations, certainly differed from that of the poet mentioned. He made no attempt to withhold it from others. He must have spoken of it to Luke who tells us: "Now when Paul waited for them (Silas and Timothy) at Athens, his spirit was stirred within him, when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry," or as the margin reads, "full of idols."

This was indeed no rhetorical exaggeration but a literal fact. An ancient writer said of it, "On every side there are idols, images and temples," while another caustically remarks, "at Athens it was easier to find a god than a man."

All these innumerable divinities had their festivals. Not only were they worshipped by countless sacrifices and pompous liturgies in the temples, but gaudy street processions and colorful pageants, athletic games in the *stadia*, musical contests and poetical declamations in the Odeum, the 'Hall

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of Song', were held in their honor. Even the theaters originally served a religious purpose. Thus the dramatic performances in the great outdoor theater built into the southern slope of the Acropolis were held in honor of Dionysus. Did Paul visit the famous place and see there a play of Aeschylus? Nero, the young, recently crowned Emperor, was just then lavishly contributing to the erection of its new stage. Perhaps Paul witnessed the great Panathenaea and its grand pageant, held every fourth year in honor to the city's guardian goddess. If not, he saw at least, unmarred by destructive time, its sculptural presentation on the marble frieze of the Parthenon, that marvelous piece of art which even now in its decay delights the eye of the spectator. It showed the grand march of the Athenians. The procession, headed by youths on spirited steeds, followed by maidens, matrons, soldiers and flute players, passed the center of the eastern front before the divinities as spectators of the imposing scene. For the Athenians this pageant seemed a sight for the gods; but for Paul, the Jew, it must have been a scene of abhorrence; for Paul the Christian, a sight stirring his heart to that pity and sympathy which he expresses in his letter to the Corinthians: "Ye were Gentiles, carried away unto these dumb idols, even as you were led."

If Paul had not originally planned to preach at Athens, he certainly felt constrained to do so when he saw the idolatrous city and witnessed the pagan manner of worship, the numerous sacrifices and pompous pageants of its superstitious inhabitants.

He grew still more determined when one day, strolling through the streets, he discovered an altar, the inscription of which, almost effaced by age, read: "To the Unknown God."

There are different legends connected with the origin of this inscription. The most plausible seems that several altars at Athens originally bore no dedication. Later these were added, but here and there an altar was found, the original dedication of which remained doubtful. These then

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were inscribed: "To an Unknown God." Two Greek historians testify to the existence of several altars with this inscription.

Paul could decipher Greek uncials and read the inscription correctly, not only its wording but also its meaning. He did not think for a minute that the altar had been originally dedicated to Jehovah, the God of Israel, who seemed so mysterious to the Gentiles that they called him *pankryphos*, the 'all-concealed' god. In a similar sense, some theologians read the word *agnostos*, found by Paul on this altar: "To the Unknowable God" instead of "To the Unknown God." Paul found in the proper reading, "To the Unknown God," an acknowledgement of some divinity for whom the Athenians were longing, but to the knowledge of whom they could not and did not attain. To Paul himself the God unknown to the Gentiles, naturally was Jehovah, and this God of the Jews and Christians he determined to preach.

True to his principle Paul first preached in the synagogue, we do not know with what success. Jewish influence in Athens was negligible; the number of Jews perhaps small. Athenian liberalism may have made them more tolerant. They did not interfere when Paul "conversed daily in the market with those who chanced to be present."

The Athenians, a gay-minded people, fond of leisure and gossip, spent most of their time, save the hours of extreme heat, in the *agora*. The intelligentsia of the city, philosophers, rhetors, and grammarians were also there. Only the intellectual highbrows, the Academics and Peripatetics, the wealthy aristocratic disciples of Plato and Aristotle, kept aloof from the democratic medley on the market. That is why Paul did not meet them; while he frequently encountered the more popular Stoics and Epicureans.

Minor members of the philosophic ilk always found it easier to ape the peculiarities of their masters than to master and follow their doctrines. Ever since Socrates, barefoot and poorly clad, walked the streets of Athens buttonholing

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a youth here and there for a discourse on some intellectual subject, ambulating philosophers of divers schools, marked as such by long flowing mantles—the plain early patterns of the modern elaborate and colorful academic gowns—endeavored to engage a curious populace in some argument or discussion in the street, or bid for an audience under the porticoes and arcades around the forum to expound a new fad. They never lacked hearers, for Athenian curiosity and idleness was proverbial. Demosthenes not without irony, confesses, “We Athenians are staying at home doing nothing . . . or are asking in the market ‘What is new?’” Luke seconds the famous orator: “All the Athenians and the foreign visitors spent their time with nothing else than repeating or listening to the latest news.”

Doctors of Philosophy, ancient and modern, learned though they be, are not entirely beyond envy! Zealous of their own reputation, they are prone to minimize the fame of their colleagues. When some students at Athens apprised their philosophical guides of the presence of a foreign teacher in the *agora*, who by his appearance, nationality and message attracted great crowds, a number of Stoic and Epicurean teachers tried to draw him into a debate. For a while they listened to his preaching of the Gospel, but when he ardently explained its essentials, some turned away. Paul seemed to them no worthy opponent.

Forsooth, old Socrates, the personification of ugliness as seen from statues still extant, could hardly have been less attractive in his shabby, ragged mantle than this “ugly Jew,” as Renan calls him, in his coarse, homespun cloak. His whiskered face, with knitted eyebrows and Semitic nose, his small figure, his curved legs gave him a strange appearance which did not prejudice in his favor the philosophers of Athens, who, like all Athenians, admired the beauty of the human form. The strangeness of his doctrine, which had nothing in common with the philosophical systems then in vogue, repelled them still more. So a goodly number of these arrogant and self-complacent sciolists left

him with the contemptuous remark: "What will this babbler say."

'Babbler' (*spermalogos*), a current slang term at Athens had, like all derisive nicknames, a history of its own. Meaning literally a 'seed-picker', it was used of crows and other birds, frequently seen in public places hopping about the pavement, pecking at the crumbs or seeds that had fallen there. Metaphorically it was applied to beggars who kept alive by gathering up scraps of food. Rag-pickers, shoplifters and sneak-thieves went by the same name. Among the Athenian philosophers it designated a man who had not enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education at some school, but had picked up a smattering of learning here and there. Paul, in the eyes of these Greek intellectuals, lacked the "university stamp," and was as welcome among them as, in modern times, in collegiate, professional and even ecclesiastical circles a man without a degree!

A few of Paul's hearers of inquisitive bent took him more seriously, or at least, found him amusing and interesting. After listening a while they said to one another, "He seems to be the herald of foreign deities," to which Luke adds, "for he preached Jesus and the resurrection."

Many theologians conclude from this that Paul's hearers thought he was proclaiming a new pair of gods. Resurrection in Greek was *anastasis*, hence Jesus and *anastasis* were regarded by them as a male and female deity. We cannot share this view, for if such were the case, either Paul must have been confusingly obscure in his preaching or his hearers incredibly stupid. They correctly understood, however, that Paul was preaching a new religion.

As the crowd of curious Athenians grew constantly larger, so that those farther away could not hear him for the din and noise of the public square, they led him up the rock-hewn steps—which still exist—to the spacious plateau of the Areopagus, a place specially prepared for public speakers.

The name Areopagus, meaning "the hill of Ares," was

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popularly derived from the legendary trial of Ares (Mars, the god of war) before twelve gods as judges for the murder of the son of Poseidon (Neptune, god of the sea) who had attempted a violation of his daughter Alcippe. Since time immemorial, this hill had been the seat of Athens' highest court, which had jurisdiction over all capital offences: murder, arson, and the breach of the established religious usages. On the top of this hill there still can be seen the rock benches on which the Areopagites sat, as also two rocks for the accused.

Some theologians tell us that Paul was brought before this court. They claim that Athens was ready to recognize almost any god from any part of the world, but that before such a god could be publicly worshipped at Athens, the Areopagus had to pass on its claim. In days gone by, Anaxagoras, Socrates and others had been tried before this court and were condemned to death for setting forth strange gods. No doubt, had Paul been brought there for trial, he would have shared their fate.

Archeologists and schoolmen, on the other hand, claim that Paul was arrested as an unauthorized lecturer and brought before this august council which had the right to pass upon the qualifications of all lecturers either in the universities or in the city. An unprejudiced reader of Acts will never gain the impression that Paul came up for an examination before the "state regents" to get a "preacher's license."

The Areopagus was well chosen, both for the orator and the audience. A large crowd could comfortably arrange itself on the mound and hear without missing a single word, especially since Paul's rather weak voice was amplified by the wall of a porch erected there for the convenience of the court in inclement weather.

When, on that memorable day, Paul reached the Areopagus, the Stoics and Epicureans—the Pharisees and Sadducees of Athens—extended to him a courteous though

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somewhat ironical invitation: "May we know what this novel teaching of yours is? You indeed bring strange things to our ears, now we want to know what they mean."

Never, perhaps, was an orator called upon to speak under greater disadvantages. One must admire the courage of Paul who, a foreigner and barbarian in the eyes of the Athenians, ventured to address in the vulgar tongue of the provincial *Koiné*, these "Bostonians of antiquity," accustomed to the choicest Greek spoken with nicest attention to accent and pronunciation, and who, a despised Jew of mean appearance and diminutive stature, amidst the finest specimens of the most perfectly developed race the world had ever seen, amidst men of graceful forms and noble countenances, dared to denounce the religion and the gods, the philosophy and the teachers of the haughtiest and most self-confident peoples of all ages.

Yet, there he stands on Mars Hill: before him the marble Propylaea leading to the Parthenon, the glorious temple of the Virgin goddess, Athena, five hundred feet above the level of the seas; at its side the giant image of the goddess with the mighty spear in her hand; at the foot of the Areopagus the magnificent Theseum; beneath all around Athens, a wilderness of minor temples, a Pantheon of idols and statues, and on the horizon the mountains and the sea. There he stands ready to deliver the most memorable speech ever heard from this famous rocky rostrum, an extempore speech which will be read and pondered long after the studied orations of Socrates and Demosthenes, of Plato and Aristotle shall have been forgotten.

Of Paul's famous address on the Areopagus, Luke gives in Acts but a brief outline, a summary which, omitting all transitions, records merely the dominant thoughts. The gist of the address and certain specific sentences were given to Luke either by Paul himself or by some interested hearer, perhaps by Dionysius, the old *archon* and judge of the Areopagus, who was converted by Paul.

Paul opens his address with the traditional phrase:

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"Men of Athens," and with a delicate, though double-edged tribute, "I observe at every turn that you are a most religious people.

"Why, as I was passing along and scanning your sacred institutions, I actually found an altar bearing the inscription:
TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.

"Whom therefore, you ignorantly worship, Him I declare unto you."

When we who are brought up in Christian thought, read Paul's address, everything seems familiar and natural, but to his auditors on the Areopagus, reared in entirely different surroundings, all he said seemed bizarre. They could hardly understand it, and much less agree to it. We, on the other hand, never understand and appreciate the full significance of his speech at Athens, unless we constantly bear in mind the place and the time of its delivery as well as the cultural and religious views of the men to whom Paul proclaimed the Unknown God.

Paul's audience, that listened without a murmur to what must have seemed impieties, must have been composed of philosophers and religious sceptics, or, to use Huxley's expression, derived from the same inscription from which Paul took his text, agnostics. They, indeed, did not let him finish his speech, but during the exordium they remained marvelously quiet.

The unknown God, Paul proclaims, is *God*, the only true and living God; not a mere vague *Idea* as the god of Plato; not a mysterious *pantheistic force* as the god of Aristotle; not an *aggregate of atoms* as the god of Epicurus, not an *enlivening soul-god animating the bodies* as the god of the Stoics, nor indeed a new tribal god clamoring for reception among the many gods and goddesses already worshipped at Athens, all of them poetic creations of human fancy, personifications of hidden natural forces, enlarged facsimiles of man with all his virtues and vices. The unknown God is the One God, almighty and eternal Jehovah, who *was, is, and forever shall be*.

This unknown God is the Creator of the universe—a new revelation to the Athenians—for the thought of a divine creation never occurred to even the greatest of their philosophers.

This unknown God is the Lord of heaven and earth who does not dwell in shrines that are made by human hands. He can be neither imprisoned by the walls of a sanctuary nor limited to national boundaries. What Stephen boldly declared before the Sanhedrin in the Temple of Jerusalem, Paul repeats here in full view of the Parthenon.

This unknown God is the paternal Provider of all. "He is not served by human hands, as if he needed anything who gives life and breath and all things to all men." Thus Paul declares all their offerings and libations, their sacrifices and pageants to be in vain.

This unknown God is the Creator also of man. "All nations of man He has created from one blood." This proclamation of the physical oneness of humanity and of the moral unity of the race was another idea new and displeasing to the Athenians who once considered themselves as *Autochthones*, (men sprung from the native soil) and who, even after they had abandoned this vain idea, still considered themselves superior to all other people.

This unknown God is the Ruler of all nations, holding the threads of their fate in His hands, "appointing the time of their rise and fall, and the bounds of their habitation." It was as hard for the Athenians to understand that it was God who assigned to Greece her peculiar place among the nations and to each tribe its place in Greece, as it is for many of our contemporaries to realize that each nation holds its own position in the family of nations and has its particular mission to perform, and for our historians to learn that the crises and great movements in history are but "the brief embodiment or the transient realization of His will."

This unknown God is the Author of religion, having planted into the hearts of men that deep yearning, seeking,

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groping for God and for communion with Him, which finds its expression in the divers cults and religious ceremonies of all nations. Yet while there is an element of truth underlying all religions, only the Gospel can satisfy the hungry heart of heathendom.

This unknown God is an omnipresent God. "He is not far from every one of us: for in Him we live and move, and have our being," Paul clinches this truth by the well-known *hemistich* of Aratus, and Cleanthes, "For we are also of His offspring." Although the pagan poets had written these words in a pantheistic sense, the Christian Apostle does not hesitate to make their words point to the true God.

This unknown God is "Spirit" and cannot be represented in cunning effigies. We must admire the cogency of Paul's argument. Pointing to all the carved and molten idols all around, he declares: "Since then we are God's offspring, we ought not to imagine that God is like a thing of gold or silver or stone, a carving of man's art and invention." We are not bodies merely. In each of us exists the real *ego* (our true self) which no sculptured image of the body can truly represent. How absurd it is to imagine that an image of gold, silver or marble should represent the Father whose offspring we are.

Thus far Paul had declared to the Athenians in a quiet and didactic manner the nature and works of the Unknown God, the vanity of their heathen deities and idols and the insufficiency of the teachings of their philosophers and priests. Now he suddenly changes the manner and subject of his discourse: the preacher turns a prophet, who, making a practical application of what he has said, an inspired messenger of God, clothed with divine authority, he demands of his hearers thorough repentance, a complete conversion, an entire change of heart and life. "The times of ignorance God overlooked but he now commandeth every one everywhere to repent."

What courage, to call the times of the great Athenian philosophers, orators, statesmen and artists, times of ignor-

ance! What audacity, to command those self-confident and proud Athenians to repent! This is no persuasion, no admonition, no entreaty, but a direct command, a definite bidding, made the more impressive by the proclamation of the Day of Judgment, another truth of which the Athenians had never heard. They might perhaps have agreed to the fact that "the history of the world is the judgment of the world," but Paul goes beyond this *dictum* of natural religion and rationalism and declares a final judgment of the world by Christ: "Repent, inasmuch as he (the Unknown God) has fixed a day on which he will soon judge the world in righteousness, by a man whom he has ordained: and he has given proof of this to all by raising him from the dead."

With this, Paul has arrived at his real subject: Jesus, the Risen Lord. But he finds no opportunity to proclaim the fullness of the Gospel of Christ at Athens. He has lost the attention and the good will of his hearers, "for when they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked; while others said, 'We will hear you again on that subject!'" To their mind, the idea of the Resurrection was preposterous; they had advanced no further than Socrates, who at his sentence of death by the Areopagites, declared: "We now part from each other, I go to death, you to life—no one knows who has chosen the better part."

In the midst of a crowd anxious to hear his new doctrine, Paul had ascended the Areopagus; a lonely man he returned to his abode. As a despised prophet, a rejected messenger, he soon left the city that remained the bulwark of heathen philosophy for centuries to come, until the emperor Justinian I. closed Athens' last philosophical school in 529 A. D. This was the death-knell of paganism in the Graeco-Roman Empire. "Some men, however, did join him (Paul) and believe, including Dionysius the Areopagite, and a woman called Demaris, and some others."

* * *

All alone, carrying with him his few belongings and

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the disappointment of having worked at Athens almost in vain, a gloomy feeling which even the bright sunshine that lay over Attica could not dispel, Paul plodded along the royal highway which the ancient caravans followed in their journeys from the city of culture to the city of commerce.

Already from the summit of the Athenian Acropolis he had seen, forty-five miles to the west, the steep cone-shaped Acrocorinthus, rising nearly two thousand feet above the city of Corinth.

Again and again, whenever Paul reached an elevation on his way, the far mountain loomed to sight, seemingly growing in height with every mile that brought him nearer to the capital of the Roman province of Achaia, *emporium* of trade between the East and West.

This single mountain seemed more attractive than all the lovely scenes of hills and dales along the road-side. Early on his march he passed through Eleusis, where, in prehistoric times, originated the *Eleusinia*, the most famous of Greek mysteries which later formed an important part of the Athenian state religion. There are scholars who wish to have us believe that Paul borrowed much of his Christian theology from these mysterious rites. We may pass these modern theories as unconcernedly as Paul passed the city from which they are named.

Later on his journey, he spent perhaps a night at Megara, noted for its philosophical school and its founder, Euclid, whose treatise on geometry still brings an occasional nightmare to modern students of mathematics. (How happy we felt when we could lay old Euclid to rest!) At Megara, Paul could rest peacefully, for neither geometry nor philosophy were his concern.

For the last few miles of his journey Paul wonderingly observed a hard stone road bed—the modern traveler can still see pieces of it—running close by the side of the highway. He marvelled still more when, a short distance ahead, he saw the bare masts and riggings of a ship towering above the brush and shrubs of the plain. It moved but slowly,

and when he caught up, he discovered that a sea vessel, resting on a roller cradle, was being dragged along that second road, called, as he learned later, *diolkos* or 'drag-way'. In those days of primitive navigation the doubling of Malea, the southernmost promontory of Greece, was considered so perilous that a proverb warned the traveler: "When you round Malea forget about your home." Hence ships bound from Asia to Italy, in order to avoid the tides and restless billows of the cape, sailed up the Saronic Gulf to Cenchraea, the eastern port of Corinth. Here they were unloaded, or, if they were of moderate tonnage, lifted, without disturbing their cargo, from the waters and hauled across the Isthmus to Lechaum, the western port of the city, where they were relaunched within a day. This brought enormous commerce to Corinth, making it one of the wealthiest cities of antiquity.

A few years after Paul's arrival, Emperor Nero visited the city. How often Nero and Paul, "the two best hated men of the first century," crossed each other's tracks! This Emperor undertook to cut a canal through the Isthmus, only to abandon the project. This attempt was unsuccessfully repeated at different times, but the canal was not completed until 1893.

Meanwhile the mountain came into plainer view and Paul was able to discern on the summit the outlines of a magnificent temple. He hardly knew that this shrine was dedicated to the patron goddess of the city, Aphrodite Pandemos (Venus or Cypris). More than a thousand devotees of this temptress of nations here practiced their vicious trade under the veil of religion and worship, while frequently they also plied their traffic in the drinking houses and gambling dens of the city, chiefly with shipmasters, enriching the temple by the ruin of their victims. One courtesan could boast that she had ruined three shipmasters within a few weeks. Polonius advised those going to Corinth: "Put money in thy purse." Another proverb ran "Not every man can afford a voyage to Corinth." A drunken Corinthian was a favorite farcical character in Greek low

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comedy, and "to play the Corinthian" became a slang term for leading a dissolute life.

As Paul neared Corinth, the road led up to a lofty table-land a little to the northeast of the city, the site of the temple of Poseidon. Here the famous Isthmian games were held, rivaling in grandeur the Olympian contests. The ancient Greeks claimed that these games, which were held every fourth year, dated back to 776 B. C. This date was adopted as the primary date of Greek chronology which was reckoned in Olympiads.

Resting here awhile, Paul had a full view of the city. Yet what he saw there was not ancient Corinth but a new city. Ancient Corinth, having revolted against Roman domination, had been taken, devastated and burned by Mummius in the year 146 B. C. When in this conflagration the gold, silver and copper used in the decorations of the temples melted from the heat and flowed together, the famous Corinthian bronze was said to have been discovered.

For a hundred years Corinth lay in ruins, until Julius Caesar, who claimed to be a descendent of Venus, the patron goddess of Corinth, founded it anew and colonized it with Roman freedmen. It grew rapidly and drew to itself people from the four ends of the world, though the greater part of the populace remained Greek. When Paul first saw it, the rebuilt city was a hundred years old, but it still presented the aspect of a new and unfinished city. Many magnificent new temples and public buildings revealed a new type of architecture. The ornate capitals, bell-shaped and enveloped with acanthus leaves, crowning the fluted columns, were more artistic than the simple Ionic or the severe Doric caps. In striking contrast to these new ostentatious edifices were the ruins of the old. The calcined, stained pillars and capitals that had survived the conflagration rose clear against the blue southern sky. Beside these temples, old and new, stood the huts and shanties of wood and thatch which once had sheltered the early settlers and now were the quarters of longshoremen, laborers, hucksters and

agents of every form of vice; a haven for the mongrel and heterogeneous rabble which usually gathers at a seaport.

Corinth, at the time of Paul, was a mighty city of seven hundred thousand, of which four hundred thousand were of the slave class, bare of morals and religion. Corinth to-day is but an insignificant village of five thousand inhabitants, about three miles away from the site of the older city which was completely destroyed by an earthquake in 1858.

Bent and weary, Paul entered Corinth, heading toward the *agora*. Sumptuous theaters, grand palaces, and beautiful temples lined the street. There was, among others, the hexa-style temple of Apollo and that of the wine-god. The figure of a nymph struggling to free herself from the embrace of the intoxicated and leering deity marked its entrance. Paul had no eyes for temples and gods, but with pleasure he viewed the beautiful fountain at the end of the street, marking the entrance to the *agora*. Sparkling water streamed incessantly from the marble, lion-headed spout into a wide shell-formed, highly ornamented basin, inviting the solitary traveler to a cool refreshing draught. Five hundred years before Paul was born, this celebrated fountain, the *Peirené*, had inspired Pindar, the great lyric poet, to sing of Corinth as the "Peirene City."

A few decades ago, this ancient fountain was unearthed and found so well preserved that its main conduit still supplies the water for the modern village. Corinth was the city of public fountains. Still another has recently been laid bare, the 'silvery' *Glauké*, which Paul must have passed when he entered the street of the shops, leading to the port and the neighboring Ghetto.

When excavators in 1898 cleared the street of the shops, they found a door lintel with an inscription in ancient Greek letters:

"Synagogue of the Hebrews."

This inscription was over eighteen inches long with

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letters about three inches in height. The characters were crude and poorly engraved.

From the plain appearance of the scrawl, theologians have concluded that it illustrates the low social position of the Jews at Corinth. But there were, no doubt, also wealthy Jewish merchants and traders at this important commercial city, and it must be remembered that the Jews scorned Greek art. Therefore the simplicity of the inscription was intentional.

The location of the synagogue in the street of the shops and in the immediate vicinity of the *agora* has also been disputed by certain theologians and archeologists, who, although another piece of Hebrew writing has been found in the same neighborhood, maintain that these writings must have been moved from their original position. It would be, they claim, almost impossible to assume that a Jewish synagogue had been located on such a magnificent boulevard. But then, theologians must always doubt and dispute. They seem to forget that the synagogues, wherever possible, were erected on a hill or eminence overlooking the city. Moreover, if the synagogue had stood in the Ghetto, it would in all likelihood have been inscribed in Hebrew letters. Here, however, in Greek surroundings, Greek letters were used in order to attract the "god-fearing" among the Gentiles. There was not a synagogue outside the Holy Land which could not boast of a number of Gentile worshippers. Finally, Luke tells us that Paul, upon leaving the Corinthian synagogue, held services in the house of Justus which "joined hard to the synagogue." Justus, in all likelihood, was a Roman colonist; and it is more probable that the synagogue stood on a main street, than to assume that the house of a Roman, large enough to accommodate a congregation, be it only of a few score members, was located in the Ghetto.

A kind fate, the Corinthians would have said—God's good angel, Paul believed—directed the steps of the wan-

dering Apostle to the home of a fellow-craftsman who recently had opened a new shop and was looking for an experienced helper. So Paul was at once provided with lodgings and with work.

The work of a tentmaker gave ample opportunity to carry on a friendly conversation even during the busy working hours. So Paul soon learned that his host and employer was a Jew, born in far off Pontus on the bank of the Black Sea, but that he had "lately come from Italy, with his wife Priscilla, because Claudius had ordered all Jews to leave Rome."

It passes our humble understanding how theologians can assume that Aquila and Priscilla were already Christians before their arrival at Corinth. Luke mentions Aquila's nationality, his birthplace, his trade, and gives the reason for his coming to Corinth. He certainly would have mentioned the all important fact that Aquila was a Christian, if fact it had been.

We fully agree with a recent visitor of Corinth who brings vividly before our eyes those early days, full of promise, which Paul spent at Corinth: "How long was it before Aquila discovered that he had taken into his shop a man who was active with his mind and spirit as well as with his hands? When did he discover that this fellow tentmaker had ideas that were of the greatest interest? How many talks they then must have had about Jesus, the Messiah, as they worked together cutting out and sewing up the heavy tent-cloth. And in the evening in the home, Priscilla, the Roman wife of Aquila, probably became as deeply interested as her husband, and soon instead of one Christian in Corinth there were three, two tentmakers and a woman. Could they affect the wealthy, wicked city of Corinth?"

Paul's first weeks were spent in quiet seclusion. He was ill and nervous, as a result of his sad experiences in Macedonia and Athens. Noticeably he recovered under the tender care and nursing of Priscilla, and the somewhat

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monotonous work at this trade had a soothing effect upon his nerves. Sabbath after Sabbath he went to the Synagogue with his hosts. He even spoke there, but not with the old fervor and enthusiasm. He apparently tried to postpone as long as possible the break with the Synagogue that everywhere had followed his preaching. The Bezan text seems to imply a change of his former tactics: "Entering into the synagogue he conversed every Sabbath day, inserting the name of Lord Jesus (here and there); and endeavored to persuade not only Jews but also Greeks." His quiet efforts were not without result. He made a few converts, baptizing them, in the absence of his assistants, with his own hands. Later in his first letter to the Corinthians, he mentions these privileged converts by name, and gives the reason why he usually left the performance of Baptism to his companions. "I am thankful that I baptized none of you, except Crispus and Gaius; lest any should say that I had baptized in mine own name. Well, I did baptize also the household of Stephanas, but no one else as far as I remember (Paul did not keep a record of his ministerial acts) for Christ did not send me to baptize, but to preach the Gospel."

Peacefully week followed week. Paul's health was manifestly improving, and with the growing number of converts his mood grew likewise happier. He might have felt perfectly content in his new surroundings had it not been for his anxious concern about the congregations of Macedonia and the constantly growing desire to return to that field, to which he had been called by the vision of Troas.

Standing one night—the day's work done—with his host at the open shop-door, Paul gave vent anew to his ardent hope for an early return to Macedonia, when Aquila drew his attention to two travelers coming down the street of the shops. To him they were strangers, but with a shout of joy Paul recognized his companions, Silas and Timothy, for whom he had already been waiting at Athens. They,

indeed had been looking for him there, and now were glad to have found him at Corinth.

"Just in time for meal," Aquila invitingly added to his greeting of peace. Only he who, hungry and weary, has thus been welcomed to his own home or the house of a friend, can fully appreciate the sweet sound of Aquila's inviting words, "Just in time for meal!" And he only who has spent happy hours at meal in the congenial company of long absent and sorely missed friends, can picture the joyous mood of Paul as he sat there at the good table of Aquila, satisfying his bodily hunger with the ample viands graciously tendered by Priscilla, while at the same time Silas and Timothy appeased his hungry soul with encouraging news from the Macedonian congregations.

They did not come empty-handed. Timothy produced a heavy purse from Philippi; Silas a letter from Thessalonica.

With an appreciative smile Paul received the tokens of gratitude and esteem. He laid them aside unopened to examine them more closely later. For the present, he had to listen to what his friends had to say.

A smile stole over the beautiful features of Priscilla as she noted the happy transformation in Paul caused by the good news. There were, indeed, also a few unpleasant things to report, and the friends deemed it unwise for the Apostle presently to return to Macedonia. Yet Paul remained in good spirits during the meal and for the rest of the evening. The Macedonian converts had remained steadfast and faithful amidst all molestations and persecutions; his companions assured him that they would remain so in the future. Why then worry and fret. The conversation lasted till the shades of night had fallen upon wealthy, wicked Corinth, stopping for a few brief hours the pursuit of pleasure and the hunt for money.

Darkness reigned everywhere save in the upper room of the house in the street of the shops. Here, long past midnight, the dim light of a flickering oil-lamp fell upon the

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lonely figure of a man seated at a small table upon which lay a heap of money beside an open bag. Resting his chin in his left hand and his elbow on the edge of the table, the withered little man followed with thoughtful eyes the measured movements of his right hand in arranging the many and manifold coins. Had a casual onlooker observed Paul in this posture and at this occupation, he might have gained the impression that a miser was counting his secret treasures, but one would search in vain for the characteristic greedy look of the money-hoarder. Instead there was in Paul's gaze a musing composure which betrayed at once the man to whom money as such is no object. There lay before him pieces of different metals, sizes and coinage, Roman Denarii, Greek Drachmas, and Jewish Shekels, a varied assortment. Paul did not view them however with the cold, keen, scrutinous eye of a numismatician, but he regarded them with a look of appreciative warmth. Mechanically he examined coin after coin, yet his mind seemed far absent. He picked up a gold piece. The reader might have discerned on it the image of the Emperor who said of his ill-gotten money "*Non olet*" (It does not reek), but to Paul this gold coin had the sweet savor of a thank offering. He did not discern the Emperor's image, did not decipher the circumscription, nor did he weigh as he held the coin in his hand, its monetary value; instead there rose before him the picture of the distant *proseuche* on the Gangites, the image of Lydia, the seller of purple, his first convert and kind hostess at Philippi. Hers, no doubt, was this largest gift, valued and welcomed as were the silver coins of the less well-to-do, and the bronze and copper pennies of the poor. The love and gratitude which prompted the gift caused the cold cash to effuse a mysterious warmth which made Paul insusceptible to the chilly night air.

Restoring the money to the bag, Paul carefully placed it in a chest beside the letter from Thessalonica. What did this letter contain? Paul had tried to read it, but the poor

light and his weak eyes had made this impossible. He had to postpone the reading till morning.

Unfortunately the letter is lost to us, but from Paul's reply we gather that the Presbyters in charge of the Thessalonian congregation acquainted the Apostle with the difficulties that had arisen there and asked his counsel.

Paul immediately decided to answer their appeal, and this letter of response bears a peculiar interest as the earliest of his extant letters.

The letters of Paul convey a fuller and better understanding of the heart and life of the great Apostle than any biography such as this could give.

Letter writing was, then as now, an art mastered by few. Paul was a model letter writer. There are few letters comparable to his Epistles, and none that have exercised greater influence upon the thought and lives of men of all ages.

Paul did not write his letters in his own hand, but dictated them. This custom still prevails in the East, where the public scribe, seated on a street corner at a little table with inkstand and pen, is as familiar a figure as the public stenographer in the lobby of a modern hotel.

Illiteracy was commonly the reason for having one's letters written by a scribe. Paul was not illiterate, nor did he employ an amanuensis merely for the sake of convenience as did the well-to-do. In our opinion, there were two reasons why he had these letters written either by Silas, or more probably, by Timothy.

The first reason was Paul's poor handwriting. Shakespeare says that "writing fair" is a rare accomplishment, and with Paul it was especially difficult. He himself playfully alludes to his large and sprawling characters. This is not to be wondered at, since his eyesight was defective and his hands coarsened by working at his trade. He wrote but slowly, drawing like a child letter by letter.

Another reason for employing an amanuensis was the high cost of writing material. Large letters naturally would

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require more space and material. Paul, no doubt, used the cheaper papyrus, not the more expensive parchment of sheepskin or goatskin, far less the still more precious velum made of calf.

The material used for papyrus, indeed, was cheap, but the process of manufacture made it costly. Papyrus, (hence our name paper) was made, as Pliny tells us, by cutting the white pith of the papyrus, a reed plant, into longitudinal strips, arranging them crosswise in two or three layers. These were soaked with water and pressed into a homogeneous sheet. This was dried in the sun, hammered and rolled into flat layers, and then rubbed with a smooth substance until it was ready for use. The sheets were often pasted together to form a roll of the desired length. In apostolic times the ordinary size of a sheet was about five by ten inches, and this ordinary grade was usually sold in rolls of perhaps ten sheets, the price of a sheet being a little more than twenty-five cents.

There were different grades of *papyri*, being mainly determined by the width of each sheet. The width of the cheaper *papyri* was five or six inches; a better quality called *Charta Livia*, after the Emperor's wife, had a width of eight inches or more; the highest grade called *Hieratica* (or *Augusta*, in honor of the Emperor) ran about nine and a half inches. In the days of Claudius, who drove the Jews from Rome and thus caused Aquila to come to Corinth, an even better grade of *papyri* was introduced, which averaged from twelve to eighteen inches. Paul certainly did not use the higher grades, but probably the medium or poorer qualities. Even then, a letter was expensive. For us such expensive paper would have furnished an excellent additional excuse for our inborn disinclination for letter writing.

When a letter was finished, it was Paul's practice to take the pen from the hand of the amanuensis and write the final benediction: "The salutation of Paul with mine own hand, which is the token in every epistle: so I write."

There are "gentlemen who write with ease"; not so Paul. Notwithstanding divine inspiration which guided him in the writing of his letters, their composition was no easy task. He had not, like modern ecclesiastical writers, theological books, treatises and encyclopedias at his disposal. Besides the Scriptures, he had no authorities from which to quote. Since he was the first Christian theological writer, much thought, reflection and meditation was required. He did not "turn out copy." His letters are not the product of a few hours, but the result of days, weeks, even months of close application.

When the letters were finished, the question of their delivery arose. The transmission of letters was no easy matter. There was, indeed, an imperial post instituted by Augustus and modeled after the Persian *Angaria*. But the Roman Imperial Post was only for state service. Hence private letters had to be conveyed by private messengers. A wealthy man would maintain a staff of couriers. The luxurious Aelius Verus, Hadrian's adopted son, called his *cursores* (runners) by the names of the winds and adorned their uniforms with Cupid's wings. Less affluent people hired couriers as the occasion arose, while the poor were dependent on the service of a friend or the favor of a casual traveler. Here Timothy acted as mail carrier for Paul, while later the Epistle to the Romans was carried by Phoebe, the deaconess of Cenchraea. Paul's messengers were, moreover, charged with the amplification and enforcement of the communication.

Before the completion of this letter there had been no little excitement in the synagogue on the Sabbath following the arrival of Silas and Timothy. When Paul rose to speak, he seemed to his hearers a new, a different man, while his friends recognized the Paul of former days. He spoke with fervor and enthusiasm. Luke, our authority for this change, says: "Paul was pressed in the spirit, testifying to the Jews that Jesus was the Christ." He no longer tentatively suggested the name of Jesus, but boldly declared

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His Messiahship. No doubt, he also related the marvelous story of the Christophany at the gates of Damascus.

Immediately a keen and protracted controversy arose. Paul supported his statements by quotations from Scripture. His opponents could not gainsay his logic nor refute his exegesis. His reasoning proved incontrovertible. In their exasperation they resorted to threats and blasphemy. Whenever Paul mentioned the name of Jesus they cried: "Anathema Jesus." The synagogue resounded with the dreadful curse, repeated with increasing force until their voices grew hoarse.

This proved too much for Paul. Solemnly he shook out his garments before the enraged audience—a symbolic gesture still practised in the East—signifying that he abandoned them and would have no further dealings with them. It was a most dramatic scene. The Jews were ready to excommunicate Paul and to throw him bodily out of the synagogue. He anticipated them by himself pronouncing the ban over them: "Your blood be upon your heads! I am clean! From now on, I will go to the Gentiles!" With this anathema he left the obdurate Jews to their fate and departed with his friends and converts.

Notable among the latter were Crispus, the chief ruler of the synagogue, and a noble Roman, Justus, who owned a spacious house adjoining the synagogue. This he offered to Paul as the future meeting place for the Corinthian congregation. Paul gratefully accepted the offer. He then immediately retired to the home of Aquila. The excitement had been too much, he must have quiet to collect himself in prayer and meditation.

Despondency and depression are common to man. Even great men of God are susceptible to despondency. Of this the Bible furnishes many examples. We can readily understand why Paul felt disheartened after the happenings in the synagogue. To this came a number of discouraging experiences aggravating his case. There were the apparent failure at Athens, the strenuous life of manual labor for six

days of the week, the preaching on the seventh, his weakened physique, loss of sleep with its mental reaction and now in addition to this, the bitter and baneful opposition of the Jews and the dread of personal violence. He was so disheartened that he was ready to leave Corinth.

In his distress Paul, like many a child of God, turned to the Holy Scriptures, knowing that God speaks in them to man. Many a disconsolate Christian, however, is not sufficiently acquainted with his Bible to find in the hour of spiritual dejection the proper passage for his need. Paul knew the Scriptures. He opened, it seems, the book of Isaiah and lighted on words: "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. Behold, all they that were incensed against thee shall be ashamed and confounded: they shall be as nothing; and they that strive against thee shall perish." Paul clung to these words. All afternoon they rang in his ears; yet he shared here again the sad experience of other Christians, that at times even the most appropriate words of Scripture fail to bring that perfect consolation for which the heart is yearning. Paul went to rest with these words in his mind and they apparently shaped his dreams. In the quiet hours of the night, they mingled with the last words of the Master: "Lo, I am with you always." Paul then had a wonderful experience. He realized the very presence of the Lord who by a vision spoke to him: "Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace: for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee: for I have much people in this city."

Immediately the Apostle rallied to resume his work at Corinth, which Luke sums up briefly: "And he continued there a year and six months, teaching the word of God among them."

Nearly a year after Paul's arrival, all kinds of rumors were afloat about the appointment of a new proconsul for

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the province of Achaia. The advent of a new proconsul was indeed an important event, for the weal and woe of the populace depended mainly on his person and character.

The new governor was L. Annaeus Gallio, elder brother of the celebrated Stoic philosopher L. Annaeus Seneca. His original name was Marchus Annaeus Novatus, but when he was adopted by the distinguished rhetorician L. Junius Gallio, he assumed the latter's family name, by which he is known in biblical and secular history. He was born, as was his brother, at Cordova in far-off Spain.

None of the speculations about Gallio at Corinth has come down to us. All we know about him is from the pen of his illustrious brother, who dedicated to him his works on "Anger" and "The Happy Life."

Seneca simply adored "sweet Gallio," as he was known among his friends. He portrayed his character, his gentleness, his frugality, his amiable temper, his courtesy, his tact, his integrity, his truthfulness, his winning manners, and his tenderness for his mother. "To love him to the utmost was to love him all too little: no mortal was so sweet to one as he was to all."

Gallio's appointment to this post at Corinth was due to the political influence of his brother who, upon his return from his banishment to Corsica, had regained favor at the Imperial Court and had been made tutor of Nero. Gallio was a distinguished man of letters but no politician. His appointment thus caused much astonishment and amusement among his friends and Seneca himself speaks playfully of "my Lord Gallio." Yet Gallio performed the duties of his office with singular tact and as successfully as some modern literary men appointed as ambassadors to foreign courts.

The Corinthian Jews seemed particularly interested in the new governor. Under his severe and strict predecessor they had not dared to make an attempt on Paul's life nor to bring their grievances against him to court. Now they sought to play on the good nature of Gallio and to take ad-

vantage of his inexperience by bringing charges against the Apostle.

A short time after the pompous entry of the new governor, when for the first time he sat at court, a band of men waylaid Paul, fell upon him and hurried him before the proconsular tribunal.

Gallio was not a little surprised when a vociferous mob rushed into the basilica and dragged a haggard little prisoner "before the tessellated pavement on which stood the curule chair of the proconsul." It was not difficult for Gallio to discern that the noisy crowd was composed entirely of Jews. Had not their features and garments betrayed them, their arrogant manner and unceremonial entrance certainly would have done so. The Jews of those days proved everywhere a turbulent and fanatical race. The governor had just arrived from Rome, where he had witnessed the disturbances that led to the expulsion of the Jews. Gallio did not wish to be involved in similar Jewish disputes in Corinth. He held that his office had to do with civil, not with religious matters. A Stoic, he loved the calm of the sages and detested the Jews for their furious controversies about the petty questions of their faith.

With all the Roman haughtiness of demeanor toward the common people whom, like his brother, he probably despised, Gallio ordered silence in the court. It took a little time before order and quiet were restored, so that Sosthenes, Crispus' successor as ruler of the synagogue, could bring the charge against Paul: "This fellow incites men to worship God contrary to Law." Gallio quietly heard the indictment. While Paul stood there, looking earnestly into the face of this fine flower of Roman culture, and waiting with parted lips impatient to make his reply of defense, the governor scarcely took notice of the little Oriental who was the object of all this clamor. Correctly divining the issue as being religious and not within civil jurisdiction, Gallio immediately quashed the indictment and dismissed the case with the words: "If it had been a misdemeanor or wicked

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crime, there would be some reason for my listening to you, O Jews. But as these are merely questions of words and persons and your own Law, you can attend to them for yourselves. I decline to adjudicate upon matters like that." A murmur of dissatisfaction arose in the ranks of the Jews, whereupon the governor ordered: "Lictors, clear the court."

This proved no easy matter, for the obstinate Jews were unwilling to leave. The Greeks who were present became enraged by the delay. They were the commercial rivals of the Jews and anxious that Gallio should not receive an unfavorable impression so soon after his arrival. They took advantage, therefore, of the governor's contemptuous dismissal, and hurrying to the assistance of the officers, "caught hold of Sosthenes and beat him in front of the tribunal; but Gallio took no notice."

Luke's phrase: "but Gallio took no notice," has been less fortunately rendered in the King James' Version: "And Gallio cared for none of these things." This rendering has given rise to the erroneous conception that Gallio had no regard for the truth and was personally indifferent to higher things and to the claims of religion. He may or may not have been an agnostic. All Luke says is that Gallio ignored the rough handling of Sosthenes, which he perhaps regarded as a crude retributive justice. A modern press would have demanded that Gallio, as an impartial dispenser of justice, while declining action in the case of Paul, should have protected Sosthenes as well against the Greek rabble, to preserve the public peace—but then those were different times.

It is to be deplored, however, that "sweet Gallio" through his patrician attitude lost the golden opportunity to hear the Gospel from the lips of the great Apostle. Some claim that Gallio later made the acquaintance of Paul and even sent his letters to Seneca, who on account of the many resemblances of his teachings to those of Paul has been regarded by the church father Tertullian as "always one of ours." But it is highly improbable that either Gallio or

Seneca were influenced to any degree by Christian doctrines. In such case they would not have wooed the death of the Stoic.

Gallio hardly gave a serious thought to the episode of his first court session, far less could he surmise that this incident would be recorded in history and that he would owe to it whatever immortality he gained.

Gallio's decision practically granted Roman protection to the Corinthian church. Henceforth Paul was secure from Jewish molestation and popular sympathy was engaged in his behalf. Undisturbed, he continued his ministry at Corinth where he "tarried yet a good while."

Corinth, it appears, was somewhat insalubrious for strangers; Seneca, at least, mentions in one of his letters that his brother Gallio was stricken with fever, caused by the local climate, and that he immediately, without waiting the end of his gubernatorial term, left the city to seek recovery on a sea-voyage. His departure, perhaps, induced Paul also to leave, for no one could presage the attitude of Gallio's successor toward the Corinthian church, which meanwhile had grown so considerably that it could no longer be ignored.

It was by no means cowardice that induced Paul to leave the work but utter bodily exhaustion. Paul was subject to recurrent attacks of fever and his sickness was aggravated by constant toil and anxiety. A weakened, sickly man he left, with the intention of seeking recovery on a homeward voyage. But when he reached Cenchraea, the seaport of Corinth, he found himself completely prostrated by his malady and constrained to stay there for some time.

There is nothing so calming for a fever-stricken patient as the tender hand of a gentle, sympathetic woman laid upon the burning forehead. While the ceaseless ticking of the clock during the long hours of a sleepless night can drive a sick man to exasperation, the faint footsteps of the sister of mercy as she quietly passes the bedside on her nightly duty

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have a reassuring and soothing effect. Woman's cheering and wholesome influence is never greater than when exercised in the active work of mercy to relieve bodily pain and mental distress.

At Cenchraea Paul found such tender care in the home of Phoebe who, no doubt, had been won by his preaching in the neighboring capital and who now served the congregation at this seaport as a deaconess.

It has been denied that, at such a remote age, the office of deaconess could already have been in existence. Yet the Apostles ordained deacons before this at Jerusalem. Why should there not have been a similar office for women? Considering the profound separation of the sexes in the East, a female deaconate would seem almost indispensable. Pliny specifies that nursing was one of the duties of a Christian deaconess of the Apostolic Age. Paul himself in his letter to the Romans, written four years after this illness, mentions Phoebe with affectionate commendation as a deaconess of the church at Cenchraea. He gratefully recalls how he, as many another, had experienced her kind ministrations.

There were no hospitals in those days, and the deaconesses either took care of the sick at the houses of the afflicted, or turned their own homes into private sanatoriums. Thus it would appear that Phoebe took compassion on invalid Paul and tended him in his sickness under her own roof.

Since it is utterly human to make some kind of a vow in times of sickness or dire distress, one can readily understand that Paul made such a vow during his illness. The Nazarite vow was the first to occur to his mind. This vow involved abstinence from wine and letting the hair grow long. Usually after thirty a Nazarite would complete his vow by a peace-offering in the Temple, where he would cut his hair and burn it with the sacrifice on the altar. Since it was unseemly for a Jew who lived in a distant land to travel to the Holy City with long unkempt hair, it was

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considered permissible, as Josephus tells us, to shear the head before setting out on the journey and to convey the hair in a box to the Temple. Thus Paul when he rose from his sickbed, cut his hair and set forth on his voyage to Jerusalem.

It was a gladsome day when Paul had sufficiently recovered to board a ship, bound for the East. The vessel was a trader, destined to call at several ports *en route*. Slowly she proceeded on her course amidst the beautiful isles of Greece, made still more enchanting by continued clear weather and a smooth sea which mirrored the deep blue of a cloudless sky.

Ephesus was the next port of call. Cicero, who had previously frequented these waters, writes that on a similar voyage from Corinth to Ephesus, the ship took fifteen days and on a westward trip thirteen days. Convalescent Paul thus spent two invigorating weeks on this voyage during which he noticeably improved from day to day, enjoying the bright sunshine, the balmy air, and the genial company of his friends. With him were Silas and Timothy and the worthy couple Aquila and Priscilla who for commercial or political reasons had decided to leave Corinth and to establish themselves at Ephesus, the capital of Asia. Perhaps Paul had made plans for his future work there and his former hosts were to arrange lodgings for him in advance.

At sunrise on the second Friday of their trip, the voyagers spied a forest of masts ahead. It was the famous Ephesian port Panormus, then the center of the Mediterranean trade, now a reedy swamp in a desolate region. Since the business of changing her cargo detained the vessel for a few days, Paul and his friends gathered together their small baggage, went ashore, and immediately set out for Ephesus, situated a mile inland in the Asian meadows where myriads of swans and sea fowl were seen winging across the many windings of the Caystros river.

There was a large colony of Jews at Ephesus, busily

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engaged in commerce. They were influential, having obtained special privileges from the Roman Emperors. One of the Ephesian Jews, the "astrologer" or "Chaldean" Balbillus, even gained entrance into the higher circles of Roman society and finally became the confidant of Emperor Nero who at about this time ascended the imperial throne.

The next day being the Sabbath, Paul spoke in the synagogue, where wandering Rabbis were frequently heard. He must have made a favorable impression, for he was invited to stay for a longer time. His vow preventing him, he "bade them farewell," saying: "I must by all means keep this feast (Pentecost, not the Passover as some assume) that cometh in Jerusalem; but I will return again unto you, if God will." To Paul, nothing was accidental, but all planned by God. All his own plans were dependent upon the will of God.

A great trade route led from Ephesus up the valley of the Maenander and Lycus to Galatia, Pisidia and Lycaonia, the fields of Paul's former labors. Disquieting rumors about the congregations there had reached Paul. He therefore dispatched Timothy to those regions to investigate, incidentally to visit his mother at Lystra, and to rejoin him at Syrian Antioch.

A few days later Paul and Silas, having left Aquila and Priscilla behind, embarked for Caesarea. It was an eventless voyage. The ship, calling perhaps at Patara and Myra, rounded Cyprus to the south and landed the two friends at Caesarea. From here, they straightway went up to the Holy City, "and saluted the church."

This was Paul's fourth visit to Jerusalem after his conversion. He stayed but a short time, discharged his vow at the Temple, held a few conferences with the pillars of the church; then, leaving Silas with the friends, "he went down to Antioch," to enjoy a brief period of well-deserved rest from the wanderings and strenuous labors of his second missionary journey which here came to a close.

BOOK V

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Paul's rest at Antioch was but brief. Anxiously he waited for the snow to melt in the passes of the Taurus Mountains so that he could enter upon a new missionary journey. The world's need of Christ and his promise to the Ephesian Jews urged him on. Moreover, he had decided to call upon the other Gentile churches to contribute to the relief of "the poor among the saints of Jerusalem." Titus was to assist him in this new and greater enterprise; so was Timothy who had just returned with a discouraging report from his visit among the Galatians. False teachers had entered that field and had caused serious trouble. Therefore Paul felt that he must hasten to restore his apostolic authority and lead the Galatians back from "another gospel," spread by these false brethren, to the true Gospel.

It was in the early summer when Paul set out with his two companions on his third mission. Taking the same route as before, he visited in succession the congregations at Derbe, where Gaius joined them, Lystra, the home of Timothy, Iconium and Pisidian Antioch; "went over all the country of Galatia and Phrygia, strengthening the disciples," and then made straightway for Ephesus.

Ephesus at the time was the capital of the Roman province of Asia, the seat of the imperial proconsul and the center of the famous *Asiarchate*.

The Asiatic coast along the Aegaen had been colonized by the Greeks early in history and Ephesus was one of the oldest settlements. Unlike most ancient cities it was a city without walls. It was situated on the south of the Asian meadows, a fruitful stretch of land hemmed in by precipitous mountains. The city buildings clustered at the foot and ran

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up the sides of Mount Coressus and Mount Prion, while the wooden, chalet-like villas of the suburbs, with their deep verandas hidden among luxurious foliage, spread wide over the plains. The equable climate favored outdoor life and social intercourse. During the day, busy matrons were seen everywhere, spinning flax on the doorsteps and watching the children at play on the white marble pavements, while at night the city where Anacreon sang was gay with wine, women and song. At the mouth of the river, Panormus, its harbor, was at all times crowded with vessels from the Mediterranean countries. Since Ephesus was also the terminus of great caravan routes, leading northward to Troas and Macedonia and eastward to Mesopotamia and India, its streets were crowded by men of all nationalities, and though originally a Greek city, it had become largely orientalized in customs and religion.

Pliny calls the wealthy and beautiful city of Ephesus "the Light of Asia," but viewed from Paul's Christian standpoint, this "Light of Asia" was dimmed by gross darkness. The city was the chief home of oriental magic. The "Ephesian Letters," charms and incantations, credited to avert evil or secure good luck, were famous all over the world. Shakespeare tells us:

"They say this town is full of cozenage,
As humble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin."

Yet the city's literary fame did not entirely rest on the many books of occultism, and her art did not exclusively consist in the manufacture of amulets and shrines; she could proudly boast of many sons, distinguished in literature, art, and sciences. It would be an easy matter to cite a long catalogue of philosophers, artists, statesmen, historians, astronomers, geographers, and doctors of medicine, men once illustrious but now for most of us meaningless names.

In recent years many places of interest in Ephesus have been laid bare. Hundreds of inscriptions have been unearthed and thousands of *OBJETS D'ART* dating from the best era, "the Ionian springtime" of Greek art, have been brought to light. Volumes have been written on these archeological treasures of the famous ancient city.

From the harbor an arched roadway ran to the theater, the center of the ancient city, where all popular gatherings and the regular monthly meetings of the Assembly were held. It was set up against the side of a mountain which was utilized to give grandeur to its architecture and to amplify the voices of the speakers on the stage. The acoustics are said to have been so perfect that even a whisper of the performers could be clearly heard in the topmost row of its sixty-six tiers of seats. One of the largest in the world, this theater could accommodate from twenty-five to thirty thousand people—some even claim for it a seating capacity of fifty thousand. Its remodeled stage was completed in A. D. 66. In this new form it has remained almost intact to the present day.

The streets leading from the theater to the *agora* below still retain the original marble paving blocks which, due to their dazzling whiteness, seem quite new. These pavements as well as nearly all the public buildings were of domestic marble, quarried from the nearby Mount Prion. The Roman architect Vitruvius tells the story of its discovery.

The shepherd Pixodoros was herding his flock on the mountain side when two rams began to fight. One, charging the other, missed and struck the rock, breaking off with his horns a piece of pure white marble. The shepherd carried the fragment with him to the city, where the people were delighted to find such beautiful stone near at hand for the building of the famous temple of Diana.

Of native marble was also the magnificent library of Ephesus. Standing in the proximity of the theater, it was constructed like a portico with a semicircular apse at the center. In its walls are still visible the shelves which housed

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the thousands of volumes of Greek literature, books on philosophy, history and natural science, as well as the numerous books of occult sciences, so much in demand at Ephesus. Behind the walls were curving galleries supported by columns, running off to obscure passageways and leading perhaps to secluded places for study and research. What thorough research work was done in those days becomes apparent when we remember that Pliny for his "Natural History" (completed in 77 A. D.) consulted 2000 volumes. The Emperor Vespasian, moreover, originated the "Carnegie endowment" idea, by establishing pensions for professors of liberal arts. Quintilian, who first argued for the superiority of the public school over private education, condemned corporal punishment, advocated the early teaching of foreign languages, and gave "the first scientific statement of the problems of education," was the first to enjoy this Imperial pension.

In front of the theater at Ephesus and in the vicinity of the library stood the Serapeion, a temple dedicated to Serapis, the Egyptian divinity of the souls of the underworld. The cult of Serapis, which at the time had spread over many lands, has always been of singular interest to the writer. It was the peculiar and pleasant task of the priests of this cult—at least in the Serapeion at Canopus—to put the worshippers to sleep by divers incantations and tiring ceremonies so as to gather from their dreams, while in the land of Nod, counsel and advice for their future.

There are among the clergy a goodly number so "seraphically gifted" that they could readily qualify as "Serapic priests." We willingly confess that we have caught ourselves more than once napping during their sermons. Yet, why regret that quiet slumber? Sleep is a heavenly gift and the bearer of many additional blessings. Says the Psalmist: "God's gifts come to his loved ones, as they sleep." We frequently recall the astonishment and chagrin of a prominent divine, a gifted orator with a powerful voice who, when reprimanding with raised finger the little daughter

of an average country parson: "You have slept during my sermon," received the prompt answer, "When father preaches I do not sleep." We did not pity the great preacher, but the father, because he lacked the gift which Paul, too, manifested at that evening service at Troas so graphically described by Luke: "In the window sat a young man called Eutychus, and as Paul's address went on and on, he was overcome with drowsiness and went fast asleep." It shows crudeness to disturb a church sleeper in his meditations by poking his ribs; we have always resented such well-meant but untimely service. Sound and healthy sleep, be it ever so short, strengthens both body and soul, while a poor sermon, be it ever so long, wearies the body and deadens the mind.

On the west side of the 'sacred dormitory', if one may thus style the Ephesian Serapeion, stood the Odeum or lyric theater, corresponding to the modern music hall. Here poets and musicians submitted their works for public approval and contended for prizes. Here, on festival occasions, the guild of schoolboys assembled with their teachers to rehearse their odes in honor of the great goddess Diana. Yet the finest lyric ever written at Ephesus was never rendered here, nor entered for a prize: Paul's matchless "Hymn of Divine Love," preserved to us in the Thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians.

Like modern music halls, the Odeum was occasionally hired for special meetings. At stated times, the medical profession held its conventions in this famous hall. Ephesus could boast of a great medical school as well as of a medical "trade" fraternity. The best physicians of the first century probably kept aloof from these professional brotherhoods, for a court physician with an income of \$25,000 a year, if we are to believe Pliny, needed no union or fraternity to protect his interests. Skilled physicians, specialists we would say, were not only in demand at the imperial and royal courts, but communities also employed them officially. Thus the city of Ephesus supported ten public physicians,

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and it is of interest to note that one of these professional men of high standing was a Jew, a racial percentage satisfactory even to a Hitler. Though trained in excellent medical schools, these doctors often employed incantation and magic with their practice, and there were few prescriptions which did not contain "the blood of a white cat" or similar magic ingredients. No wonder that the Ephesian physicians did not perform as many miraculous cures as Paul during his three years' stay.

As far as we know, Luke, Paul's beloved physician, never practised at Ephesus. Yet in later years there was shown a circular structure called the "tomb of St. Luke." Close examination has proved it to be an ancient pagan edifice. The recent discovery of the supposed "House of the Virgin" is just as valueless. It remains very doubtful whether Mary, the mother of Jesus, ever took up residence at Ephesus. Just as fictitious is the "Prison of St. Paul," in the prominent tower of Astyages. The Bible does not know of any imprisonment of Paul at Ephesus. An old inscription of the time of the Emperor Justinian speaks of the "house of the Apostle at Ephesus." This no doubt refers to John who, according to a very old tradition, spent the closing years of his life there. The location of this house can no longer be traced.

Perhaps the reader may wonder why the most famous monument of antiquity, one of the "seven wonders of the world," the temple of Diana at Ephesus has not yet been mentioned. An archeologist has raised the similar question, "What is become of the temple of Diana? Can a wonder of the earth be vanished like a phantom, without leaving a trace behind?" For years the same question troubled the excavators at Ephesus. They bared one edifice after the other, the temples of Poseidon, Demeter, Dionysus and others, but of the temple of Diana not a trace was found. Finally they discovered an ancient inscription which stated that, in carrying the sacred images of the goddess in procession from the theater to the temple, the cavalcade passed

through the Magnesian gate. The correct conclusion was that the temple stood outside the city. After much searching and digging, a magnificent gateway was found with three openings, two for vehicles and one for pedestrians. The road leading through the gate was thirty feet wide and the deep ruts in the fine marble pavement showed that it had been traveled extensively. As the street was uncovered, numerous funeral monuments and porticoes for the shelter of pilgrims were brought to light along its sides. Following the road for a mile around the mountain, the men finally came to the sacred *temenos* or precinct of the temple. Hundreds of native laborers, having worked for over five years, dug up from the depth of twenty feet magnificent Ionic capitals, sculptured columns and massive blocks of white, blue, red and yellow marble, now to be seen in the Ephesus gallery of the British Museum. Several drums of ancient columns, measuring twenty feet in circumference and six feet in height were found, each covered with eight figures, sculptured in life size. Likewise hundreds of temple inscriptions were discovered, and also some splendid statues, among them one of Hercules struggling with the Queen of the Amazons.

It remains for the creative imagination mentally to restore, with the help of the scattered remnants of past glory and the still traceable foundation outlines of the ancient Ephesian temple, the beautiful view it presented to the eyes of Paul when he arrived at Ephesus. This most magnificent temple built by the fabulously rich Croesus, was rivaled only by Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem. Both these sanctuaries had their inner and outer courts and their Holy of Holies, but while the Holiest at Jerusalem was a dark, windowless cubic room, the *cella* of the temple of Diana was open to the sky.

There is also a certain parallel noticeable in the history of the two temples. As the Temple of Solomon replaced the ancient tabernacle, so Diana's temple stood on the site of an older primitive sanctuary. The earliest temple at Ephe-

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sus, which took a century to build, was completed about the time when Ezra was bringing back the exiles to Jerusalem to rebuild the Temple. It was one of the historical coincidences of which the Ancients made so much, that the Temple of Ephesus was burned by a notoriety-seeking fanatic, Herostratus, on the night of the birth of Alexander the Great. All Asia helped in its restoration, even the women liberally contributing of their jewels and ornaments, just as of yore the women of Israel at the erection of the Tabernacle in the wilderness. Alexander offered the spoils of his eastern campaign to have his name inscribed on the building, but in national pride this offer was declined. Among the many paintings of Greek artists which adorned the interior walls of the temple was also a likeness of Alexander by Apelles, said to have been bought at a sum equal to twenty-five thousand dollars. About the time of Christ, when Herod the Great remodeled the Temple of Jerusalem, Emperor Augustus ordered the rebuilding of a large part of the temple at Ephesus. From that time on, however, as we learn from inscriptions, it was no longer exclusively dedicated to the service of Diana, but became closely connected with the growing Emperor worship. Thus an inscription is dedicated "To Artemis (Diana) and Emperor Caesar Nero Trajan Augustus"; and the Asiarch who inscribed it speaks of Nero as the "high priest, most mighty father of the country." At no time was the temple service more enthusiastic than at the era when Paul visited Ephesus. In the middle of the third century the Ephesian temple was captured by the Goths, who left it utterly despoiled; and a little later, when Christianity became dominant, it was completely destroyed. Many of the green jasper columns of the temple survive, but not at Ephesus. Some of them support the mighty dome of the Hagia Sophia at Constantinople; others grace the naves of Italian cathedrals. Thus both temples shared a similar fate in the end, and the fulfilment of Christ's prophecy against the Herodian Temple finds its counterpart in Ephesus, where, with the

exception of a little pile of inferior foundations, not one stone remains above another.

The chief treasure of Diana's temple was an extremely primitive and crude image of the goddess, so worn and blackened with age that it was impossible to determine the material of which it was made. Some claim it was made of vine-wood; others of ebony; still others of cedar; but since an old tradition claims that it had fallen from heaven, we are inclined to believe that it was an aerolite roughly shaped into mummy form. On ancient coins, which bear on one side the heads of Claudius and Agrippina and which, therefore were current at the time of Paul, probably passing through his hands, the goddess is represented as a mummy, standing stiffly with feet close together, the lower part swathed in wrappings, sometimes decorated with carved animals, sometimes with scales. The front, from throat to waist, was covered with pendant breasts, suggesting fulness of life, the arms extended from the elbows. Among the many excavated statuettes at Ephesus, not one of the many-breasted type has been found, but most of them present the goddess as a very beautiful woman. The former figure, in our opinion, is the older Oriental presentation, while the latter originated under Greek influence. As early as the fifth century B. C., the Ephesian Diana is often represented as the seated Mother and Child. No doubt the "virginizing" of Christianity originated at Ephesus, the third great center of early Christianity, and is attributable to Ephesian thought, which revered Diana as the "Great Mother." It was, therefore, not so much due to the residence of Mary at Ephesus, which is rather doubtful, as to the ancient cult of Diana, that the Christian Church Fathers emphasize the "glory of the female" and wrote their glowing panegyrics to the "Mother of God."

While Paul was still journeying among the woods and highlands of Galatia, Aquila and Priscilla rented a house and established a shop at Ephesus, where they made ready

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for the reception of the Apostle on his promised return. Simple and plain Christians, they took but little interest in the sights and amusements of the gay city, but on every Sabbath they dutifully occupied their seats in the Synagogue. The readers and speakers there were of the average tedious type, who in a desultory fashion rehashed the sayings of the elders and Scribes of Judaism as some modern preachers present to their audiences a symposium of apothegms gathered from the homilies of greater divines. But one Sabbath, a guest preacher at Ephesus electrified the lethargic congregation by a sermon of such rhetorical elegance and spiritual fervor as was rarely heard even in so prominent a synagogue. Everyone found the speaker "a man of culture, mighty in the Scriptures"; but what astonished our friends most: "This man was instructed in the 'Way of the Lord' and preached and taught about Jesus with ardor and accuracy; although (to their surprise) all the baptism he knew was that of John." Thus, to their delight, they heard a Christian sermon in the Jewish synagogue, the first delivered there since Paul a few months ago had "reasoned with the Jews."

Happy in having found a fellow-Christian, Aquila and Priscilla invited the preacher to their humble home. Here, in the course of the conversation, they learned that Apollos was a native Jew of Alexandria and a disciple of Philo, now an old man, who at the dawn of the Christian era was the leader of an advanced and liberal Jewry at that center of Greek learning and culture.

The Jewish colony at Alexandria dated back to the days of Alexander the Great, who settled 8,000 Jews at Thebais. When he built the new capital of Egypt, called by his name, the Jews formed one-third of its population. Though Alexandria, more than any other city of old, became, as America today, the melting-pot of Western and Oriental races, the Jewish element, then as now, proved too obdurate to be fused and blended with the rest. Jewry everywhere and at all times has survived all attempts at assimilation, both as

a racial and religious body. Yet no isolated minority can in the long run fully escape the cultural and political influences of its surroundings. Thus at Alexandria, Greek ideas and terms were injected into the Jewish theology. The more conservative Jews of Palestine were greatly horrified by this liberalization of Alexandrian Judaism, still more so, when the liberal Jews went so far as to build a temple at Leontopolis, near Alexandria, as a kind of Hellenistic counterpart to the Temple of Jerusalem. On the other hand, the liberal Alexandrian theologians aimed at making the Greek language an accurate vehicle of Hebrew thought. At the behest of Ptolemy Philadelphus, they began, and under his successors—we do not know the exact date—completed the famous Greek translation of the Old Testament for the Alexandrian library, known as the Septuagint. It is due to the ardent endeavors of these Jewish scholars that Greek, the richest and most delicate tongue the world has ever heard, became the language of theology.

Apollos fell heir to all these Alexandrian attainments. He spoke Greek and Hebrew with equal fluency and elegance. Like Paul, he belonged to that preferred class of theologians and preachers, so rare today, the bi-linguists, who are able to teach and to preach in two languages.

Ardor and accuracy are the marks of a true scholar. Whatever he studies, he masters systematically and thoroughly. So Apollos, as we have seen, was well instructed in the Way of the Lord, taught accurately about Jesus, and was thoroughly acquainted with the meaning and purpose of John's baptism. Yet the knowledge of even the best scholar is limited to his sources of information and to the objects which come under his observation. Apollos' knowledge of the life, deeds and words of Jesus, though accurate, was not complete. He knew seemingly nothing of Christ's death and resurrection, nor of the things that transpired after his ascension. Of Christian Baptism he apparently had never heard.

Where did he get his partial knowledge of Christianity?

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Up to that time no Apostle had preached at Alexandria, nor is it likely that Apollos had visited the Holy Land, in that case he would have gained a fuller knowledge of Christ. The knowledge of John's baptism had come to him, perhaps, by one of his disciples, for John's fame and following had spread far and wide. This disciple may also have baptized Apollos. But the knowledge of Jesus Apollos must have gained somewhere else. Where? Had he perhaps access to a written Gospel?

The Gospels, as we find them in our Bibles, were not yet written at the time, but from Luke we learn that many had taken in hand to draw up a narrative of the established facts of the Christian religion, that is of the life of Christ. Luke himself has used, as is generally agreed among scholars, a manuscript, which also served Matthew partly as a source. This oldest written Gospel which is commonly designated by the letter Q is now lost to us, but it must have had a wide circulation in the earliest times. It was probably written in Aramaic during the lifetime of our Savior, and contained many of his sermons, words, parables, miracles and deeds. It is our personal, well-founded opinion that a copy of this earliest Gospel, "the Sayings of Jesus" found its way into the famous library of Alexandria, which contained more than half a million books, almost everything that was written in antiquity. It was the duty of the chief librarian to ransack private collections and to purchase all the books he could find. Every book that entered Egypt was to be brought to the Alexandrian library, where slaves transcribed, and if necessary, translated the manuscript. The original was deposited in the library while a copy was given to the owner. There was in the library the original of the famous Septuagint and there rested in the shelf nearby "the Sayings of Jesus," perhaps both in the Aramaic original and in a Greek translation.

According to Harnack, who has successfully attempted a restoration of this earliest Gospel, the "Sayings of the Lord" was "a compilation of discourses and words of our

Lord, spoken during His Galilean ministry. They were collected without any discernable bias, whether apologetic, didactic, ecclesiastical, national or anti-national. What forms the main theme of our Synoptic Gospels (The Passion and the narratives and discourses leading up to the Passion) was completely wanting in the "Sayings of the Lord." Being acquainted with this book only, Apollos naturally had no knowledge of the Passion and what followed.

It is one of the charming scenes of early Christianity to see highly educated Apollos humbly sitting at the feet of that simple couple, Aquila and Priscilla, ardently listening to the stories of the Passion, Resurrection and Ascension of Jesus, and following with growing interest their account of Paul's work and experiences at Jerusalem, Damascus, Antioch and the many other places he visited. Unwittingly, Apollos thus became the pupil of the great Apostle, while Aquila and Priscilla "expounded to him the Way of God more perfectly."

Meanwhile Apollos continued to preach at the synagogue, where, one day, he noticed a group of strangers who were singularly attentive and occasionally nodded to each other in approval of what he said and of his manner of delivery. Had he lived in modern times, he would have immediately and rightly surmised that these men formed what is now known as a pulpit committee, a delegation sent by a church to hear and, if possible to secure an able minister for its vacant pulpit. Little, indeed, did Apollos dream that on that day he was preaching a trial sermon which was to bring him a call to the Corinthian pulpit, left vacant by the departure of Paul. Yet so it happened, for the Bezan text of Acts tells us, "Now certain Corinthian visitors in Ephesus heard him and besought him to cross over with them to their country; and on consenting, the Ephesians wrote the disciples at Corinth that they might welcome the man; and he on visiting Achaia greatly helped the Churches."

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Not long after Apollos' departure from Ephesus, Paul arrived there from Phrygia, not by the usual route leading through the malaria infested valley of the Lycus and the Maenander, but along the mountain road through the sparsely peopled uplands with their healthy and invigorating breezes. Warmly greeted by Aquila and Priscilla, he forthwith entered upon his work in the city.

In reconnoitering his field he chanced upon a small group of believers, about twelve in number, who represented, like Apollos, a somewhat immature type of Christianity. They were disciples believing in Jesus, and in this they differed from the Jews, but they were ignorant of Christ's Passion and Resurrection and of the Advent of the Holy Ghost, in fact, they had never heard of the *Paraclete* (Comforter), and in this they differed from the Christians. They apparently formed a small Jewish-Christian community in imitation of the ascetic life of John the Baptist; for upon Paul's question, "Unto what then are you baptized?" they simply answered, "Into John's baptism." Paul then acquainted them with the later part of the Christian revelation and explained to them, that John was but the herald of Christ, that his baptism was but a baptism of repentance, while Christian Baptism was a "washing of regeneration in the Holy Ghost," a baptism for the forgiveness of sins. When they heard this, they desired to be rebaptized. This was done by one of Paul's attendants, "whereupon the Apostle laid his hands upon them, and the Holy Spirit came over them, and they spoke with tongues and prophesied."

On the following Sabbath Paul was hailed with joy at the synagogue. All lent a willing ear to his preaching. For three months he spoke there fearlessly, "disputing and persuading the things concerning the kingdom of God." All the while, however, a growing hostility made itself felt, and finally Paul fared with the Ephesian Jews as elsewhere. Some believed, but the great majority grew ever more stubborn and decried the Way (the Christian doctrine of sal-

vation) before the assembled multitude. Finally Paul was forced to desist, and with the disciples he had made, he left the synagogue henceforth to teach them daily, according to the Bezan text, between the hours of eleven and four, in the school of a certain Tyrannus.

It is the general opinion among scholars that the school where Paul gave his peripatetic talks was the hall of a professor of grammar, rhetoric, and philosophy; but this is improbable, since a proud sophist would hardly have made such an arrangement with a Jew, a wandering exponent of a despised religion. It was more likely the room of an elementary teacher, who, according to ancient custom, used his classroom only during the early morning hours and occasionally also late in the afternoon. These school rooms were commonly adjacent and open to the street, hence very suitable for Paul's purposes. The hours, moreover, were very convenient, since Paul had to earn his daily bread by working at his trade. His working day began with sunrise and ended an hour before the sultry noon-tide. The hours of leisure that followed gave to the populace, lounging in the market and streets, an easy opportunity to go and hear the great Apostle. Thus the congregation at Ephesus, as many a mission church in America, held its earliest services in a public school.

What sweet, bitter-sweet memories cluster and twine around the "little red school house" of an older generation, itself now a dream of the past. The old one-room school house, age-worn and crumbling has in many places long since given way to a more pretentious structure; the famous three R's, time-honored and tried, have been supplanted by capricious fads and new-fangled methods, untimely brain children of self-styled educators; and the stern old master of the school, who with firm steps wore out the oaken floor, now lingeringly a spectral figure, vanishes down the darkening corridors of time, or, at best, survives, a shadowy phantom, like Ichabod Crane, on the fading pages

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of a half forgotten literature, while in the sun-lit class room a gentle "school-marm" with bright mien and smiling face readily wins the attention of her pupils to the daily task, and their affection and admiration for herself.

Times, indeed, have changed, and with them the meaning of words and the views of men which they reflect. We have it from the lips of our own children that they love to go to school and that teacher is nice.

In the days of our youth and ignorance, when an unkind fate, a paternal command, and the iron law of the land decreed that we must go to school, we went of course, first with fear and trembling, but later so completely resigned to our lot that we could even laugh, sing and play on the way to that 'prison of youth' where, as we then thought and now know, one wastes so many a precious hour of his life.

We do not wish to create in the mind of the reader the erroneous idea that we, the writer and his childhood companions were an inattentive and idle set. On the contrary we maintain that at least some of us were model students. We did not need as did Greek and Roman children a pedagogue, now called a truant officer, to see us to and from school, but by general consent, we regarded the hours at school the most wasteful of the day, and the best part of school, for us, was the glorious time of vacation. Intuitively we thus hit upon the original meaning of the word school. Opening any Greek dictionary under *schole* one learns—to one's surprise perhaps—that school means leisure, spare time, vacation, idleness. What teacher, what pupil would connect these words with our modern schools?

To the reader's regret we must detain him a little longer—though no one likes to "stay in"—at the school of Tyrannus at Ephesus where Paul stayed for about two years.

The ancient Greeks, we are told, had nothing better to do during their leisure hours than to go to the *gymnasium*, which from a place of severe athletic exercise had degen-

erated to a place of organized amusement. Ephesus boasted of five such pleasure gardens. Here in an open hall, commonly an alcove widening into colonnades, they listened to the philosophical harangue of some Stoic, Epicurean, Academic, or Peripatetic teacher, prompted apparently by nothing else but the desire to satisfy that craze for news that became proverbial for the Athenians. Since listening to a lecture was their favorite recreation, they designated everything connected therewith, the lecture itself, the place where it was given, and the group or class which listened to it, by the one all-comprehensive word: leisure or school.

We likewise have spent hours, and hours, and hours at a *gymnasium* which was no longer a *palaestra* for athletics, nor a place of happy amusement and pastime as at Ephesus, but, as generally in Northern Europe, a school of higher learning and mental drill. Only at Anglo-Saxon schools has the word *gymnasium* regained its original meaning of a place of athletic exercise, and at these institutions it is apparently a higher honor to excel in athletics and sports than in scholastic achievement. The hours we spent at the *gymnasium*, listening to dry repetitions of the wise sayings, with which the old Greek philosophers entertained the ancient gentlemen of leisure, drearily dragged along, and even now we draw a deep breath of relief at the pleasant thought that those gloomy hours are forever a thing of the past.

Time passes quickly for the busy man. Paul was perhaps the busiest man in Ephesus. The dawn of day found him working at his trade; four hours during the middle of the day were given to teaching in the school of Tyrannus; the late afternoon and evening were devoted to pastoral work which often extended far into the night. We have it from his own mouth that "he ceased not to warn everyone night and day with tears." A great deal of his time, as that of every faithful minister, was taken up by visitation of the sick. These were peculiarly blessed, for "God worked

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special miracles by the hand of Paul." One of the miraculous endowments of the Apostolic Church was the charism of healing, and Paul, like the other Apostles, possessed this gift to a high degree. While offering up a prayer for the sick, he would lay his hands upon the afflicted, and it then frequently occurred that the stricken were instantly cured.

His miraculous cures, as those of the other Apostles presupposed faith, both in the healer and in the one to be healed. The Apostles were of great faith, hence their gift of healing. Yet this gift was by no means absolutely under their control, for they only could and did exercise the miraculous power of healing when prompted by the Holy Ghost. The faith of the one to be healed was just as essential. Of the Lord we read that "He did not many mighty works in his own country, because of their unbelief"; and he commonly dismissed the healed with the words: "Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Paul's marvelous works demonstrated that God was with him, and thus prompted his ministry. On the other hand, they caused the superstitious populace to regard him a magical person and to class him with the adepts at occultism, the exorcists and sorcerers that swarmed the city. This Paul was soon to learn to his sorrow.

At several times, coming to his work in the morning, he missed the handkerchiefs and aprons which he had used on the previous day. They had been filched and carried away by newly converted Christians who took them to the sick-rooms where they used them as charms with the effect that many indeed were miraculously healed. Superstition many will say, and superstition, no doubt, it was; but there was faith behind these superstitious doings. Faith always finds its reward. Scientists today are ready to admit, and Christian Science and the Faith cures practised by divers modern sects furnish the proof, that mental concentration, auto-suggestion, or faith, if we may so call it, can have a certain curative power. We need not wonder, therefore, at

the cures effected by the napkins and aprons of the Apostle, although he did not condone, far less approve, the mechanical *thaumaturgies* (miracle cures) practised in his name, and he nowhere as much as mentions them in his letters. There was indeed, healing in the Apostle's napkins and aprons, as there was in the tassel of the Master's robe when touched by the sick woman. This power, however, was not inherent in the material as such, nor infused into it as a magical fluid by bodily contact with the Apostle; it was rather the personal faith of the sick, strengthened by that of the carrier and the sight of the supposedly magical vestments which produced the miraculous effect.

Superstition has not died out in the church, even in our enlightened age. Romanists cite this very incident at Ephesus as the precedent for the use of relics and amulets. They forget, however, that behind the napkins and aprons were not the dead bones of a saint, but a living Apostle who could declare, "Christ liveth in me." It was the living Christ who honored the faith of the sick by unusual cures and mighty signs. It must further be remembered, that this was not Paul's manner of healing; he did not build an ecclesiastical ceremony on these cures, effected in his absence, nor did he send the early Christians to some saint or shrine. We shall not quarrel with our Catholic brethren over the actuality of the cures attributed to the garments, bones, or other relics of a saint. God may, indeed, bless, now as he did at Ephesus, the faith of a superstitious soul, provided that this faith is ultimately directed toward Him. We also readily admit that, to a certain degree, everyone is superstitiously inclined.

Superstition did not go uncorrected at Ephesus, and the people who had taken Paul for a magical person were shown by a notorious occurrence the wide difference between the Apostle, endowed with the charism of healing, and the practitioners of black art attempting similar cures.

One day, two men, with garments torn, half naked and wounded, were seen anxiously fleeing from the house of a

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maniac. A crowd soon gathered around them and learned that they were itinerant Jewish sorcerers who had come to grief by their superstitious practices.

Witchcraft and sorcery, though forbidden by the Mosaic Law and decried by the prophets of Israel, were nevertheless constantly practised by the Jews of all ages. These forbidden arts were prevalent even in Pharisaic and priestly circles, and that voluminous encyclopedia of Jewish religion, the Talmud, abounds in mysterious formulae of exorcism and thaumaturgy. So general were these magical mummeries in his day that Paul deemed it necessary to warn his converts against these evil practices in his letters.

The unfortunate men who aroused the curiosity of the Ephesian populace were two out of seven brothers, the sons of a certain Sceva, a Jewish priest, called a chief priest. Having come to Ephesus, these vagrant exorcists had heard of the mighty works of Paul, of the astonishing cures effected by the pilfered napkins and aprons, and also that the accompanying prayers were offered in the name of Jesus. Perhaps they had previously heard of His miracles. The Jews by no means denied them, but they commonly attributed them to the use of the Sacred Name which no Jew was allowed to pronounce. The sorcerers decided to test the efficacy of the name of Jesus in conjunction with that of Paul, assuming that this combination might prove even more powerful than the ring and root of Solomon frequently used in cabalistic conjurations.

Cautiously they entered the house of the demoniac whom they apparently found in a restive mood. Eager to try their newly devised spell, they accosted him saying: "We adjure you by Jesus whom Paul preacheth." For a few brief moments the unfortunate man looked at them, endeavoring meanwhile to recall where he had heard these names before. Then in slow recollection, accompanying each statement with a confirmative nod, he declared, "Jesus I know, and Paul I know—but you—who are you?" The question was uttered drawlingly and with growing suspicion.

When he had ended, the evil spirit, to use the phraseology of the time, was roused within him and he suddenly passed into one of those dreadful stages of uncontrollable fury which made him a menace to his fellowmen. He leapt upon the sorcerers, overpowered and belabored them till they rushed from the house seeking safety in flight.

The almost tragic end of this venture and the concomitant circumstances caused great excitement in Greek and Jewish circles and much comment among theosophic and spiritualistic practitioners. Luke relates, "fear fell on them all, and the name of the Lord Jesus was magnified." Consternation and alarm filled also those among the believers who had secretly indulged in magic. In their spiritual distress they now came to Paul and confessed how they had secretly borrowed some of his personal belongings to use them on their sick friends as charms. As proof of their sincere repentance, they not only returned Paul's napkins and aprons, but also brought their hidden books on magic, their talismans, amulets and charms, piling them up in a public place in the center of the city into one great heap. Then with the Apostle's approval, though not at his direct command perhaps, they applied a torch to the pyre and in full view of the assembled populace the magical papyri, scribbled with the famous Ephesian letters, and the rolls of parchment covered with incantations and mysterious formulae went up in flames and smoke. It was a costly offering. The chronicler of Acts places its value at about ten thousand dollars; but never was any holier sacrifice brought on the altars of Jerusalem than this burnt offering in the market of Ephesus. We can recall but two sacrificial burnings which can compare with it: The Holocaust of Vanities in the Piazza della Signoria at Florence in the days of Savonarola, and the recent burning of the *Schund-und Schandliteratur*, the vile and obscene literature, by the youth of Germany.

As gold is refined by fire, so the mighty conflagration in the market at Ephesus had a purifying effect on the

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Christian congregation, burning away, as it were, the residual dross and scum of magic and sorcery, while at the same time its leaping flames cast a bright light on the gloomy hopelessness of paganism. Revealing the utter darkness and impotence of heathen superstitious practices, the holy fire caused many to turn to the true light of the Gospel. In describing the beneficial results of the holocaust Luke adds: "So mightily grew the Word of the Lord and prevailed." In a similar strain Paul writes to the Corinthians: "I am staying on in Ephesus for a great door for active work has opened to me," yet plaintively continues, "but there are many adversaries."

The years spent at Ephesus were the most stirring and fruitful in Paul's life, but with external success went constant opposition. This opposition was likewise roused by the great bonfire in the public market which, while it kindled the Christian with holy zeal, inflamed at the same time the pagan sorcerers and magicians to utmost fury. In the letter mentioned, Paul refers to his adversaries with the words: "Humanly speaking I fought with wild beasts at Ephesus." Wandering through the narrow streets of the slums of Ephesus, he was in constant peril of death, not only every day, but every hour. His sad experiences at the capital of Asia furnished a substantial part of the chapter on Paul's sufferings in a Second Letter to the Corinthians written shortly after his departure from Ephesus.

Amidst constant dangers and manifold sufferings, Paul discharged the arduous tasks and strenuous duties of his ministry which, in his own words, was a ministry of many tears. Besides, he carried the anxious burdens of all the churches among which those of Galatia and the church of Corinth caused him particular distress.

Paul had been but a short time at Ephesus when the news came that the churches of Galatia had been invaded by Judaistic emissaries from Jerusalem. Under an energetic leader, whose name is not mentioned, these false

brethren had conceived the base design of following the steps of the Apostle everywhere to discredit his apostleship and to disseminate their own Judaistic doctrines. The singularly impressionable Galatians readily lent a willing ear to the envenomed and unscrupulous attacks of these Judaists. They repudiated the apostolic authority of Paul and regarded the Lord no longer as their Redeemer, but as the national Messiah of the Jews.

Paul's heart was heavy with grief when he learned of the Galatian defection. Since a visit was out of the question at the time, he at once decided to write to them. The letter is an impassioned outpouring of a wounded and troubled heart, and its tone and phraseology so stern, that Renan rightly thinks it was written at a single sitting in letters of fire.

The Church at Corinth gave Paul similar concern and anxiety. Shortly after his arrival at Ephesus, he had sent Titus and an unnamed brother from Syrian Antioch to the metropolis of Achaia to acquaint the church there with the project so near to his heart: the gathering of a special collection among the Gentile congregations for "the poor among the saints of Jerusalem." The Corinthians espoused the plan with enthusiasm, and upon the return of the brethren, Paul was greatly delighted with their report. But soon more painful intelligence reached him from Corinth. A great moral scandal had occurred in the congregation and the authorities were reluctant to deal sternly with the malefactor. Paul immediately despatched a letter of earnest admonition to Corinth. This letter has been lost to us. Perhaps Paul himself, during a hasty visit made shortly after, caused its withdrawal. Nor need we deplore its loss, since it was of purely local interest. From the allusions of Paul to this letter, it may be inferred that in virtue of his apostolic authority, he demanded the excommunication of the offender until he should repent.

Paul anxiously waited for a reply to this letter, but none came. Instead, Apollos returned to Ephesus with still

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more distressing news. His activity at Corinth had caused a cleavage in the congregation.

Both Paul and Apollos preached the same Gospel, but each in his own manner. The brilliance of learned and eloquent Apollos naturally charmed a people accustomed to dazzling oratory, and since the gifted Alexandrian was also of stately figure and commanding presence, absent Paul, though superior in erudition and intellect, gradually faded into the background. Yet he still had his adherents who declared: "We stand by Paul," though perhaps a greater number asserted: "We hold by Apollos." In the course of time this perfectly natural and excusable preference of one before the other developed into unseemly partisanship. Loyal-hearted Apollos thus found himself in an unpleasant position which became intolerable when still other divisions arose in the church, making it the arena of unholy contention.

The new divisions were caused by the same Judaists who had disturbed the peace of the Galatian congregations and who had now come to Corinth to continue their propaganda against Paul. Just as Apollos had brought a commendatory letter from the brethren at Ephesus, so these men produced credentials from Jerusalem endorsed by Peter whom they successfully played off against Paul. Soon the slogan was heard: "We are for Cephas." Finally a fourth party, the members of which professed to adhere to Christ alone as their teacher, was called into being. The 'Christ-party' had for its watchword: "We are for Christ."

Nor were the partisan rivalries the only contentions which disturbed the Church of Corinth. There were other disputes, some hotly contended even in the public courts. The quarrels and wranglings of church members before the civil tribunals dishonored their Christian profession in the eyes of their heathen neighbors. After trying in vain to harmonize the different factions, Apollos finally left Corinth to lay matters before the Apostle at Ephesus.

Apollos' official report caused great anxiety to Paul.

His distress was aggravated by unofficial tidings which reached him a little later. The informants were "some of the household of Chloe." This woman, a friend of Paul's, considered it her duty to inform the Apostle about the sad state of affairs at Corinth. A modern biographer of Paul sarcastically remarks that this is an office which good ladies often discharge with great effect. We have a better opinion of Chloe who, no doubt, harbored a friendly feeling toward the Apostle and who had the best interest of the church at heart when she instructed her people to inform Paul of the unseemly disorders at Corinth, where even rioting and drunkenness disgraced the love-feasts and disturbed the solemnity at the celebration of the Lord's Supper. Meanwhile conditions at Corinth went from bad to worse, so that finally the leaders of the church, in their helplessness to cope with the situation, sent a committee of three, Stephanas, Fortunatus, and Achaicus to Paul with a letter, asking his advice in sundry matters of practical difficulty.

In answer, Paul immediately sent a vigorous message, the letter we now call the First Epistle to the Corinthians. In it he condemns the divisions, the libertinism and the spiritual disorders of the Corinthian church and formulates at the same time an important set of Christian doctrines, vital to the Church of all times.

Writing to the Corinthians, Paul reminded them also of the collection. He wanted it to net as much as possible and therefore organized it with all the ingenuity of the practical Jew. "Upon the first day of the week let every one lay by him in store, as God has prospered him, that there be no gathering when I come."

Paul also suggested to his readers that they choose certain brethren to convey the gift to Jerusalem. He would gladly furnish them with credentials: he even volunteered, as further encouragement to liberality, to accompany them, provided the sum be worthwhile.

For the present, he planned to stay at Ephesus; after Pentecost he would go to Macedonia; in the fall, he would

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come to Corinth to spend the winter. Further plans he had not yet made, but already he felt the urge to go to Rome and from there to Spain.

An unexpected event upset his plans, at least as far as his further stay in Ephesus was concerned.

Every year in the month of May (which still was the month of Artemis, the "Mother Goddess," and not yet the month of Mary, the "Mother of God,") the Ephesians celebrated the great Artemisian festivals. Crowds of enthusiastic pilgrims from the province of Asia, from the Ionian isles, and even from distant Egypt, thronged the streets and public places of Ephesus during these festivities. Religious pageants and masked processions were held on every day of the month, while dances and serenades were performed during the balmy hours of the night under a calm star-lit sky. There were also athletic games, foot and chariot races, wrestling matches, gladiatorial combats, singing contests and many other amusements; all in honor of the "Great Mother" and of the "Lord Emperor." These public entertainments were in special charge of the Asiarch, 'Chief of Asia,' a provincial official who, elected every fourth or fifth year, provided them for the people at his own expense. Enormous sums were lavishly spent, but the merchants of Ephesus were fabulously rich and the distinction of having been elected Asiarch was considered ample recompense, especially since the title was retained even after the office passed to another incumbent. There was but one Asiarch in office at any one time, not a committee of ten as some maintain. There must have been a number of ex-Asiarchs at the time of Paul. Luke, therefore, is perfectly correct in speaking of Asiarchs in the plural.

The annual Ephesian festivities culminated in the grand pageant in which the *Megabyzi* the ('long-armed') priests, the *Essenes* ('drones'), the minor priests of the temple, and the *Melissae* ('bees'), the virgin devotees of the goddess, drew the idol through the streets of the city past the

docks to the great theater and thence back to the temple, outside of Ephesus. Trumpeters, flute players, sacred heralds and a cavalcade of gaily clad youths headed the procession. The officiating Asiarch, robed in purple and crowned with laurels, strode before the magnificently festooned float which carried the statue. White-clad virgins marching at its sides swung censers, while a multitude of citizens and pilgrims brought up the rear, singing and shouting, "Great is Diana (Artemis) of the Ephesians." This cry was, as late investigations have shown, a common liturgical formula in the worship of the goddess.

Commonly all obtainable lodgings were taken months in advance of the great Ephesian festival, but in the third year of Paul's sojourn, a decided falling off in the attendance was noted. This was due to the rapid progress Christianity had made during those years throughout the vast province of Asia. Paul himself, as far as we know, never preached outside the city, but his message was carried far beyond the reach of his voice and many churches sprang up, which, according to his own testimony, never had seen his face. Timothy, Titus and his other companions were active in missionary work, spreading the Gospel in the cities of the Lycus valley, founding churches at Colossae, Laodicea and Hierapolis, which Paul later counseled by letter. The churches of Smyrna, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardes and Philadelphia, addressed by John in the Book of Revelation, were perhaps the work of Ephesian converts like Erastus. Besides, a great work was done by representatives of other cities who visited Ephesus, heard the Gospel there from the lips of Paul and carried it home to their neighbors, as did Epaphras and Philemon of Colossae and Nympha of Laodicea. The growth of the church in and about Ephesus under the inspiring influence of the great Apostle must have been phenomenal indeed.

For some time Paul and his Gospel had thus formed the main topic of discussion in the cities and villages of Proconsular Asia, and when the Artemisian festivities came

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around again "there arose no small stir about that Way" (Christian doctrine) at Ephesus. Many of the pilgrims who had come to the metropolis of idolatry to share in the fast and furious mirth of the Ephesian Fair and to worship at the shrine of Diana also went to the school of Tyrannus from mere curiosity, to hear the famed preacher who boldly announced that there were no gods made with hands. Paul's name during those days was on every tongue. Some were persuaded to accept the Gospel and spoke of him in the highest praise, while the *Megabyzi*, and *Melissae*, agitated by religious antagonism, and the landlords and innkeepers, irritated by pecuniary losses, aimed muttered threats and curses against the Apostle and his followers.

It took, however, the courage of a disgruntled labor leader to stage an open revolt against the Christians. Since immemorial times it has been the custom to exploit religion financially by making and vending statuettes of gods and goddesses and miniature reproductions of temples and shrines. Along the street to the temple at Ephesus were numerous bazaars where the believers bought little images of the shrine and of the goddess in wood, ivory, brass and silver. These "shrines" were sometimes left at the temple as votive offerings, sometimes taken home and kept there as souvenirs, or even placed in the graves by the side of the dead. Not one of these silver images and shrines has been unearthed in recent excavations. Having been made of such precious metal, they in all likelihood were carried off when the temple was destroyed, but numbers of terra-cotta and marble shrines have been found, representing the goddess seated and either holding an infant in her arms or with one or two figures, usually lions, beside her. The only silver statuette of Diana extant, now in the British Museum, did not come from Ephesus.

The sudden decline in the sale of these shrines made itself severely felt in the booths of the vendors and in the workshops of the manufacturers. One of the most influential men among the silversmiths, perhaps the master of the

guild, therefore, called a special meeting at "Guild Hall," inviting not only the artists and workmen of his own guild, but those of the allied trades as well. Designers and mechanics of the silversmiths and coppersmiths, workers in brass and bronze, carvers in wood and ivory hastened to the meeting to consider ways and means to stop the pernicious propaganda of this despised little Jew, and to enlist in their cause the priests and the numerous personnel of the temple and the pilgrims who had come to the Artemisian festivities.

In order to arouse popular resentment, Demetrius of the silversmiths delivered a passionate speech.

"Gentlemen," he began, "you know that this trade is the source of our wealth. You also see and hear, that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul has turned away numerous people by his persuasion, saying that hand-made gods are not gods at all. Now there is danger that not only our trade fall into disrepute, but also that the temple of the great goddess is reckoned for nothing and that she will henceforth be degraded from her majestic glory, she whom all Asia and the wide world worship."

These inflammatory opening words sufficed to fire the assemblage. An appeal to self-interest in the name of religion and patriotism seldom fails. It did not fail now. From hundreds of lips rose the cry, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." The noise constantly increased. It was impossible for the speaker to continue. The men rose to their feet and poured out into the street, where the clamor grew as it was taken up by the populace. Pilgrims and passers-by joined the demonstrators and shouted without knowing why, the accustomed acclamation of sacred processions: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Headed by Demetrius and his craftsmen, the frantic mob surged through the narrow streets of the poorer quarters, sweeping along the loiterers and loungers at the street corners, toward the shop of Aquila, to apprehend Paul.

Fortunately Paul escaped through the loyalty of Aquila and Priscilla, who stepped out to appease the fury of the

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mob. A dangerous beginning, for in doing so, they actually jeopardized their lives. Paul never forgot this courageous deed; years afterwards he writes: "Greet Priscilla and Aquila, my helpers in Christ Jesus, who for my life laid down their own necks."

The angry mob paid little attention to the words of the intrepid couple, but pushing them aside, stormed the house and searched every room. Disappointed in their hope of finding the Apostle, they seized two of his companions who happened to be about, Gaius and Aristarchus the Macedonian, and marched them amidst a cheering and shouting crowd to the theater, the accustomed place of public assemblies. Clamoring victims, they wanted to put them to death, but not without some kind of a mock trial.

When Paul learned of the peril of his two friends, he immediately rushed to the theater, eager to proclaim Christ before the multitude, and if need be, to share the fate of his friends. In vain some of his disciples tried to keep him from such a rash undertaking. Running as fast as his legs would carry him, he hurried to the theater where he arrived breathless and perspiring. He made straightway for the main entrance, but here he was intercepted by some messengers of the Asiarchs who, for some time already, had been friendly inclined toward the Apostle. They refused him entrance and admonished him to go home. Reluctantly he obeyed and upon his arrival, no doubt, with Aquila and Priscilla he offered up prayers for the imperiled brethren.

The two prisoners, closely pinioned and carefully guarded by a body of craftsmen, stood at the center of the wide stage watching with dread and apprehension the roaring crowd as it poured from the sides and top of the mountain through the semicircle of wide gates into the huge edifice, inundating the pit and flowing along the tiers and over the marble benches, until every seat was filled, and not even standing room was left.

The shouting continued in a babel of tongues, for the

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majority were pilgrims from many lands. Most of them, moreover, did not know what this impromptu meeting was all about. They were as ignorant of the true cause of the seizure of the two Greeks as these were themselves. Everyone was anxious to know who these men were and what they had done or said against the Great Goddess; but in the general pandemonium, no one understood his neighbor.

A number of Jews who had rushed in with the mob soon ascertained that this public uproar was directed against those who had denounced the idols and had spoken against the goddess Diana. Knowing that in the popular mind Judaism was generally associated with abhorrence of idols—not without reason indeed—and being afraid that Paul and his followers might be identified with the Ephesian Jews, they began to fear for their own safety, and, in order not to become the objects of this hostile demonstration, they delegated a certain Alexander from their ranks to make a defense in their behalf and to disengage their cause from that of the Christians.

They seemingly made an excellent choice, for Alexander not only was a leading member of the coppersmiths' guild, but he was at the time and remained ever after a personal enemy of the Apostle. In both his letters to Timothy Paul bitterly complains of him. "Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil: the Lord reward him according to his works." As for Demetrius, the instigator of the uproar, it seems that he was later converted; for John in his Third letter—probably written at Ephesus—says of him: "Demetrius hath good report of all men, and of the truth itself: yea, and we also bear record; and ye know that our record is true."

The din in the theater subsided for a few moments as the people watched the tall figure of a man pushing his way through the jostling crowd. His dress, manner and bearing were those of a Greek and all thought him an orator, coming forth in defense of the Great Goddess; but when reaching the stage, he turned about and with his hands com-

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manded silence, his heavy beard, somewhat grayed, his oriental features — the aquiline nose, the clearly-marked eyebrows, the square forehead and the massive skull betrayed him, a Semite. No sooner had the people seen his face and learned from his accent that he was a Jew when they refused to listen. They set up a wild roar of invectives and curses, which in time were drowned by the renewed imperious call on their goddess, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Like the voice of a storm-swept ocean the roar of the multitude swept on and on and after abating for a brief span was fitfully resumed.

After two hours of howling and shouting the riot was still at its height, when of a sudden a city councilor appeared on the scene. Thundering applause by the audience greeted him. It was the "town clerk" or Recorder, the chancellor who generally presided over the public assemblies of the people. He ordinarily called the meetings, drafted and proposed the decrees which were to be submitted to public vote, and attached the public seal to them when accepted. He was a person of such importance that events were sometimes dated by reference to the year when a certain town clerk held office. Clad in the rich robes of his office, he approached the rostrum and with outstretched arms called the meeting to order. Instant calm fell upon the vast crowd and in his wonted business manner the Recorder, with a clear voice that could be heard to the last row of seats, briefly delivered this simple message.

"Men of Ephesus! Who of all men does not know that the city of the Ephesians is the warden of the temple of the great Diana and of her statue fallen from heaven? Since this cannot be gainsaid, it behooves you to be calm and do nothing rash. Instead, you have brought these men here who are no temple robbers nor blasphemers of our goddess. Now if Demetrius and his fellow craftsmen have a grievance against anyone, there are courts held and proconsuls at hand, there they may bring charges against each other. If you crave for anything further, it shall be settled in a

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legal assembly. We indeed stand in danger of being accused of sedition over today's meeting, there being no reason for it; in which respect we are unable to give a reasonable account for this irregular mass meeting."

It was a clever speech, not merely a politician's appeal to the vanity and common sense of the multitude, but the salutary reminder of one in authority that such tumultuary proceedings were dangerous, and as an affront to Roman law, would be sternly handled. It quickly calmed the excited crowd and when the Recorder dismissed the assembly in the usual manner, all went home quietly and in order.

Like a threatening cloud the riot had gathered about the Apostle, and like a cloud it passed, with much thunder and lightning yet without striking its victim. The tumult was over and the present danger averted, however, the hostility against the Apostle remained, grew even in bitterness. His enemies formed a coalition and plotted a sinister attack on his life. Seeing his work crumble and his personal usefulness at Ephesus at an end, Paul convened the brethren, entrusted the Church to their care, and taking sorrowful leave with hearty embrace and the holy kiss, once more a hunted fugitive, he secretly embarked and fled along the coast to Troas with the intention of passing shortly from there to Macedonia.

The days following the uproar at Ephesus were the darkest and most trying of Paul's burdensome life. He suffered deeply under the futile efforts to banish from his thoughts the memory of the turbulent events which had brought his most promising work to such an abrupt end. The work had been done under many hardships and vicissitudes. "To this very hour," he wrote a short time previously, "we are hungry and thirsty and in lack of clothes, knocked about and homeless, while working hard for our living." All these privations and the daily perils accompanying them, he had endured with undaunted fortitude and, amidst many adversities, he had seen his work

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crowned with phenomenal success, when of a sudden the riot endangered all. Yet Paul did not bewail his failure as so many good souls are prone to do; nor did he despair of the future of his work, knowing that it was in the hands of faithful friends. After all it was the work of the Lord; hence it could not perish. Yet for a time Paul felt so utterly dejected that he often lay down in sheer exhaustion, without finding refreshing sleep during the night. He confesses that he came near a complete nervous and physical breakdown. "I was crushed, crushed far more than I could stand, so much so that I despaired even of life; in fact I told myself it was the sentence of death." Nevertheless, this little man of great faith daily experienced a miraculous renewal of strength, most so when he called to mind the comforting words of his Master, "My grace is enough for you; for it is in weakness that my power is fully felt." Soon after we hear him boldly declare, "Gladly then will I boast of my infirmities that the power of Christ may overshadow me. For Christ's sake I am satisfied with weaknesses, insults, troubles, persecutions and straits; for when I am weak just then am I strong."

Paul's greatest trials were not the many bodily sufferings he endured and the perils he faced on land and water; what caused him keenest sorrow was the unstableness of his converts in Galatia and Achaia, brought about by false brethren who had invaded these congregations.

Shortly before the riot, Timothy had returned with unfavorable reports from Corinth whither he had carried one of Paul's letters. Immediately the Apostle, as we learn from his writings, paid a hasty visit to that city. He came in a conciliatory spirit, trusting that by his personal presence he would restore harmony in the much divided congregation. He was doomed to bitter disappointment. His forbearing attitude toward his opponents was misconstrued. For his meekness, he was regarded a faltering pusillanimous weakling. Seeing that at present remonstrance was useless, he left again for Ephesus with the intimation that

he would soon return to deal more severely with the chief offenders. Meanwhile he wrote another letter to the Corinthians, entrusting it to Titus who some time previously had successfully worked among them and who, he hoped, might have better success than he himself and Timothy before him, in the suppression of the sectarian conflicts.

This letter, lost to us, was a stern message written in his own hand. With dim eyes and trembling hand he formed the large and irregular characters and, even without his express testimony, one can imagine that many of the severest phrases, penned with deep emotions "out of much affliction and anguish of heart," were blotted with tears. For a response to this letter and for the return of Titus, its carrier, Paul was waiting at Troas.

Nearly seven years had elapsed since Paul last slept at Troas. When, on his present arrival he retired to his room, he thought, no doubt, of that memorable night, halloed by the vision that called him to Macedonia, leaving him no time for work in the city.

Matters were different now. In fact, Paul had not provided for a stay at Troas in his original plans. He had purposed three things: first, to make a wider missionary circuit through Macedonia and Achaia; second, to go to Jerusalem; and third, to gratify his life's ambition to visit Rome. The sudden uproar at Ephesus, however, had hastened his departure from that city and he thus found time for work in Troas without materially changing his later plans. In this, as in all things, he recognized the guiding hand of the Master: "When I came to Troas to preach Christ's Gospel, a door was opened unto me of the Lord." Immediately he entered that door and set to work with signal success, learning at the same time the salutary lesson that effectual work is the best antidote for spiritual and mental despondency.

Paul did not come to Troas for rest. There is, indeed, no greater folly than to prescribe a "rest-cure" for a man

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suffering, as Paul did at the time, from nervous prostration. Vacationing may be a prophylactic but not a cure for mental depression. Rest and solitude merely afford for one thus afflicted an increased opportunity to bewail his fate and to brood over his failures. Melancholy inactivity breeds despair and aggravates the malady; for in hours of forced idleness we are but too prone to construct new crosses for ourselves by anticipating threatening evils and by tormenting our weakened brains with perplexities, manufactured out of presentiments which never materialize. Dread and fear, not work and labor, are the arch-enemies of human well-being. Labor is a divine blessing; work never killed a man. Continued mental toil, especially when coupled with heavy demands on our sympathies, as in pastoral work, may weaken our physical constitution; yet a brisk walk, some manual labor or the exercise of some sport will quickly remedy the damage. We love the idyllic sight of a rural parson vieing with his rustic neighbors in the cultivation of garden and field. How beneficial for body and soul must prove such healthy change from a stuffy study to God's open air. We unequivocally recommend horticulture and agriculture as a side line to the clergy and all professionals, even though they dwell in a city. It may seem a ridiculous undertaking for a cultured man to dig away in a dark and dreary backyard, yet he will soon hit upon the treasure of truth hidden in the words: "In the sweat of thy brow, thou shalt eat thy bread," and his efforts will be amply repaid, not by a remunerative crop, but by sound sleep and personal well-being. As to the author? With the unjust steward of the Gospel he confesses: "I am too weak to dig." But he is firmly convinced of the validity of the beatitude: Blessed is the man with a hobby; for he shall maintain his psycho-physical equilibrium!

The curative powers of work, however, must not be over-estimated. Beneficial as work will prove in every case, it is by no means a panacea for melancholia. In spite of his work, Paul found himself fretting and worrying, not

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about his own affairs, but about the welfare of his congregations. "There is," he says, "the pressing business of each day, the care for all the churches."

Everywhere Paul preached a universal Gospel, a free salvation for all; but hardly had he left a field when Jewish teachers came and claimed that Gentile converts, in order to be saved, must adopt Jewish customs and observe the Mosaic Law. Paul combatted this Judaistic propaganda with all his might. Corinth was at the time his main concern, for emissaries from Judea had come here to subjugate the believers to the yoke of the Law.

Anxiously Paul awaited the outcome and the return of Titus at Troas. Time passed, but Titus did not come. Paul grew moodier. He then did what is advisable for all who by work alone cannot overcome despondency; he sought a change of scene, the company of friends, and the advice of an experienced physician. Paul left Troas and journeyed to Macedonia.

It was in the early summer, toward the end of the fifth decade of the Christian era—opinions vary in regard to Pauline chronology—when Paul in the company of Gaius and Aristarchus, two Macedonians, and Tychicus and Trophimus, both residents of Ephesus, set sail for Neapolis. Thence they followed the familiar route of the Egnatian highway to Philippi. Here in the house of Lydia they were gladly received by the hostess; by Timothy, Paul's spiritual son; by Luke, "his beloved physician"; and a number of disciples and friends, who had held Paul in cherished remembrance. Timothy with Erastus had been sent to Macedonia a few months previously, while Luke had quietly worked at Philippi for more than five years.

The name and fame of Luke as a literary exponent of the Christian cause had spread throughout Macedonia. Paul refers to him as "the brother whose praise is in the gospel throughout all the churches." That these words allude to Luke as the writer of a Gospel has been the gen-

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eral opinion of the Church Fathers. Modern critics, however, have discredited this view, mainly on the ground that the Gospel of St. Luke had not as yet been written. We admit that this Gospel did not exist at that date in its present form, but we are firmly convinced that Luke then was working at his book, at least gathering material for it.

Good books are not written over night and often require years of preparation and research. Luke himself informs us that a number of writers long before him had attempted to draw up a narrative of the established facts of the Christian religion as they had been handed down by the original eye witnesses. One of these narratives, "the Sayings of Jesus" parts of which he embodied verbally into his Gospel, had already been written during the lifetime of Jesus. Luke further states: "I have carefully gone over them all myself from the beginning." He thus of necessity became an authority on the earliest Christian literature concerned mainly with the life of Christ. As an authority on the Gospel, he was recognized and honored by the churches of Macedonia. No doubt he communicated the results of his investigations and inquiries to the congregations, and frequently, perhaps, he read to his friends extracts or advance chapters of his work. It may be that just such a private reading in the friendly circle at Philippi caused Paul's commending reference to the able writer.

It was indeed a happy reunion Paul held with his friends at Philippi; yet the joy was somewhat saddened by the report that the same mischievous Judaistic propaganda was carried on unabated at Thessalonica and Beroea. Without delay Paul declared his intention to visit those cities to settle the controversy once and for all. It was a serious undertaking and the opposition proved fierce. Paul writes: "After we had come to Macedonia our flesh had no relief—fightings without, fears within." His friends dared not dissuade him. Luke, fearing further depression of the Apostle's already overburdened spirit decided to go along. So did Timothy and the followers from Ephesus with the intent

of forming a bodyguard of the revered Apostle should his fanatic opponents attempt an assault on his person.

In spite of all antagonism, their efforts proved successful beyond expectation. Not only was peace restored in the distracted congregations but they were also readily won to support the collection for the poor at Jerusalem.

With hearts gladdened by the gratifying results, the missionaries returned to Philippi, where the Apostle's cup of gladness was filled to overflowing by the return of Titus with good news from Corinth. His mission had likewise been a triumphant success.

His talk with Titus at once relieved Paul's mind and his despondency vanished as a morning's fog before the sun. His heart beat with joy. His face, worn and wasted heretofore, beamed with radiance. A bent figure, weighted down by worry and fear, he had entered Philippi; he now walked erect. He was his old self again, joyful, hopeful, ready to do his Master's bidding wherever He might lead His servant.

It was the great ambition of the Apostle some day to preach the Gospel at Rome. At present two things prevented him from going there. First, he must see the Offering delivered to Jerusalem and, then, there lay next to Macedonia still another province as yet unvisited by Christian missionaries. There he must go first.

Before departing for Illyricum, however, Paul must send another message to Corinth. This letter now known as the Second Epistle to the Corinthians is in reality the fourth, two others having been lost.

It was the season of the harvest thanksgiving, the Feast of the Tabernacles, when Paul dictated this letter to Timothy. Paul wrote it as an encyclical to be circulated among the neighboring churches, and addressed it "to the Church of God at Corinth as well as to all the saints throughout the whole of Achaia."

Second Corinthians has been called "the Confessions of Paul," and it contains, indeed, the confessions of the suffer-

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ings and visions of a saint. In it Paul recalls many incidents of his life, trials, perils, persecutions, not mentioned by his earliest biographer Luke. We can consider only one important matter: the general collection for the poor of Jerusalem.

One can readily imagine what an unpleasant task it must have been for self-supporting Paul to be perpetually pleading with his Gentile converts for contributions to enable a small group of Jewish Christians to continue their worship under the shadow of the Temple of Jerusalem. The emissaries who disturbed the peace of Paul's congregations and antagonized his Gospel did not even shrink from insinuating that the Apostle somehow profited by advocating this general collection, though it was known everywhere that Paul supported himself by manual labor so as not to be dependent upon the generosity of his converts. It shows the magnanimity of Paul's character that he nevertheless, in every letter of this period, heartily commends this beneficent enterprise; and his prudence in taking precaution to avoid the slightest suspicion of self enrichment by placing the matter into the hands of people chosen by the congregations themselves, men "whom we have many times proved earnest in many things."

There was still another difficulty. While to Jewish converts this collection might appear very simple, merely a continuation — though with a different meaning — of the secular custom of the Israelites abroad to send an annual offering to the Temple; the baptized pagans, no doubt, needed an explanation of the motives that prompted Paul to keep for years to the disagreeable work of appealing to the Gentile Christians for a world-wide offering. There were several reasons for keeping at it: the recipients' dire need which he had witnessed himself at Jerusalem; his solemn promise, given to the Apostles there; the hope that the collection would be a means of binding the churches together and of bridging the gap between Jewish and Gentile Christians; the opportunity for the latter to pay, by

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ministering to the material needs of the former, the debt they owed them for sharing their spiritual blessings; the alleviation it brought to Paul's never-ending sorrow for the cruel treatment of the Christians at Jerusalem; and the conviction—this was Paul's deepest motive—that such an offering would be well-pleasing to God and serve to the honor and glory of His name.

Resolutions are easily made and readily forgotten. Paul had boasted of the willingness and promise of the Corinthians to do their share in the great collection. Now Titus reported that the collection at Corinth, begun with such eagerness, had of late been greatly neglected. Paul immediately set out to repair the neglect by appealing to the honor of the Corinthians to make good their promise. He reminded them of the self-sacrifice of Christ and used the generosity of the Macedonian churches—poorer for the most part than the Corinthians and groaning heavily under the oppressive burden of Imperial taxation—as a special incentive to stir the Corinthians to greater acts of self-consecration. The Second Epistle to the Corinthians, hastily written and hard to analyze, was hastily despatched, sent by Titus, Luke and another unnamed brother to the Achaian capital.

While these messengers traveled south with the letter, Paul and another company of friends journeyed westward along the Egnatian highway to Illyricum, the last province to be included in his present itinerary program. It was with no little satisfaction that he reviewed this journey and its success a few months later: "Thus from Jerusalem right round to Illyricum I have been able to complete the preaching of the Gospel of Christ—my ambition always being to preach it only where there had been no mention of Christ's name, that I might not build on foundations laid by others."

The famous Egnatian highway connected the East with the West, beginning at the Hellespont and ending at Dyrrachium on the Adriatic. We cannot definitely tell whether

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Paul went as far as this seaport, whence the travelers ordinarily took passage across the Adriatic to Brindisium and thence along the famous Via Appia to Rome.

"All roads lead to Rome," but Paul's time to go there had not yet come. In the writer's opinion, he turned from Dyrrachium to the south, following the road along the Adriatic shore to Nicopolis. From here it was but a short distance through Epirus to Corinth, where Paul arrived in the beginning of December.

At Corinth Paul spent three quiet, uneventful winter months at the commodious and comfortable home of Gaius, his grateful convert and hospitable friend. Here he enjoyed a period of much needed rest in the circle of trusted friends, each of whom stood ready at his bidding to preach at Corinth or in the neighboring congregations of Achaia, to visit and comfort the needy and poor; to look after the gathering of the great collection; and to go those many pleasant and unpleasant errands that make up the daily routine of a busy pastoral life. Thus while Paul personally took but little part in the active church work at Corinth, his presence and supervision proved a benediction to the penitent and now pacified Church which had been the battle ground of so much bitter strife and divisions.

The indefatigable Apostle, however, though retiring temporarily from the active work of the ministry, by no means wasted his hours in indolence. These restful weeks offered him an opportunity to write the grandest of his extant letters, the chief literary document and most sacred possession of Christendom, the Epistle to the Romans.

Though cast in epistolary form, Romans is in reality a carefully outlined and minutely elaborate treatise on the great religious questions and controversies of that age, expounding and enforcing the fundamental doctrine of the Gospel (Justification by Faith) and examining the many problems which this doctrine involves.

One likes to picture the inner circle of friends gathered around the cozy fireside on the long cold winter evenings,

listening to Paul reading the passages he has written during the day, watching Dr. Luke nodding consent, and warming their hearts with the fiery words of the Apostle as he more fully expounds their meaning. Paul is holding, as it were, a seminar with the young theologians, some of whom are destined to become bishops in important cities. The letter under discussion offers many interesting topics for earnest deliberations by which not only the young friends but Paul, the lecturer and professor, himself profits as well. He is ever ready to acknowledge, as we do in prefaces, the debt he owes to his friends, for he mentions their names, either in the superscription of a letter or in the greetings at the end.

The Epistle to the Romans was from its very inception intended as an encyclical. It deals not like the other Epistles with local questions but is concerned with the far-reaching controversy of the relationship of Jewish and Gentile Christians. This controversy which had already disturbed the churches of Galatia, Asia, Macedonia and Achaia, threatened to spread further still. In those regions Paul already had dealt with it personally; now he treats it exhaustively and sends the letter, not only to Rome, but copies of it also to the communities which at the time were especially exposed to Judaistic propaganda. From the greetings in the closing chapters some have concluded that the letter was written to Ephesus. No doubt a copy went there, but the destination of the original draft was Rome, the Imperial Capital, whither it was carried by Phoebe, Paul's faithful nurse, and deaconess of the Church at Cenchraea.

The office of secretary, usually filled by Timothy, was this time performed by Tertius, otherwise unknown. He was perhaps the private secretary of Gaius, Paul's host at Corinth and in all likelihood a professional scribe; for the execution and reduplication of this important document called for an expert hand. He certainly was a Christian; else he would not have added his personal greetings to the churches which were to receive the encyclical.

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That Rome was the original destination of the letter is seen from the excuse Paul offers for not having come there sooner. The regions of the East where Christ was unknown must be evangelized first. This work is now complete. He himself has lighted the torch of the Gospel in the great capitals of Greece and Asia, whence the light is to spread to the neighboring villages and towns. Egypt and Alexandria had probably been visited by Barnabas and Mark after their sojourn at Cyprus. The West now calls. His next goal is Spain, for the Apostle of the Gentiles has definitely decided to carry the Gospel to the end of the habitable world of the West, to the Pillars of Hercules. On his way to Spain, he will stop for a short time at Rome, to strengthen the Christians in their faith, and to be strengthened by their faith in his own.

Before he can visit Rome he must present to the Jewish Christians at Jerusalem the homage of the whole Gentile Christian world, a rich offering in all the churches during the last few years. The Romans in turn, he implies, would do well also to remember the poor brethren at Zion.

Paul's way to Rome leads through Jerusalem. Grave forebodings of dangers fill the Apostle's heart as he writes:

"Brothers, I beg of you, by our Lord Jesus Christ, and by the love of the Spirit, that you rally round me in prayers to God for me; that I may be delivered from them that do not believe in Judea and also that the ministration which I have for Jerusalem may prove acceptable to the saints. Then, by God's will, I shall come to you with joy and find refreshment in your company."

It was Paul's intention to deliver the gift of the Gentiles, if possible, at the Passover at Jerusalem. When, therefore, the encyclical was despatched to its various destinations, there being no other urgent work at Corinth, Paul and his company went down to Cenchraea, Corinth's eastern port, to secure passage on a ship which was to sail to the Holy Land.

They found the town crowded with Jewish pilgrims

bound for Jerusalem, among them some of his most bitter enemies. While Paul and his friends were given a farewell by the church of Cenchraea, his enemies assembled to concoct a plot against his life. Murder at high sea was their plan. Among a crowd of Jewish devotees it would be an easy matter for a fanatic to stab him in his sleep and cast him overboard, or, if they were not to soil their own hands, it might suffice to inform the rough crew that Paul and his friends carried with them a large collection. The unscrupulous sailors would do the rest. This had happened before. Herodotus tells how Arion, the famous poet and singer of Lesbos, while returning to Corinth from a successful musical contest at Tarentum, was robbed by the greedy salts and thrown into the sea. He is fabled to have been saved and carried to Taenarus by a dolphin which the sweet music of his lyre had lured to the ship.

Whatever the plot against Paul's life may have been, he learned of it on the eve of his proposed departure and, when the pilgrims embarked on the morning, his friends also boarded the ship, while he himself and Doctor Luke quietly slipped away among the crowd and pursued their journey by land, having previously agreed with their companions to rejoin them at Troas.

The companions who set out with Paul from Corinth, and who now went on without him, were Sopater of Beroea, son of the nobleman Pyrrhus; the Thessalonians, Aristarchus and Secundus; Gaius of Derbe (not to be confounded with Gaius of Corinth), Timothy of Lystra; and two citizens of Ephesus, Tychichus and Trophimus. Titus, who was also at Corinth, is not mentioned among them. It may therefore be inferred that he stayed with the Church he already had so faithfully served.

Traveling northward, Paul and Luke passed Thebes and Thermopylae, and visited the churches of Beroea, Thessalonica, Amphipolis and Apalonia. They then stopped for a time at Philippi where they were affectionately received. Here they celebrated a joyous Easter with the Church.

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On Easter Tuesday, about the middle of April, they left Philippi, embarked at Neapolis, and after a tedious sail of five days against unfavorable winds, arrived at Troas where the seven friends were already awaiting them.

Troas, though a busy harbor, was far removed from the established trade routes of the Mediterranean. Having missed the Easter celebrations at Jerusalem, Paul now was anxious to arrive there before Pentecost. Daily, therefore, the friends went down to the harbor in search of a south-bound coasting trader to take them to a port of call for the large merchant vessels plying regularly between the East and West. A week passed, yet all inquiries proved futile. Hence they decided to charter a boat of their own and set their date of departure on the morrow of the next Lord's Day Service.

Luke gives a vivid account of this final gathering of the young and flourishing Trojan church around its beloved Apostle and founder, and incidentally describes an ancient Christian service. Here we get a picture by an eye witness of the usages of the early Church and behold the scene of the earliest Communion Service described in Christian literature.

This service, in our opinion, was held on a Saturday night, not, as the majority of commentators assume, on a Sunday night. Luke, indeed, writes: "Upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them," but it must be remembered that, according to Jewish reckoning, the day did not begin at midnight, but, in conformity with the Mosaic Law, at evening, about six o'clock. It was furthermore customary with the Jews to close the Sabbath with a festal meal. It was to these festive after-Sabbath dinners that our Lord was occasionally invited. The Christian *agapae* were of the same kind and held at the same time. After these meals, prayer, preaching and instruction held the Christians together often

to a late hour when they would break bread and celebrate the Lord's Supper.

Gradually, in Gentile congregations, the "Breaking of Bread" was delayed toward morning and since they did not observe the Sabbath, Sunday would open with Holy Communion in the early morning hours. Indeed Pliny, a pagan governor, writes that the Christians of Bithynia were wont to come together on a certain day before dawn to sing and pray and hold Holy Communion. This gradual transition from the evening to the early morning service explains why we read of no serious objection by the Jews to the institution of Sunday or the Lord's Day as the weekly day of worship among the Christians. Thus Luke's account of the Communion Service at Troas throws a light on the historical origin of the Christian Sunday.

There still survives in some Christian communities the ancient custom of "ringing in" the Lord's Day at the vesper hour on Saturday evening. Often as a child have we listened to the sweet chimes as they announced and greeted the coming day of rest; now grown older and more retrospective, we love to think how, with the joyous greetings to a new Sunday, mingle the lingering memories of past ones, even of the ages when Sunday and its service actually began at the close of the passing Sabbath, as it did here at Troas.

It was a warm and sultry night—the hot season was approaching—when the congregation of Troas had gathered for its Lord's Day Service at the usual meeting place on the top floor of a tenement in the poorer quarters of the city. Such a tenement, known among Romans as an *insula*, an 'island' in the sea of houses, was usually a large detached building let out to several families. Then as now, one could judge the social rank of a family by the location of the apartments it hired. The more well-to-do lived on the ground floor, while the humbler tenants, as Juvenal informs us, occupied the top floor immediately under the tiling.

Class distinction was further emphasized by the outside stairs leading from the courtyard to these upper rooms,

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just as today domestics and servants are required to use the back stairs. Such outside stairs, traces of which have been laid bare in the excavations of Pompeii, proved rather convenient for a public meeting place, as did the spacious top floor.

On the night mentioned, the attendance was greater than usual, for it had become known that Paul was to depart on the morrow. It was a dusky night, the pale crescent of the moon was visible in the sky, for a little more than two weeks had elapsed since the full moon of Easter. Many lamps, therefore, were needed to light up the wide room which, on this occasion, was "a church and dining room combined."

The crowded congregation, the sputtering candles, the smelly lamps, the stifling atmosphere necessitated the opening of the lattices or shutters of the apertures that during the day served as windows.

Paul and his company, Dr. Luke to his right, and Timothy to his left, were placed on the dais.

There was lively conversation during the love meal, but when at the end Paul arose, all became quiet and listened attentively to a sermon.

One only seemed displeased when Paul dragged out his sermon till midnight—Luke, his physician, who was anxiously concerned for his health. We at least read this from the word he chooses in describing this long protracted effort. Perhaps he agreed with a great theologian's excuse for long sermons: "Spiritual teachers ought not to be too strictly bound by the clock, especially on a solemn and rare occasion,"—at any rate he did not interfere.

While Paul was preaching, Luke's eyes ran over the large assembly. In so doing, he spied a youth seated on the broad sill of an open window. He watched closely—as is seen from his graphic description in Acts—every move of the young man whose name was Eutychus, the 'fortunate', and a lucky boy he was.

Leaning comfortably against the frame of the window,

the youth enjoyed the coolest and airiest place in the room; yet, after a while, wearied perhaps by a long day's work and the thick poisoned air, he began to nod and kept nodding, while Paul kept on preaching. Slowly the youth's head sank to his chest, tranquil slumber tightly closing his eyelids, while Paul still was preaching. Next but a crouched figure was seen in the aperture, "sunk down with deep sleep," yet Paul kept on preaching. When Luke cast another glance toward the window, he stared into blank space—no youth to be seen, the seat in the window was empty, but from the rear of the room a few women and men were excitedly scrambling toward the stairway. Luke, fearing the worst and divining that a doctor be needed, quietly rose and hastily followed the friends, yet Paul still kept on preaching.

A shrill shriek of horror pierced the air of a sudden. Paul startled and stopped.

Dread silence crept over the room, as every one harkened with holden breath to the wailing and lamentations that were heard from outside.

The men had found Eutychus, three stories below, on the stone pavement of the courtyard. Filled with anxious foreboding they picked up the body and, when Luke appeared, they gave way to the physician who carefully examined the limp body, while the bystanders in consternation awaited his verdict. It was but brief—"dead."

Both women and men screamed aloud, bewailing the unhappy fate of the youth. Meanwhile a messenger, all aghast, hurriedly approached the Apostle and in a low voice informed him of what had happened. Paul showed no sign of excitement, but calmly beckoned the congregation to remain quietly seated while he followed the man down the stairs.

Composedly Paul stepped into the midst of the circle surrounding Eutychus. Whispering a prayer, he tenderly clasped his arms about the inanimate form. He then put his ear to the chest of the lad, listening for his heart beat:

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it was beating, though faintly. Now placing his ear near the youth's mouth, he listened for his breath; slow, and long-drawn it came as of one asleep with sound rest. With a thankful look Paul glanced up to the sky. Then turning to those standing around, he assuringly said: "Don't be excited, his soul is within him."

Leaving the lad to the care of the women who had come to the scene, Paul with the men returned to the hall, where, in calm serenity, he continued the service as though nothing had happened. The rare composure and equanimity of the Apostle reassured the congregation, more than words or a long explanation could have done, that no matter what occurred below in the courtyard, all must be well. All joined in the singing and prayer and peacefully shared in the solemn celebration of the Holy Supper.

After the service the Christians remained together for a common breakfast and Paul talked with them till dawn. But little was spoken of the accident which had interrupted the service. Paul passed it by as though nothing extraordinary had happened. He wished to be remembered as a faithful minister of the Word, not as a miracle worker. Much to the relief of all, the young man, after a good rest, was brought into the assembly, just in time to bid farewell to Paul.

If but little was said about the miracle at Troas, the more has been said about it by later commentators. All discussions hinge on the words of Luke and Paul, spoken at the occasion.

Luke's words in Acts: "He was taken up dead," have been changed by commentators to read: "He was taken up 'as dead', 'apparently dead', or 'in a dead swoon'." But Luke's death certificate for the young man—if we may so call the record in Acts—simply reads: "He was taken up dead," which shows that Luke at least, even years after the occurrence when he wrote these words, still held that the youth had been killed by the fall.

Paul's words have been likewise modified. The text

reads simply: "His soul (or life) is in him." Those who believe that the youth was only in a swoon translate: "His soul is still in him"; while those who think that the youth was actually dead render the phrase "His soul is again in him." Paul's words have no reference as to whether or not the young man had been dead or simply unconscious. Paul only states that at the moment he was alive.

There can be no doubt that by his fall the youth was ushered upon the threshold of eternity. Without Paul's intervention, he would have then and there passed the portals of heaven, but with loving embrace and ardent prayer Paul pulled him back to life. We shall not squabble with the commentators as to whether Eutychus was still lingering on this side or had already actually passed the gate of death. The prolongation of his life remains a miracle, no matter whether God's angels in fulfillment of the Psalmist's words: "He will give his angels charge of thee and they will bear thee on their hands, lest thou strike thy foot against a stone," preserved his life from destruction during his fall, or whether God's servant by faith and prayer recalled him to life after the fall. The text, no doubt, strongly favors the latter view.

The first rays of the morning sun played around the peak of Mount Ida when Paul and his friends were escorted by the Trojan Christians to the harbor, where sturdy Greek sailors held in readiness the boat that was to take "the first Christian pilgrims to the Holy Land." The vessel was a small half-decked craft without cabins or accommodations for night travel. They were to sail by daylight only, and to spend the night at whatever harbor they might reach. Their first stop was to be Assos, a short distance around the cape of Lectum.

Paul preferred to go there by the land route, a distance of fully twenty miles. Accustomed as he was to traveling on foot, this was no hardship for the Apostle. He wanted to be alone. But on board of this small vessel, or

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on any ship they might take later on, there was no opportunity for privacy and solitary meditation. Paul often yearned for the company and sympathy of friends; yet there were moments in his life, as in every life, when the urge for solitude made itself imperiously felt. Paul seemed composed and settled; yet his heart was astir with the happenings of the past night and the forebodings of the perils that awaited him. He needed time for retrospection and introspection, for weighing the past and planning for the future; he needed to be alone with himself and his God.

All alone, unaccompanied even by Luke, he left Troas by the southern gate. This far he had suffered the Christians to accompany him, and from here they watched him as with brisk step he made for the famous Hot Springs. These passed, the road and the traveler were lost from sight, as they entered the vast, shady oak groves which seam the foot of Mount Ida.

The mighty old trees, a giant here and there overtopping the rest, stood already in full foliage, their crowns basking in the bright sunshine, while their roots were copiously watered by the numerous streams and rivulets rushing down the steep mountain sides. Now and then the road passed for a brief span through open fields and wide meadows, decked with a fresh cover of living verdure by the awakening spring.

Everything, the ideal sunny morning, the beautiful landscape, the smoothly paved road, the babbling brooks, the singing birds and chirping insects, the rustling leaves, seemed to combine in one effort to make for the unburdened wanderer—Paul had sent his usual pack by boat—the journey pleasant and agreeable; and such it might have proved had not one thing been lacking, the most essential for a pleasant jaunt: a light and carefree heart.

Paul was by no means disheartened or discouraged, nor was he, on the other hand, the man who in stoic indifference simply took things as they came. If one could have watched him that morning, he would have noticed how his

steps gradually slackened. Unaware of the wonders of nature about him, he wended his way in deep thoughts. Now and then, while he rested by a milestone on the roadside, a stern frown momentarily clouded his usually serene face, as the sombre shadows of the trees occasionally darkened the roadway.

His thoughts were on the Judaists and their intrigues. Everywhere these false brethren had disturbed his work and now he was to face them in their central stronghold, Jerusalem. With a few quick strokes of the hand he wiped his forehead as though to drive away the evil forebodings behind it.

For hours the road had been leading upward. It now neared the crest of the mountains which bordered the sea beyond. Stepping forth from the dark groves upon the open plain of the highland, Paul spied at the distance, slowly rising above the last mountain ridge, the marble temple gracing the Acropolis of Assos, his goal for the day.

At the sight of this magnificent Doric temple of shining marble, Paul thought of the Temple of Jehovah whither he was ultimately bound, and a word of the Master, which Luke had recently read from the Gospel he was writing, suddenly flashed upon his memory: "Behold we go up to Jerusalem, and all things that are written by the prophets concerning the Son of man shall be accomplished. For he shall be delivered unto the Gentiles, and shall be mocked, and spitefully entreated and spitted on: and they shall scourge him, and put him to death." Would a similar fate await Paul, now that he was going up to Jerusalem? He was ready to follow the lead of the Master even along a *via dolorosa*.

Just then the road widened before him. He had entered the *via sacra*, the 'Sacred Way' of Assos, lined on both sides with tombs, mausoleums and *steles*.

Some of the mighty tombs consisted of but one huge limestone quarried in the neighborhood. This *lapis assius* or 'Assian stone' used for coffins was reputed to disintegrate

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within a few weeks the flesh of the bodies deposited in it; hence these were known among the Greeks as sarcophagi or "flesh-eaters," a term still in vogue among us for stone coffins.

When Paul reached the market place of Assos, the most complete and interesting Greek *agora* now known, his curiosity was aroused by a peculiar sight. Narrow streets circled around the sides of the Acropolis, rising tier by tier to the top, where stood the temple dedicated to Athena Polias. The Acropolis thus presented an appearance similar to an ancient Assyrian *zikkurat* with its successive stages of outside staircases and its shrine at the top, or to its modern architectural revival, the latest skyscraper with its receding upper stories and its crowning cupola or towerlet. Paul was, however, not enough of a geologist to discern that the Asian Acropolis was reared over the crater of an extinct volcano. But then, how many of our contemporaries, who regard our skyscrapers as an expression in stone of the heights reached by modern culture, or as an embodiment of the lofty spirit of the present day civilization, are aware how unsafe the underlying social foundations of modern culture and civilization really are? There lies beneath an abyss of ignorance and malcontent, wide enough to swallow the little there is of real cultural achievement. Dark forces of crime and evil smoulder at the bottom of what seems such a glorious social structure. Now and then, in the very centers of civilization, red flames from the fiery furnace that keeps the caldron of human passions boiling, shoot forth from a wicked underworld in riots and mutinies, warning symptoms of impending destruction. Volcanoes which lay dormant for years suddenly resumed their activity and spread terror and devastation, burying cities and fruitful fields with lava and ashes. Ancient cultures have risen and fallen. Will history repeat itself? Will Spengler prove a true prophet in his "Decline of the West?"

Paul lived when Rome was at the height of its power and morally at its best—the Golden Age. Yet what a ghastly

picture of terror, cruelty, immorality and despair does he give of that Mistress of the World in his Epistle to the Romans. An accurate delineation at that, for every statement may be matched by passages from Rome's own classic writers. What an age, when Emperors trembled with constant fear of assassination, and only three out of twelve who reigned during the first century died a natural death; when millions of slaves and serfs were regarded but as cattle; when suicide was rampant and lauded by a philosopher like Seneca; when the same writer states that women counted their years by the number of their divorced husbands; when infanticide and exposure of offspring by the whim of a heartless father was a daily occurrence, defended by the same scholar for utilitarian or patriotic reasons. What an age, when the palaces of the rulers were full of orgies and vice, while the hungry poor groaned with anguish in miserable barracks; when thousands of senators and knights robed in purple lived in affluence and ease, while millions of ragged paupers cried for "bread and games"—and what horrible games! A Golden Age indeed, for gold petrifies the heart of man. There was in ancient Rome much pride but little purity; high culture but no charity; grand palaces but not one hospital. A terrible age, we may think; yet does not comparison of modern civilization with that of Rome, reveal striking traits of similarity? Paul saw his world, including the government, under the domination of sin and demons, doomed to destruction under the wrath of God. He knew of but one salvation for mankind: the Gospel he preached. There likewise is but one remedy for our unsettled social conditions and the evils of modern culture and civilization: a return to the simple faith and plain morals of Christianity, not of the modern "liberal" brand, but of Christianity as preached by the great Apostle. There is but one choice—Christ or destruction.

From the heights of Assos Paul watched the arrival of the vessel that carried his friends. When it hove into sight he

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rapidly descended and boarded it without delay. The Greek sailors continued their voyage southward and at night threw anchor in the harbor of Mitylene on the east of the island of Lesbos. To most people this city is of interest only as the place where "burning Sappho loved and sang" her passionate lyrics, but to the writer, an ancient inscription from the Roman period is of peculiar attraction. It is the curious funereal monument "bestowed" by Anaxeos on "Parthenope, his dog, with whom in life it was his wont to play." The rather lengthy epitaph closes with words well worthy of reflection: "See, then, thou make some friend who in thy life will love thee well and care for thee when dead." The act of the Greek lover of dogs may seem puerile, yet are there not some eccentric contemporaries who entomb and enshrine their quadruped friends in special cemeteries? We shall never erect a monument of stone to our faithful "Toby," but we will here and now immortalize his affectionate friendship which has been a source of pleasant diversion in many a lonely hour.

Next day the vessel cast anchor off the rocky island of Chios, according to Thucydides the birthplace of Homer. Several other places laid claim to the distinction of having been the birthplace of the blind bard who in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* sang of the fall of Troy and of the famous wanderer Odysseus who, buffeted by wind and sea, traveled over the world, meeting strange adventures, ere, after twenty years, he reached his home in craggy Ithaca again. Was Luke, who was with Paul in Chios, inspired perhaps by Homer's song to write the adventurous journeys of our wandering Apostle? His work surpassed Homer's, for though the poetic fiction of Homer has given enjoyment to multitudes of readers in all ages, Luke's realistic prose, based on historic facts, has brought light into darkened hearts and sweet encouraging music to downcast pilgrims of the earth by laying bare, in the wonderful life of Pilgrim Paul, the hidden sustaining power from above.

Having set sail early the following morning, Paul and his party arrived at Miletus before noon.

Already in Homer the "Carian Miletus" appears as a place of renown. Five hundred years before Paul, the Ionian capital was the chief city of Greece, mother of over eighty colonies, extending from the east banks of the Black Sea to the Gates of Hercules in the West. It was especially celebrated for its historical and philosophical literature, being the birthplace of the philosophers Thales and Democritus, the home of Timotheus the poet, and also of the famous literary woman Aspasia who befriended Pericles. The Jews of the place had become somewhat secularized by Greek influence, as evidenced by an inscription placed in a pagan theater, reading: "Place of the Jews, who are also God-fearing." At the time of Paul, however, Miletus had sunk to the rank of a second-rate seaport, due to the fact that alluvial soil had gradually extended the delta, leaving the city farther removed from the sea.

Hardly had Paul set his foot ashore at Miletus, when he dispatched a messenger to Ephesus to bid the elders of the Church to come to see him. He had purposely passed the harbor of Ephesus, for he was hurrying on to reach Jerusalem. But finding himself so near the city in which he had labored for years, he yearned to see his friends and to bid them farewell. Accordingly he decided to stay a few days at Miletus where, the distance to Ephesus being but thirty odd miles, the elders might easily be with him the next day.

They followed his bidding readily, and the day after, under a flaming evening sky, we find them, and perhaps a few others from neighboring cities, gathered around the Apostle at a quiet spot on the beach, listening to his parting words.

Luke was among those present and, in his inimitable style, he gives us an account of the scene and of Paul's moving farewell. One is reminded of the imposing scene in

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Euripides' "Alcestis" where Hercules takes leave of King Admetus, of the woman he rescued and their happy people; yet Paul's farewell, as described by Luke, is of far greater beauty, it is, indeed, without parallel in the literature of all ages.

Moreover, it is not legend or fiction but an accurate account of what happened at the seashore near Miletus. The accuracy of Luke is attested by its Pauline diction, for many of its peculiar forms of expression we meet again and again in the letters of Paul.

We do not dare, therefore, to abbreviate nor to paraphrase Luke's report, but give it here verbatim. Paul spoke as follows:

"You know, from the first day when I set foot in Asia, how I conducted myself among you all the time, as the Lord's slave with all humility and tears and trials which fell to my lot amid the plots of the Jews. I never shrank from declaring to you anything that was profitable and teaching you in public and in your homes, always testifying both to Jews and to Greeks repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

"And now, look you, bound in spirit, I am on the way to Jerusalem, not knowing what will happen to me there, except that the Holy Spirit is testifying in city after city and telling me that bonds and distresses await me. But I set everything at naught, nor do I count my life precious to me, if only I may accomplish my course and the ministry which I received from the Lord Jesus—to testify of the grace of God.

"And now, look you, I know you will never see my face again—all you amongst whom I went about, proclaiming the Kingdom. Therefore I testify to you this day that I am clean of the blood of all; for I never shrank from declaring all the will of God to you.

"Take heed to yourselves and all the flock among which the Holy Spirit appointed you overseers, that you shepherd the Church of the Lord which he won with his own blood.

I know that after my departure grievous wolves will come in among you and will not spare the flock; and from your own midst men will arise and talk perverted things to draw the disciples after them. Therefore be watchful, and remember that for three years night and day I never ceased with tears to admonish every one.

"And now I commend you to God and to the Word of His grace which has power to upbuild you and give you the 'heritage' among 'all His sanctified'. No man's gold or silver did I ever covet; you are yourselves aware that these hands served my needs and my companions. I gave you every example that you ought to toil thus and help the weak, and remember the words of the Lord Jesus how he said Himself: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive'."

Luke then continues:

"With these words he knelt down and prayed beside them all. They broke into loud lamentations and falling upon the neck of Paul kissed him fondly, sorrowing chiefly because he told them they would never see his face again. Then they escorted him to the ship.

"When we had torn ourselves away from them and set sail, we made straight run to Cos."

The commercial importance of a place depends on its material products, but its renown and fame rests with its great men. Cos was known for its wine, purple and perfumes, but for Luke the physician, it was of greater interest as the seat of the ancient medical school traditionally connected with Aesculapius, and as the birthplace of the greatest medical writer of antiquity, Hippocrates.

When entering upon his medical practice, Luke, like all the budding physicians of his age, had taken the Hippocratic oath, an admirable code of medical ethics said to have been first imposed by Hippocrates upon his disciples.

In all probability Luke also visited at Cos the temple of Aesculapius, not indeed to pay homage to the pagan god of medicine and healing, but to view the numerous votive models which made the temple look like a very museum of

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anatomy and pathology, where even a veteran of the craft might learn something new. In Homer, Aesculapius was still a mortal hero and physician of renown, but later he was ranked among the celestials and generally represented as a bearded man attended by a snake. The snake still figures as the emblem of the medical fraternity, and Aesculapius as its patron. We personally, moreover, have always placed more confidence in a full bearded physician than in one clean shaven.

If Luke was, as tradition claims, also a painter, he had an opportunity at Cos to visit the birthplace of Apelles, perhaps the greatest of Greek painters.

Luke's visits to these shrines could have been but brief, for early the next morning our friends set sail again and steering southeast, entered the Levant, where a fair westerly wind prevailing in these regions sent them merrily along on their happy voyage.

Toward evening they neared Rhodes, the capital of the island of the same name, known to the ancients as the Isle of Roses. Two centuries before, the Colossus of Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the world, beacons from far off, showing the mariners their course. According to a still prevailing erroneous idea, this gigantic statue of Helios, the sun-god, stood astride the entrance of the Rhodesian harbor, so that the in and out coming ships sailed between its legs. In reality, however, this immense figure towered one hundred and five feet by the side of the entrance. When Paul came to Rhodes the sun god lay in a heap of ruins along the margin of the port. An earthquake had hurled down the masterpiece of Chares, leaving only the two feet up to the knees on their pedestal. The sun god had fallen, but God's sun still shone in the sky, and the sun of His grace was soon to rise over the island. For thirteen centuries the large mass of bronze lay by the harbor, to Paul perhaps a symbol of the day when all idols would kiss the dust. In the Middle Ages it was broken up, and carried away on nine hundred camels, the ignoble spoil of a Jew.

Early next morning our travelers got under sail, and by noon passed the Seven Capes, the headlands of "verdant Mount Cragus." Soon after they entered the mouth of the "Yellow River" which gave its name to Xanthus, the Lycian capital, and cast anchor at Patara, its seaport. The river indeed deserved its name, for today the ancient harbor lies ten miles away from the sea, so completely has the alluvial soil which muddied its waters filled the bay. Of the city itself, only the triple arch of its gate, a few baths, and the ancient theater, scooped out of the sides of a hill, can be seen. The rest lies buried under a "desert of moving sand." Above on the hill, a solitary square pillar in a singular pit marks the place where stood the temple of Apollos Patareus. Numerous palm trees rise among the ruins of the city, which at the time of Paul must have offered a beautiful sight to the approaching mariners.

At Patara they left the small craft which had so safely carried them on their happy voyage through the Aegian Sea. They were fortunate enough to find in the harbor one of the mighty vessels plying between the West and the East. It was bound for Syria and they boarded it without further delay. A few hours later they were sailing in bright moonlight on the wide Mediterranean. Leaving Cyprus to the left, the big liner made for Tyre where it was to unload its present cargo.

The ancient city of Tyre was situated on an island, later connected with the mainland by a causeway, with a harbor to the north and the south. The ship remained here for a week to unload, and Paul spent this leisure time to seek out the Christians at the place. There were prophets among them who earnestly endeavored to dissuade Paul from going up to Jerusalem, warning him of the dangers awaiting him there. Paul was inexorable, and, after seven days of pleasant fellowship with the brethren, he returned to the ship. The disciples of Tyre accompanied him to the harbor where a similar scene was witnessed as at Miletus.

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Men, women, and children knelt around the Apostle offering supplication to Him who alone can give safe guidance and protection. There was a mournful parting and much shedding of tears. Finally tearing themselves away from each other's embrace, the Apostle and his companions went on board while the Tyrian Christians waved them farewell, and, when the ship had vanished on the horizon, returned to their homes with anxious and sorrowful hearts.

It was but a short run to Ptolemais, the final destination of the big freighter, a city as ancient as Tyre and already mentioned as Acco in the book of Judges. During the Middle Ages the Crusaders made it a strong sea-fortress, naming it St. Jean d'Acre. At the time of Paul, it was a flourishing port on the Syrian coast. Just one day Paul spent there with the brethren; then he continued his journey by land. The reader is already familiar with the road that leads along the beautiful shore of the Mediterranean, passes famous Mt. Carmel and then crosses the fertile and flowery plain of Sharon to the main Palestinian port Caesarea.

Favorable winds and good connections of vessels had considerably shortened the time Paul had calculated necessary to reach Jerusalem by the feast of Pentecost. Warned everywhere by the brethren of the dangers lurking for him at Jerusalem and himself aware of the impending controversy with his Judaistic opponents, Paul was indeed ready to meet them if necessary; but he did not wish to plunge himself into dangers ahead of time nor increase the opportunities for inimical attacks by too early an arrival. He therefore decided to spend the remaining days before the feast of Pentecost in the fellowship of the Christians at Caesarea, little dreaming that these days were destined to be the last days of happy freedom for years to come.

At Caesarea Paul was heartily welcomed to the home of Philip the Evangelist, remaining there with his companions as guests.

Philip had been one of the seven deacons at Jerusalem,

chosen by the Apostles to minister to the needs of Hellenist Christians. He thus was a co-worker and close friend of Stephen, the Martyr. The lamentable circumstances of the latter's death vividly came to the minds of both Philip and Paul when now, after many years, the bosom friend of Stephen welcomed to his home the man who had been, though passively, an accomplice in the stoning of the Protomartyr. Now these men were brethren in Christ and found that they had many things in common. While they were exchanging their experiences of the intervening years they marveled at the mysterious ways in which God leads His children.

Like Paul, Philip was a Hellenist and like him had worked mainly among non-Jewish peoples. Paul's persecution of the early Church had driven many Christians from Jerusalem and had made the office of deacon no longer a necessity. Philip, therefore, left also and went as an Evangelist to Samaria. At the commission of the Holy Ghost, he later instructed and baptized the pagan treasurer of the Aethiopian Queen Candace near Gaza in Philistaea. Although still a traveling Evangelist, he maintained a home at Caesarea.

Paul had a much longer story to tell about his missionary journeys. He told of his labors and trials, his disappointments and successes, not only in his private conversations with Philip, but also in the assemblies of the Christians who met in the Evangelist's home.

A pleasant, happy and peaceful home it was, in which four virgin daughters with kind spirit and gentle hand now ministered to the welcome guests. Quite incidentally, Luke, who was one of them, mentions that these virgins had the gift of prophecy, but makes not the least intimation that they made any predictions in the presence of Paul. We are inclined to believe, however, that in their actions and saddened looks there was a sombre tenderness which revealed their intuitive apprehension of evil threatening the Apostle. Such inexplicable and mysterious intuition often moved

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women to specific deeds of kindness for which men lack proper understanding. We remember Mary's anointing Jesus shortly before his death, the murmuring disciples and her defense by the Lord: "Let her alone. Why do you trouble her? She has done a beautiful thing unto me. She has done all she could—she has anticipated the perfuming of my body for burial. I tell you truly, wherever the Gospel is preached all over the world, men will speak of what she has done in memory of her." As Mary, in her deed, showed a spirit of prophecy, so also Philip's daughters in their gentle ministrations to Paul.

Once more, however, Paul was to be reminded by word and symbol of coming sufferings and trials.

There lived at Jerusalem a venerable prophet, the man who, years ago on his visit to Antioch, had predicted the great famine. To him, it seems, the daughters of Philip appealed to come down and dissuade Paul from his intended visit of Jerusalem.

One day, he unexpectedly entered the assembly of the Caesarean Christians, stepped up to Paul and took off the girdle which held together Paul's upper garments. With it, he tied his own hands and feet before the congregation, which followed his actions in surprise, waiting for an explanation. With solemn prophetic voice Agabus then cried out: "Thus says the Holy Spirit: So shall the Jew bind the owner of this girdle and deliver him into the hands of the Gentiles."

Awe and consternation fell upon the congregation at these words. Even Paul's companions were petrified for a moment. They had, as Paul himself, but vaguely foreseen possible difficulties, but now the Holy Ghost definitely intimated that he would be seized by the Jews and turned over to the Romans. They were reminded of the fate of their Master. They thought of His shameful death, caused by Jewish intrigue and Roman connivance. Would a similar fate await their beloved Apostle? It must not be. With

tears in their eyes they begged him not to go to Jerusalem. Had not they been chosen by their respective churches to deliver the collection to the poor saints of the Holy City? They would and could do so unmolested. Paul might stay meanwhile at Caesarea in safety. In a few days they would return. Then Paul might sail to Rome and to Spain as he had planned, thus continuing the blessed work to which the Master had called him. So they argued, Luke being the chief spokesman, the brethren from Greece and Asia joining in his pleas, while the local brethren offered him shelter and protection, if only he would desist from going to Jerusalem.

With saddened eyes Paul looked at the speakers in turn, as in thoughtful silence he listened to the eloquent entreaties and loving arguments of his friends. He was deeply moved by their tears, yet his face remained calm and serene. In vain they tried to read his favorable decision from his mien, the expression of his countenance showed inflexible determination.

Paul had attentively listened to the words of Agabus and was deeply affected by them, but he understood them in a different sense than did his friends. They had taken the words as a warning, Paul took them for what they really were: a prophecy, and prophecy must be fulfilled. In the words Paul heard God's call to Jerusalem. The Holy Spirit had spoken by the mouth of the prophet. God himself pointed the way, indeed a way of sorrows; if God points the way, his children must go it, and a noble soul will not swerve to the right or left.

Paul rose and went to the platform. He beckoned to speak. All around became silent. What would the decision be? With a voice quivering with emotion he delivered his address, perhaps the shortest in his life:

"What do you mean by weeping and breaking my heart? I am ready, not only to be bound, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus."

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The friends could but admire the undaunted courage of the Apostle. They knew his decision was final and all further remonstrances useless. Their sorrow turned to resignation. Wiping away the tears they prayerfully acceded: "The will of the Lord be done."

With more than usual carefulness, the delegates packed their baggage, storing their treasures with special caution, for the last lap of their journey was the most dangerous. The gorges and rocky gulches of the hills around Jerusalem swarmed at the time with bandits and robbers, the remnants of the four thousand *sicarii*, so called from the *sicae* (short daggers) they carried. These had followed an Egyptian Pseudo-Messiah to the Mount of Olives on his promise that the walls of Jerusalem would fall flat before them. This insurrection occurred but seven weeks before Paul's arrival at Caesarea. Felix, the Roman governor, led his legions against them, killed four hundred, made numerous prisoners, but the leader escaped and now roved with his remaining hordes over the inhospitable mountains of Judea, waylaying pilgrims, plundering caravans, and keeping Jews and Romans in constant fear of a new insurrection.

The *sicarii* were not in the least particular in whose service they drew their daggers. A year previous to the event mentioned, the ex-High Priest Jonathan, who had been instrumental in the appointment of Felix as Roman governor of Judea, had incurred the latter's displeasure. Felix had by many evil acts roused the anger of the Jews. Jonathan thought it his duty to warn the governor. Enraged at this interference, Felix bribed Doras, Jonathan's friend, to rid him of the priest. Doras hired *sicarii* and on one of the yearly feasts they stabbed the priestly politician.

In late years, there had been hardly a feast at Jerusalem without murder or riot. Galilean peasants and fishermen attending the feast came armed with daggers, knives or swords. Even the disciples had two swords with them at the Lord's last visit to Jerusalem. The Jewish authorities always feared outbreaks at the feast. When the chief

priests, scribes and elders held council about the arrest of Jesus, they said: "Not on the feast lest there be an uproar among the people." The Roman governors increased the garrison forces on Jewish holidays.

Aware of the perils of the journey from Caesarea to Jerusalem and of the dangers of the highways, a number of the Caesarean disciples decided to accompany the Apostle and his friends, at least to their next and last stopping place, the home of Mnason, a Cyprian, and an early disciple.

Luke's account of this journey is brief and made obscure by the antique rendering of its terms in our King James' Version. Thus the words "we took up our carriages" is better rendered "we packed our baggage on beasts" for this is implied in the expression used by Luke. The rendering "they brought with them Mnason" creates the erroneous impression that Mnason, at the time, was at Caesarea, while the real meaning is "they conducted us to the house of Mnason, a Cyprian, an original disciple with whom we were to lodge." Luke does not say where this house of Mnason was. It is generally assumed that it was in Jerusalem. The context, however, seems to suggest that it was in the vicinity of the city. Many a scholar has tried his hand at the translation of these two difficult verses. Grammarians have devoted paragraphs to explain the difficult construction found in them. Commentators have written pages in explanation. We shall not endeavor to give a new rendering, nor write an essay on the different views in regard to this passage. Instead, we shall give the narrative as it is found in the old Bezan Code to which we have already called the attention of the reader in other connections. This old manuscript happily elucidates what seems obscure in the "Received Text." The narrative here reads as follows:

"After these days we packed up (on beasts) and went up to Jerusalem, and there went with us also some of the disciples from Caesarea; and these conducted us to those with whom we were to lodge, and on arriving at a certain village we were lodged with a certain Mnason, a Cyprian,

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an early disciple. And setting out thence we came to Jerusalem, and the brethren welcomed us gladly."

The village of Lydda on the route to Jerusalem has been suggested as the home of Mnason. We, however, think that Mnason lived nearer to the city. We love to imagine that from the estate of Mnason, which was large enough to give lodging to the caravan, Paul could see the Holy City beyond the hills. Mnason, a native of Cyprus, had probably grown wealthy either from the copper mines there or by trade, and had later followed, as did Barnabas, his countryman, the custom of rich Jews of the Dispersion, of buying some property in the land of their fathers. It seems that he had been a disciple already during the life of our Savior and was now happy in sheltering the man who had worked with such apparent blessing in the spreading of the Master's Kingdom.

Many changes had taken place at Jerusalem since Paul's last visit. All the Apostles had left, and the Church now stood completely under the leadership of James the Just, brother of the Lord. The congregation had greatly increased, but there were, no doubt, a few brethren left whom Paul knew. These he visited the next day and was gladly received by them. Having arranged for a meeting with James and the Elders for the following day, Paul returned to the home of Mnason. When pilgrims at a festival could not find quarters in the overcrowded city, they lodged at some village in the neighborhood. So our Lord, during the last week at Jerusalem, stayed at the home of Mary and Martha. Daily he went to the Temple but returned to Bethany at night. Paul, following his example, lodged with Mnason.

In the dusk of the evening our friends, enjoying the balmy breeze which blew from the Dead Sea over the dreary mountains of Judea, held a long conversation on the hilltop near Mnason's home. Mnason was delighted to hear his guest tell of distant Cyprus, his home land. In turn, Paul was a close listener when Mnason recalled how he, an orig-

inal disciple, had walked with the Master over the hills and plains of the land of their fathers and through the busy streets of Jerusalem up to the Temple, the gilded pinnacles of which rose over the hills nearby. He had much to say about the great changes in the congregation of Jerusalem and of the Judaistic atmosphere that was pervading it of late. The Church of the capital had become definitely Jewish, the Jews intensely nationalistic and anti-Gentile; there were many premonitions of a coming conflict with Rome and of a doom hanging over the city and its Temple.

In gloomy thoughts, Paul gazed at the dark outlines of the magnificent Temple which crowned the dominant hill of a city called holy, yet wicked, a city which had murdered her prophets and rejected the Master. What fate would await Paul there? What would be the fate of such a wicked city itself? With awe Paul recalled the words of the Master at the sight of the Temple: "Verily I say unto you, There shall not be left one stone upon the other." In less than a score of years the prophecy was fulfilled. But was that beautiful place forever to be left a vast heap of ruins?

Slowly a pale golden falcate moon rose over the distant mountains of Moab. Now it stood over the two mighty towers of the doomed temple. For a long time Paul looked at the strangely prophetic picture. He could not discern its meaning, could not foresee that over the ruins of the Jewish Temple would rise the mighty Mosque of Omar, the sanctuary of a hybrid religion not yet heard of, whose emblem was to be the crescent which in that silent night poured its quivering rays over city and Temple.

Tomorrow Paul would go to the city, visit the Temple, know the fate that awaited him there.

BOOK VI

THE LAST JOURNEY TO CAESAREA

When Paul and his friends on the day after their arrival in the Holy City entered the house of James, they found the elders of the Church already assembled. On the previous visits of Paul the whole Church had been called together, but the congregations, so James said, had grown into thousands and there was no meeting room large enough to accommodate them all. Furthermore, there had been noticeable of late a growing ill-feeling among Jews and Jewish Christians against the Apostle of the Gentiles. James deemed it best, therefore, to receive him and his delegates at a private meeting of the Church Council.

How would he and his gifts be received? This question was uppermost in Paul's mind as he entered the assembly. His companions, most of them Gentile Christians, the rest former Hellenist Jews, could not suppress a similar feeling of uneasiness as they looked upon the typically Jewish faces of the Elders, presided over by ascetic, white-robed, stern-faced James.

Paul and James exchanged the kiss of peace and brotherly greetings. Then the Gentile and Jewish brethren were introduced to each other. There followed the usual words of welcome, but they lacked warmth. The Elders were not hostile nor were they in hearty sympathy with Paul. A certain reserve and reticence was exercised on both sides. The Christians who met here showed the same spirit of aloofness which marks the different denominations of modern times, living peacefully side by side and avoiding open controversy by simply ignoring each other. There was between the followers of Paul and the adherents of James a decided lack of cordiality.

The estrangement between the Jewish and Gentile Christians had become intensified by Paul's recent letter to the Romans. Though a circular letter, a copy of it had not yet reached Jerusalem; but Jewish pilgrims, no doubt, had denounced its chief doctrine of Justification by Faith alone without the works of the Law. Later on James was prevailed upon to write a letter on the same subject so as to quiet the excitement the Epistle had caused in Jewish Christian circles. A careful comparison of the two letters shows that James' Epistle was not written in direct opposition to Romans but apparently with the intention of proving that there need not necessarily be an antithesis between faith and works.

Paul had anticipated a cool reception at Jerusalem, but he wished and hoped that the liberal gifts of the churches of Asia and Greece to the poor saints of the Holy City might prove instrumental in bridging the cleavage between the sternly Jewish element and the Greek converts. At his beck and call the delegations advanced and each placed the contribution of its respective church at the feet of James. The gifts amounted to a goodly bounty and were a striking proof how faithfully Paul had carried out his part of the compact made with the Apostles years ago. All these years this collection had occupied his mind and his time, most of his letters gave space to it, but now, when it was delivered to the Church at Jerusalem, Luke, himself one of the delegates, has nothing to say about the manner in which the gifts were received nor a word of thanks to record. "Recipients of alms are rarely remarkable for gratitude." From Luke's silence we may correctly conclude that the spirit in which the great collection was received by the Elders was to Paul a bitter disappointment.

Paul was eager to gain and maintain the good-will and approbation of the College of the Elders of the Mother Church for his work among the Gentiles. When the presentation of the Gentile gifts had failed to elicit a word of grateful recognition for the benefactors, Paul kept his dis-

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appointment to himself and began to narrate in full detail the things God had done by means of his ministry among the nations.

It is no easy matter to present a cause, be it ever so important in itself or to us, before a group of disinterested people, and if there exist, besides, certain ill feeling against the speaker, it is almost impossible to gain their interest.

The Elders at Jerusalem were not openly antagonistic to Paul and his work—antagonism would have roused the verve and spirit of the speaker—they were plainly indifferent and indifference tends to dampen the zeal of the most gifted orator. So Paul in a rather reportorial style at first, narrated one by one the incidents and experiences of his third missionary journey, giving a complete and minute account. Gradually he warmed up to his subject, and before the warmth of his feeling and the fire of his eloquence the coldness of his hearers melted away, indifference gave place to interest, and interest turned to enthusiasm; for when he had ended, Luke tells us, "his hearers glorified God."

In the glowing account of his missions Paul in all humility had given the glory to God. The Elders on hearing it likewise glorified God but, in the same breath, connected with it a humiliation for His servant. Luke writes "they glorified God and said to him (Paul)"—what? They repeated to him all the slander and wicked rumors current about him at Jerusalem. "You see, brother, how many myriads of believers there are among the Jews (myriads commonly denotes an indefinitely large number, hence we have here no statistics of the Jewish Church), and all of them are ardent supporters of the Law. Now they have been 'studiously indoctrinated' (catechized, says Luke) about you that you teach 'Apostasy from Moses' to all Jews living among the Gentiles, telling them not to circumcise their children nor to follow the old customs. What is to be done? They will be sure to hear that you have come."

Apparently this question had been discussed by the

Elders already prior to Paul's arrival at the meeting. Ecclesiastical like political leaders have a wonderful foresight and come to their respective assemblies and conferences with plans cut and dried, seeking for them not enlightening discussion but speedy assent. So the Elders at Jerusalem had already found an answer to the question they now laid before Paul, a clever answer which, in their opinion, would both test Paul's sympathy with the Jews, and incidentally, for the time being, secure his safety from Jewish attacks.

Before Paul could answer, they urged him: "Now do as we tell you." They then proposed a peculiar act of devotion:

"We have four men here under a vow; associate yourself with them, pay their expenses so that they may be free to have their heads shaved, and then everybody will understand there is nothing in these stories about you, but that, on the contrary, you are guided by obedience to the Law."

To make the proposition more palatable to Paul they added:

"As for Gentile believers, we have issued our decision that they must avoid food offered to idols, the taste of blood, meat of strangled animals and sexual vice."

This was to assure Paul that they would not make any change in the decree of the former Council at Jerusalem. The matter would be an entirely personal affair of the Apostle in order to demonstrate publicly his own attitude toward the Law and the customs of his people.

Had Paul been a wealthy man, the proposal would have been nothing unusual. It had become a popular charity with rich Jews of that age to pay the expenses of indigent Nazarites who were unable to meet the onerous prescriptions of the Law. These patrons shared to a certain degree and in some undefined way in their purification.

Super-inquisitive commentators have spilled much ink in the discussion of innumerable questions brought up in connection with the Elders' proposal: Whence did Paul re-

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ceive the money for this expensive charity? Did he have to pay for twelve or for sixteen sacrificial animals? Did he spend the seven days of purification with the four paupers in a room, set aside for that purpose in the Temple, or did he come to visit there daily? Most of all, however the question has been ventilated: How could Paul with a good conscience accept a proposal apparently at variance with his teaching? Some find that such a compliance "is just as credible as that Luther, in his old age, should have performed a pilgrimage to Einsiedeln with peas in his shoes, or that Calvin, on his deathbed, should have vowed a gold-embroidered gown to the Holy Mother of God."

Apparently Paul did not consider the matter a question of conscience but simply one of expedience. His passionate longing for the salvation of his own people would not let his personality stand as the chief object in the way of their accepting the Gospel. He would become "all things to all men," if he could save but some. Without further discussion and with implicit faith in the wisdom of the Elders, he complied with their request. Were they not, as leaders of the Church, fully acquainted with conditions at Jerusalem? Why should he doubt the expediency of the plan?

Alas, he was soon to find that "they had overrated the conciliatory effect of this act of conformity and underrated the peril to which it exposed the Apostle." He had to learn a sad lesson, as many after him, to wit: superiors' advice by no means spells superior advice.

The seemingly well-laid plan of the Elders, conceived in their anxiety to pacify the smoldering hatred against the maligned Apostle by exposing him to the public eye in the performance of a meritorious act of charity, was a dangerous experiment and doomed in itself to grievous failure. It would have been wiser for Paul, after the discharge of his mission of mercy, to leave the perilous pavement of Jerusalem where the ranks of his local adversaries were swelled by numerous pilgrims who already in their home cities had shared in riots and tumults against him. It would

have been safer to gratify his long-cherished wish of going to Spain, visiting Rome *en route* and thus to carry the Gospel to the end of the world.

Instead, according to the plan of the Elders, Paul went to mingle for a week with the crowds at the Temple, since seven days of purification were required before the final sacrificial ceremonies could be consummated.

* * *

Daily, of late, when the gates opened at dawn, a small group of men coming down from the hills of Judea was seen entering the city. Regularly at dusk they returned to the home of Mnason somewhere among these hills. For a week, Paul had to visit the Temple. A few of his friends alternately escorted him as safeguards against sudden attack. Unmolested, they had made the trip for several days, and the Elders' plan seemed successful. Those of his companions who for the first time had visited the Temple of Herod, were full of praise for its magnificence and beauty. Their glowing account roused in Trophimus, Paul's Ephesian Greek convert, the desire likewise to visit the Jewish sanctuary which was said to surpass Diana's Temple of his home town.

Paul consented to take him along the next morning together with Luke, who, on this first visit to the Holy City, had seen as yet little of its marvelous buildings and of the places hallowed by the memories of the Master, on whose life history he had been working for years.

It was to be Paul's last stroll through the city and his last visit to the Temple towering above it.

Jerusalem was built on a mountain, the end of an arid table-land, which now appears as a mighty tongue of stone. The barren mountains of Judea gather around it as their natural center, but seem to be kept at bay by the deep gorge of the Valley of Hinnom to the west, and by the Valley of

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Kedron to the east. Time has changed the topography of Jerusalem and what now appears as one vast hill from the distance, was of yore an aggregation of four, and the tongue of rocks was cloven at the time of the Apostle like that of a snake. The Tyropean Valley, a deep glen forty to seventy feet in places, equally divided the city and the hills. The accumulation of the *débris* of centuries has so completely filled the valley as to make it now level with the hills. In ancient times a winding street passed along the full length of the valley, Jerusalem's "Main Street"; the busiest street of the city. About midway up the valley at its narrowest part, a high-arched causeway spanned it, connecting the western and eastern ridges of the mountain city. Located in the very center of Jerusalem, this bridge offered a splendid view of the city, and we can readily imagine how Paul stood there with his Grecian friends, pointing out to them the chief palaces and other buildings of interest.

To the north, beyond the ancient city wall, enclosed by a new battlement of cyclopean masonry, rose the hill of Bezetha, the New City, a mass of villas, groves and gardens. To the west, near the entrance to the bridge, stood the old Palace of the Maccabees occupied at the time by Agrippa II. High above on the summit of the Upper City, one saw the three towers which flanked the giant palace Herod the Great built on the edge of the hill. According to the historian Josephus, it covered more than ten acres and could rival the Palace of the Caesars at Rome. Many archeologists think that here was Mount Zion, but it seems to us that Zion must have been on the eastern ridge, toward the south, crowning there the Old City of Jerusalem, a labyrinth of narrow streets and alleys, and an aggregation of humble houses and huts of the poorer class with here and there a more pretentious building, the home of a rich merchant or wealthy Sadducee.

The morning sun, rising higher and higher, penetrated deeper and deeper into the Tyropean valley, and as the men

now looked over the balustrade, they saw store after store, bazaar after bazaar opening windows and doors, while groups of buyers gathered before them. The street was awakening. Business had begun. Two singular structures now caught the eyes of Trophimus, buildings which reminded him of his native Ephesus, and which were of such characteristic Greek design and pagan purport that he would never have expected to see them in the Holy City. Immediately below the bridge on which they were standing stretched a wide oval arena for chariot races, athletic games and other sports so distasteful to Jews. This *Xystus* or hippodrome lay in the very heart of the city, directly under the walls of the Temple, so that the shouts of the spectators below often disturbed the worshippers above. Herod the Great had built this amphitheater and the vast theater a little further up the valley. Just then a straight long shadow was falling across the semicircular rows of seats of the theater, set up, as at Ephesus, against the slope of a mountain, here Mount Moriah. The slowly moving shadow gave the theater the appearance of a monster sundial. Looking up for the *gnomon* or object that cast the great shadow our friends spied at the edge of the cliff the loftiest tower of the gray castle of Antonia. This stronghold held the Roman garrison and was large enough to accommodate at the feasts of the Jews an entire Roman legion. On the roof of the watch tower the men could discern, glittering in the sun, the spears of the Roman sentries as they marched up and down, keeping a vigilant eye on the surging crowds in the neighboring Temple. A double stairway connected the castle with the Court of Gentiles in the Temple, thus enabling the guards to quell any incipient riot immediately.

Did Paul, as he looked down into the yawning pit of the theater in the valley, recall the tumult in the theater of Ephesus where the mob wished to devour him? Had he been able to hear the conversation of a group of pilgrims just passing behind him, he would indeed have been forci-

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bly reminded of that horrible and noisy scene. The pilgrims were Jews from the province of Asia, some from Ephesus, its capital, among them perhaps, Alexander the copper-smith who had in vain tried to defend the Jews at that riot. As soon as the pilgrims saw Paul standing at the balustrade by the side of Trophimus, their townsman, they began to denounce him. This traitor to Judaism, this apostate of the Law, this pervert of the Elders' tradition, this renegade from ancient customs, this enemy of the religion of the Fathers, what business could he have in the Holy City? Heaping these and many other ignominious epithets on the head of poor-unapprehensive Paul, these pious pilgrims went up to the Temple; as perfectly convinced of their personal piety as are some Christians today who on their way to church engage in similarly edifying converse about the faults of their brethren.

To the Temple, after a while, our friends likewise directed their steps. They did not enter at once into the Court of the Gentiles, but sauntered along the aisles of the encircling porches. They admired the mighty pillars and artful ceilings of the Royal Porch, named after Herod, the royal restorer of the Sanctuary; they lingered a while in the oldest, the Porch of Solomon, hallowed by the memory of the great kingly builder of the first Temple, but still more by the bodily presence of the Master whose spiritual presence was most intimately felt in these sacred halls.

The hour arrived when Paul must enter the Inner Court to perform the rites of his patronage over the indigent Nazarites. His friends accompanied him across the white and red pavement of the Court of Gentiles to the "Beautiful Gate." They were allowed no further. The gate was set into a thick wall, four and a half feet high, the *Chel* which hemmed in the "Sacred Enclosure" into which no Gentile was to place foot.

There they stood watching Paul as he ascended the wide stairway leading to the Court of Women. On the lower

steps ragged beggars, some blind, some maimed, some crippled, stretched out their unclean hands to the worshippers as they went up to God's House—no unusual sight even today on the steps of European cathedrals and of heathen temples all over the world. These beggars felt that religion means charity, but the Christian religion means more, it spells "Love."

It was on the steps of the Beautiful Gate that Peter and John were accosted by a lame man. Instead of receiving a coin, he heard from the lips of Peter: "Silver and gold have I none; but what I have I will give thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." Instantly the beggar started to walk and accompanied them into the Temple, walking, leaping and praising God.

Paul's friends dared not go into the Temple. Though longing for the Courts of the Lord, they must stay outside. Here was no admission for Gentiles, even though they be Christians.

Paul, crossing the Court of Women, was lost from sight for a moment. Now his friends spied him again mounting a second semicircular flight of stairs further west. Its fifteen marble steps led to another wide gate of Corinthian brass, the "Gate of Nicanor," which opened into the Court of Israel.

Looking up those flights of stairs through the wide open gates the men caught a glimpse of Jehovah's altar in the Highest Court, the "Court of the Priests." They ever discerned the ornamented facade of the Temple behind it. Its portals opened for a moment. A priest entered the Sanctuary. This "Holy Place," with its high vaulted ceiling, was but dimly lighted by the oil-lamps of the "Golden Candelabra." The light, though reflected all around by the gold-plated walls and ceiling, was hardly sufficient for the priest as he busied himself at the "Table of Shewbread" or burned sweet smelling incense upon the "Golden Altar" while offering prayers of intercession for his people.

At the rear of the Holy Place hung a heavy curtain,

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immediately behind the Altar of Gold. It hid from sight a cubical room, thirty feet in dimensions: the "Holy of Holies." Here, in years long gone by, stood in total darkness the Ark of the Covenant. The two golden cherubim on its cover looked down upon the *Kapporeth*, the mercy seat of God. Here dwelt the *Shekinah*, the presence of God to which only once a year the High Priest had access, sprinkling the golden plate on the Ark with the blood of the sacrifice on the Day of Atonement.

When, half a century before Christ, Pompey, the conqueror of Jerusalem, pushed his way into the Holy of Holies, he found to his amazement that the room was perfectly empty. There was no image, no altar, nor shrine—all was utter darkness and void. Only a large block of marble in the center marked the place where the Ark had once stood. The Ark of the Covenant was gone. Did God still dwell there?

In the days of Solomon, when the first temple was dedicated to the service of Jehovah, His glory and presence filled the Sanctuary in a cloud; in the fulness of time, when Herod had rebuilt it, the Lord came to His Holy Temple in the person of His incarnate Son. "He came unto his own, but his own received him not." Now since Jesus had ascended into the Sanctuary on High as the Mediator of all men, the Temple in Jerusalem had lost its significance. It was no longer God's special dwelling place, even though a benighted stiff-necked people still thought of the God who is Light, as dwelling in the forbidding darkness of the "Holy of Holies."

A peculiar thing had occurred in the Temple at the hour of the death of our Savior. Luke tells of it in his Gospel. When Jesus, High Priest and sacrifice in one person, died as the Lamb of God on the cross on Mount Calvary, the heavy curtain which veiled the Holy of Holies on Mount Moriah was rent in twain from top to bottom. A symbolical occurrence. God himself by the blood of His Son granted free access to His Mercy Seat. Yet, while God had opened

a way to His throne, His chosen people, first among them the priests, kept Gentiles and Gentile Christians from entering His presence. There were the wide stairs, the open gates, the rent curtain. What was to keep them from approaching God's altars? The national pride and the religious bigotry of God's own people.

The friends were to wait Paul's return. To pass the time, they took a stroll around the Sacred Enclosure. At certain intervals on all four sides of this "middle wall of partition," they found large stone tablets on columns, some written in Hebrew, others in Latin or Greek, warning men of alien race against further approach.

Built into the walls of a small mosque in the *Via Dolorosa*, through which our Lord was led to his death, one of these placards from the frontal of the pylon of Herod's temple on which the eyes of our Lord and his disciples must often have fallen, was discovered in 1871. Its inscription in Greek gave in seven lines of enormous characters the following warning:

"Let no alien enter within the balustrade round the temple and the enclosure. Whoever is caught there will be responsible to himself for his death which will follow."

The companions had reached the north side of the Court of Gentiles when suddenly they heard loud cries and shouting from within the enclosure. The Jews from Asia who had seen Paul before in the city with Trophimus, now spied him in the Temple. Believing, or pretending to believe, that he had brought Trophimus, the Gentile, with him into the sacred precinct, they immediately "stirred up all the crowd and laid hands on him, shouting:

"Men of Israel, to the rescue! There is the man who teaches everyone everywhere against the people, the Law and this place. He has moreover brought Greek Greeks also into the Temple and has defiled this holy place."

Nothing was more apt to stir the passion and indignation of the Jews than this charge of an intolerable dese-

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cration that an "uncircumcised dog" should tread the sacred court.

"To the rescue! To the rescue!" The cry sounded like a trumpet blast through the Temple. It was taken up in the Court below, and soon echoed and re-echoed through the streets of Jerusalem! "The whole city was thrown into turmoil." Everyone in this breeding place of fanaticism hastened to the Temple. From all sides the zealots poured into the Court of the Gentiles and rushed through the Beautiful Gate into the Sacred Enclosure to avenge the profanation of the Holy Place, for the cry from the Temple could mean nothing else.

In vain Paul, when he was seized, protested against the accusation and tried to defend himself. His voice was drowned by the wild cries of the constantly growing mob.

Had he been in the Lower Court whose tessellated floor had often been stained with innocent blood, he would have been torn to pieces by the aggressive multitude, but the scrupulous Jews dared not defile the Inner Court with murder. The sacredness of the place saved Paul for the moment—but only for the moment.

Hundreds of clenched fists were threateningly raised against him, when those nearby grabbed him and dragged him out of the sacred enclosure. Since it was impossible to make a way through the throngs which pressed up the stairs through the Beautiful Gate, they rushed him through one of the gates at the north. With loud shrieks the raging horde surged after him and immediately the Levites and the Captain of the Temple shut the ponderous gates, barring Paul from taking refuge at the horns of the altar and anxiously saving the Sacred Enclosure from bloodshed.

No unusual happening in the Temple could escape the vigilant eyes of the Roman sentinels, stationed on the cloistered roof of the porticoes bordering the Castle of Antonia. When the first noisy groups in the Sacred Enclosure flocked about the Asiatic Jews who accused Paul of defiling the

Temple, word passed from the posts to the cohorts on duty to keep in readiness. When the tumult spread to the Lower Court and thence to the streets, the guard on the watch-tower above sent the message to Claudius Lysias, the commander of the fort: "All Jerusalem is in an uproar." The tribune, recalling the terrible carnage which had occurred at the Passover just seven weeks before, and aware that the leader of the sedition, an Egyptian Jew, was still at large among the neighboring hills with his remaining adherents, feared that the rebel might have returned. He therefore sent out a general alarm. While the cry, "Men of Israel, to the rescue!" reverberated in Aramaic through Temple and city, the brief Latin command rang throughout the barracks and casements of the fort, "All men to arms!" The soldiers off duty immediately dropped their dice and ran for their weapons. Within a few minutes the whole garrison in rank and file stood at attention in the wide armory with helmets, breastplates, swords, shields and spears. By a thousand exigencies in hostile countries Rome's legions had been taught quick action and rapid movements.

It thus happened that, while the mob from the Temple was still surging through the northern gates into the Court of the Gentiles, a double stream of burnished metal poured into it from the opposite stairs, Roman soldiers with their centurions, led by the tribune in person.

From all sides the Jewish fanatics were beginning to assail Paul, who thought his end had come. With double quick step the soldiers marched on the rioters, forcing their way through the throng to the spot where Paul was standing. He was kept on his feet by the pressure of the howling mob; had he stumbled or fallen, he would have been trampled to death. There he stood, his face covered with blood, his garments torn, a pitiful sight, had it not been for a serene expression which spread over his features and beamed from his eyes, an expression of fearless resignation to his fate or rather of meek submission to what seemed the will of God.

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When the crowd spied the commander and his soldiers, they stopped beating Paul. The tribune stepped up, and, placing his hand on Paul, ordered him bound by chains to two soldiers. Then, turning to the mob and sweeping over it with a fierce look of authority mingled with disdain, he pertly asked in a thundering voice of command, "Who is he?" and "What has he done?"

A babel of voices gave answer. Some roared one thing, some another; and, since amidst the confusion Lysias could not learn the facts, he ordered Paul to be taken to the barracks.

As the soldiers turned to lead Paul away, the crowd, afraid of being thwarted in their vengeance, rushed after them yelling and shouting, "Away with him! Kill him! Murder him!" They so hustled and jostled Paul and his guards that, upon reaching the stairs, the soldiers had to carry him up the steps. The tribune and the centurions kept close to the prisoner, thus shielding him from his aggressors.

When the rescue party reached the cloistered roof and was about to enter the fortress, Paul turned to the tribune and said, "May I speak a word to you?"

In surprise the commander queried, "You know Greek?" adding immediately, "Then you are not the Egyptian who some time ago raised the four thousand assassins and led them into the wilderness?"

Paul, his clothes torn, his hair disheveled, his face covered with dust and spittle, looked perhaps more like a bandit at that moment than like a messenger of peace. Amazed at being taken for a rebel and agitator, he quickly gave an account of himself as to his nationality and race, "I am a Jewish man, a native of Tarsus in Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city; and I beg you, allow me to talk to the people."

Hoping Paul's words might furnish a clue to the cause of the riot and the person of his prisoner, Lysias granted him permission to speak to the furious crowd. The handcuffs—at least one—were removed, and Paul turned to face

the immense mass, the largest audience he had ever addressed. Anyone else just rescued from being lynched would have been wildly excited and eagerly anxious to be taken into safe custody from the sight of his pursuers. Paul stood there calm and serene. Though his garments hung about him in tatters and his whole figure was covered with dirt, he never appeared to greater advantage than at this moment, one of the greatest in his life.

The scene was dramatic, comparable only to that on Mars Hill of Athens. There on the Areopagus, in sight of the temple-crowned Acropolis, with numerous sanctuaries and shrines all about him, Paul had preached the Gospel to a select representation of Gentiles, the philosophers of Athens and cultured men from all over Greece and the Greek world. Here he stands, behind him the grim gray fort and its four solid towers; around him, on the roof and on the stairway beneath, the legionaries keeping at bay the surging crowds; before him the wide open courts and the shining buildings of the Temple of God. He stands here ready to preach the self-same Gospel to the chosen people of Jehovah. All Israel is represented, the Jews of Jerusalem, priest and scribe, Pharisee and Sadducee, rich and poor; and the Jews of the Dispersion, pilgrims to the feast from all lands under the sun. What a glorious opportunity to preach the Gospel of Christ in the Temple of Jehovah. As he stands here, this little man with flaming eyes seems as powerful as a prophet of old, and his expression and gestures reveal the emissary from on high.

Paul waved his hand toward the people in his own characteristic manner, so familiar to Luke who witnessed the scene from the court. Luke had noticed its singular effect on an audience when he first heard Paul in the synagogue of Pisidian Antioch. This peculiar gesture had proved as effectual with the rough peasants of the Galatian backwoods as with the boisterously proud philosophers of Athens. Here again it seemed as though Paul had waved a magic wand over the people or hypnotized the masses, as

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it were, by the undulating motion of his hand. "Paul waved his hand toward the people and a great hush came over them."

The shields and spears of the soldiers sank to the ground; the clenched fists of the zealots drooped to their sides; the screams and cries died down to a murmur. All were attention, as Paul began to address his hearers in Aramaic: "Brethren and fathers, hear my defense I now make before you." Beneath the sonority of the Hebraic syllables, unintelligible to Lysias and Luke, but kindly familiar to the ears of the Jewish fanatics, the murmur gave place to profound silence.

Paul's speech, as the reader will learn by rereading it in "Acts," was, in the main, an autobiographical sketch of his attitude toward the faith of his kinsmen whom, with all due honor, he calls his "brethren and fathers." He briefly reviewed his happy childhood at Tarsus, his studious college days under Gamaliel, his burning zeal for the Law in persecuting the Christians, his vision of the Risen Lord, his miraculous conversion on the road to Damascus, and his second vision of the Lord thirteen years later in the Court of this very Temple, where, notwithstanding his own remonstrances, he received the great call to his world-wide mission: "Go; I will send thee forth far hence unto the Gentiles."

Hitherto his hearers had listened in subdued silence, but when the word Gentile fell from his lips, their national pride and their ingrained hatred against everything foreign kindled their fury anew. Instantly the pack broke into howling uproar, "Away with this fellow from the earth! He is not fit to live!" They yelled and bellowed, stamped their feet, tore off their clothes to stone the prisoner, and for lack of stones snatched up handfuls of dust and threw it into the air in the direction of the infidel.

The tribune, who had not understood a word of what Paul said, was undecided for a moment what to do. He had

been pleasantly surprised by the sudden silence at the beginning of Paul's speech; now he was the more dumb-founded and angered at the renewed outbreak of the dreaded *furor Judaicus*. There being no hope to settle the affair amidst such tumult, he determined to question Paul in the barracks.

At a sign from the tribune the soldiers took Paul into the tower. The heavy doors closed behind them. Paul was safe from the powerless mob which kept on howling outside.

The persistence of the yelling crowd wore on the nerves of the commander. He dared not send out his troops to quell the riot. So in his anger he turned against the prisoner, the innocent cause of this uproar. In his ill humor, the tribune ordered Paul to be examined under the lash. The cruel third degree has not died out even in our enlightened day, but already in Roman times it was considered illegal to apply torture to a prisoner, unless he refused to answer in the course of a trial. Paul had not been put to trial as yet. An angry man does not weigh his actions and their consequences, so Lysias ordered Paul to be taken to the torture chamber of the fort.

Here the soldiers tore the clothes from his back, strapped his hands with thongs to the whipping post so high that his feet barely touched the ground. Two men came forward with whips to the ends of which bits of metal were fastened. They were about ready to strike, when Paul calmly turned his head to the centurion on duty near the post and quietly asked:

"Are you allowed to scourge a man who is a Roman and has had no trial?"

The centurion beckoned the torturers to stop. The raised whips sank to the ground, while the officer hastened to the tribune, who, from a grated window, observed the clamoring crowd in the Temple-Court.

"What are you going to do?" the centurion asked pantingly, "This man is a Roman."

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Lysias stood aghast, realizing the gravity of his error. He then went to the prisoner and asked:

"Tell me, are you a Roman?"

"Yes," came the prompt answer.

With a glance of incredulity at the simple, homespun, now dirty and torn apparel of the prisoner, Lysias said, "I had to pay a large sum for this citizenship."

"But I," this with a little pardonable pride, "was born a Roman citizen."

At once the tribune ordered the men who were to examine Paul to leave him alone. His fetters were loosened, but for his own safety he was kept in custody.

Wearied and tired from the strenuous experiences of that eventful day, the Apostle, chained to a soldier, slept that night in prison the innocent sleep of the righteous.

For the tribune, the night was less peaceful. For hours he paced the stone pavement of his chamber seeking a way out of the sore dilemma in which he found himself. There was a Roman citizen whom he had illegally bound and who might seek reprisals. He gladly would have set him free, as did the magistrates of Philippi in a similar embarrassment; but there were those turbulent Jews who had demanded his death. For what reason? He did not know. It must have been one of those religious squabbles so incomprehensible to Greeks and Romans. Would they come again in the morning? What would they do if they learned that the prisoner was dismissed by Roman authority? The merest trifles were apt to cause a riot in the rebellious city. The sly Greek diplomat finally thought of an evasion. He would bring Paul before the Sanhedrin, the Jewish Supreme Court. He himself would see that Paul, as a Roman, would get a fair trial. Thus he would find the real reason for the tumult. His further steps would be guided by the findings of the court. The matter thus settled in his mind, the tribune retired, but his sleep was not restful.

The next morning Lysias notified the chief priests and

the other members of the Sanhedrin to meet for Paul's trial. They hardly met at the usual meeting place, the Hall of Squares or the stone chamber which stood within the holy precinct in the Court of the Priests, for here neither Lysias nor his soldiers, being Gentiles, would be permitted entrance. But the august court occasionally met at other places, so at the trial of Jesus in the High Priest's Palace, and now at Paul's trial most likely in the "Booths" of Annas. Here of late the sessions had been held frequently and the place was probably identical with that called by Josephus in his "Jewish Wars," the "council" or "the place of assembling," as also the "archives," situated according to this historian in the vicinity of the Temple.

Under military escort, to protect him from any violence, Paul was led to the Booths by the tribune in person, who, on account of the illegality he had perpetrated against the Apostle, hoped for an amicable settlement of the affair and desired an acquittal which would enable him to give Paul his freedom.

Twenty years and more had passed since Paul last stood before the Sanhedrin. Then he had come to ask for letters empowering him to persecute and arrest the Christians of Damascus; now he was brought here, himself a Christian under arrest, to be arraigned before the Supreme Court of the land as an enemy of the people, their Law and their Temple. He remembered the time when, as a young law student, he sat in the front row before the judges at the trial of Stephen. How heartily he then had joined in the latter's condemnation; now the same court was to pass sentence on him and his actions. He was familiar with the appearance and the characteristics of the seventy-two men who sat there in a semi-circle on a carpet spread on the floor, some of the more prominent upon cushions slightly elevated, with their knees bent and crossed, as is the custom to the present day in the East. He was likewise acquainted with the manner of procedure of this august body.

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After Lysias had placed his prisoner before the venerable council, he stepped aside waiting developments. Paul "with a steady look at the Council," perhaps discovering among its members a few former classmates, did not meekly wait for a formal accusation, but fearlessly entered a protest against the treatment he had received at the Temple on the previous day. He indeed had not been summoned by the court, but had been placed there by the Roman commander who "was anxious to find the real reason why the Jews accused him." Paul, therefore, did not regard the men before him as his superiors, especially since he had been one of their members, nor did he accede to them the right to pass judgment on his religion. Hence he deemed it his privilege to open the proceedings himself. Chrysostom suggests that, in doing this, he sought to impress the tribune with his innocence and by his own resolute bearing to stiffen the latter's resolution to see justice done.

By his opening words, Paul placed himself on an equal footing with the members of the Council. Ignoring the customary formula in addressing the supreme court as "Rulers of the people and Elders of Israel," he simply addressed them as "Brethren."

"Brethren, I have lived before God with a perfectly good conscience to this day."

The council was shocked at this audacious familiarity and at the informal way in which he began the proceedings without waiting for a word or a sign from the presiding high priest, Ananias. The men were speechless with amazement. The high priest was insulted and in his anger "ordered those who were standing next to Paul to strike him on the mouth."

Paul heard the words without realizing who had spoken them. His naturally choleric temperament flared up in righteous indignation, as every noble soul would blaze forth under similar treatment.

"You whitewashed wall. God will strike you! You sit

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there to judge me by the Law, do you? And in violation of the Law you command me to be smitten."

This sudden outburst of wrath has been counted against the Apostle by numerous theologians ever since the days of Jerome. They claim Paul ought to have controlled his emotions as Jesus did at his trial before the High Priest. Theologians, as we know them, are not likely to do so themselves. Was it not the ardent prayer of one of the greatest among them, Melanchthon, when he felt his end approaching, to be delivered from "the wrath of the theologians?" Whose wrath were the Master and Paul made to feel at their trials? Were they not all theologians?

Moreover, notwithstanding certain similarities, there is a great difference between the situation at the trial of Jesus and that of Paul. When Jesus refused to answer personally a question of the high priest and referred him to those who had heard him speak, one of the officers who stood nearby, at his own impulse and initiative, struck the Lord with the palm of his hand saying: "Answerest thou the high priest so?" Whereupon Jesus answered with divine patience and majestic self-control: "If I have spoken evil, bear witness to the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?" But in the case of Paul it was the high priest himself, or as Paul thought, one of the judges who gave the command. Had this happened at the trial of Jesus, we do not know what the Master would have said; but we do know, that more than once Jesus gave utterance to righteous anger and holy wrath against the hypocrisy and insolence of the Pharisees and Sadducees, using a proverbial epithet, very similar to the one used by Paul: "whited sepulchres."

The greatest affront one Jew could offer to another was to smite him on the cheek. The one so struck ceased, so to speak, to be a Jew. This was well known to every member of the council, as also the Rabbinical saying: "He who strikes an Israelite strikes the Holy One." This was to stay the hand of every Jew from inflicting such grievous

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offense upon a brother. Nevertheless, the high priest in his wrath had ordered his attendants to strike Paul.

Paul's scathing retort, it would seem, forestalled the blow. Instead, the horrified minions of the tyrannical priest protested: "Do you revile the high priest of God?"

Paul immediately offered an apology: "Brothers, I wist not that he was the high priest; for it is written: 'Thou shalt not speak evil of a ruler of thy people.'" Though accused of preaching apostasy from the Law, Paul proves by his quotation from it both his thorough knowledge of the Law and his readiness to abide by its letter. Had he known the speaker to be the high priest, he would have kept quiet.

Paul's simple and straightforward excuse was taken as such by his hearers; not one of them doubted the truth of his statement: "I wist not that he was the high priest." Not so with the theological commentators, some of whom give Paul the lie, claiming that he knew the high priest and declaring that his words were spoken in biting sarcasm or with a touch of satire; others take his words literally, but seek for plausible explanations why Paul did not recognize the high priest: that the high priest did not wear his official robes, that he did not occupy on that day the presidential chair, or that Paul's near-sightedness prevented him from recognizing the high priest.

The reader will remember that, when Paul addressed the Council, his eyes were wandering over the large assembly, so that it was quite natural that he did not observe who of the many hearers had uttered the provocative words: "Smite him on the mouth."

Paul's answer, then, was what he intended it to be, a frank, courteous and gentlemanly excuse for the impropriety of his hasty words.

Yet while Paul apologized for his hastiness of speech he did not retract his words, which, moreover, proved prophetic.

Ananias, the high priest, who outraged the Apostle,

was a worthy member of the ignominious family of Annas who had condemned Jesus. He was a cynically brutal Sadducee, eager for carnal pleasures and greedy for money. Often he would send out his slaves to snatch the tithes from the threshing floors, thus defrauding the inferior priests of their due share. If any priest dared to oppose him, he received an unmerciful flogging. No wonder then, that Ananias, whom even the Talmud describes as a rapacious tyrant and greedy glutton, was thoroughly hated by the people. Few pitied him when on September seventeenth in the year 66 A. D., while hiding in a sewer with his brother Ezechias from the pursuing factionists who had deposed him from the high-priesthood, he was dragged forth and slain by the daggers of the *sicarii* whom he had so often employed in pursuing his own wicked schemes.

The dramatic episode between Paul and the attendants had caused considerable disturbance in the council. There was noisy talk throughout the hall. Paul, in resuming his defense, had to shout to make himself heard. He continued where he had been interrupted, giving an account of his attitude toward the Jewish religion. Since he has been accused of a change in the manner of his defense, it is well to recall his former statement and to read it in connection with what he has now to say in order to see the falsity of the accusation.

"Brethren, I have lived before God with a perfectly good conscience to this day."—"Brethren," he continues, "I am a Pharisee, a son of Pharisees: for the hope (of a Messiah) and the resurrection of the dead I am now on trial."

With these words Paul states that he is a Jew and as such an orthodox Jew who faithfully holds to the tenets of the Jewish creed as adhered to by the strictest sect of Judaism, the Pharisees. Boldly he makes this statement, although knowing that many of the members of the Sanhedrin are Sadducees who, in their Naturalism, have abandoned the belief in the resurrection, angels and spirits.

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Paul, as we know him, was not so much concerned, even at this trial, about his own justification and the preservation of his life as about an opportunity to preach and glorify Christ. He no doubt wanted to work up from these preliminary statements about his own religious life, to a point of naming the risen Lord. This opportunity he did not find, for his words, hardly spoken, immediately caused a furious theological dispute between the two sharply divided factions of the Sanhedrin.

Moreover, Paul's words and behavior before the Sanhedrin have brought upon him the almost universal censure of Christian theologians. We cannot record here the many and manifold opinions about Paul's conduct at this trial. An anthology from the immensely rich condemnatory vocabulary of these theologians may, however, interest the reader. Paul's course of action before the Jewish council has been styled: "an artifice, unworthy of the Apostle, a clever device, an adroit stratagem, a ruse, a Machiavellian policy, a suggestion of false issues, a questionable device, a skillful maneuver, an artful subterfuge, an appeal to prejudice, a perfect piece of strategy, a skilful dialectic, the flinging of an apple of discord, or of a lighted fire-brand and so forth, *ad infinitum*."

But we must return to the Council whose members meanwhile were at loggerheads, turning the courtroom into a scene of wild clamor. Genuine orientals, the Jewish Hierarchs and Scribes showed utter lack of self-control, and the dignity of the court gave place to vociferous rage. Paul's words about the resurrection had brought cynical smiles to the faces of the Sadducees. They sneered at the prisoner who stood for the old orthodox faith and the Messianic hope of Israel. This open cynicism and scepticism of the priestly caste enraged the Pharisees who now regarded Paul as the champion of their doctrines. The Scribes sided with them and declared, "We find no evil in this man." Then remembering what Paul had said the day before about the Lord's

voice in the Temple, they continued, "What if a spirit or an angel has spoken to him,"—the sentence remained unfinished, for the Sadducees clamored that Paul was a blasphemer, and demanded his life. The Pharisees and Scribes, the majority of the Council, rallied to his defense and asserted his innocence. The dispute grew noisier and soon broke into a free fight. The Pharisees no longer paid attention to Paul but were bent on humbling and overpowering the Sadducees. The latter turned to attack the prisoner. With a flourish of fists they formed a threatening circle around the little Jew. The Pharisees tried to rescue him from the raving Sadducees who were bent on dragging him out to stone or strangle him. Soon they were at each other's throats and Paul stood in danger of being murdered by "learned and venerable hands."

Lysias, the Roman tribune, watched the spectacular scene with growing amazement. How could sober judges forget themselves as did these Jews, turning the battle of arguments into a fist fight free for all? Such indecorous behavior would be impossible in a Roman court. Moreover, how was it possible that these men, who, with the rioters in the Temple, had on the previous day unanimously sought the destruction of the prisoner, should now be so utterly divided and fight each other so bitterly—more than half trying to save Paul from the fate of a martyr.

Lysias had no time to reflect on the matter at length. In this terrible encounter, the life of a Roman whom he was bound to protect, was at stake. He therefore ordered the soldiers to take Paul back to the Castle, the Roman barracks being the only place of safety for the "greatest living Jew" of that day in the Holy City of the Jews.

A dark night covers Jerusalem. The city sleeps. The soldier to whom Paul is chained snores at his side. Paul cannot sleep. He hears the footsteps of the sentries keeping watch on the tower. The sighing of the wind through narrow, heavily latticed apertures in the thick castle walls

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makes him shiver. He recalls yesterday's tumult in the Temple and this morning's trial before the Sanhedrin. What will become of him? At this center of Judaism he realizes the unconquerable resistance of the Jews to the truth. He pictures the terrible end that awaits him should he fall again into their hands. He reproaches himself for having listened to the politic proposals of the Elders of the Church. Diplomacy had failed him before, when he circumcised Timothy. Darkness fills the barracks; depressing darkness his soul. He longs "to depart and be with Christ." All is night about him, and in vain his slumberless eyes try to pierce the gloom. He recalls his cherished dream of visiting Rome to preach the Gospel at the capital of the world. Will it ever come true? The outlook seems hopeless.

A beam of faint gray light steals through the small window above his hard couch. The wind has rent the clouds for a moment and the still light of the moon penetrates the opening. How consoling a single ray of light may prove in the darkness! The light slowly grows brighter. It seems unearthly. A lucid figure evolves from it. Paul has a vision, the third of the four which came to him in the great crises of his life. The Lord stands at his side and Paul drinks in his comforting words, "Courage, Paul; for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome."

The vision vanishes and with it Paul's fears. He is saved from alarm as to his life. Henceforth for many a long and dreary day, and in many a dark and sleepless night in prison, the conviction upholds him that he still has years of blessed work before him. Clouds again cover the moon; the silver streak of light fades into night. Paul closes his eyes and peacefully sleeps until morning.

When Peter some years before had been imprisoned by Herod, the congregation of Jerusalem immediately assembled in the house of Mary to pray for his deliverance. The prayer was heard and Peter was miraculously delivered. Paul had already been two days a prisoner in the Castle of

Antonia, yet Luke had no prayer meeting to record. Though Paul's imprisonment was due, partly at least, to the unfortunate counsel of the Christian Elders, the latter did not call on the myriads of Christians to intercede for their benefactor who, only a few days ago, had brought them the munificent gift of the Gentile Churches. Not a hand was raised in prayer for him save those of his most intimate friends; no attempt was made to save him, though James was on excellent terms with the Temple authorities. The Jewish Christians showed neither brotherly love nor due gratitude to the Apostle of the Gentiles. They seemingly regarded the matter as his own personal affair.

We wonder at the ingratitude of the Church at Jerusalem. But have things materially changed since then? We do occasionally find an individual congregation which appreciates and remembers the faithful services of a pastor even long after he is dead and gone. It is generally different with larger church bodies. Once the name of a clergyman is entered into the obituary, he is dead and forgotten; no matter how prominent he may have been in his life time, his name is rarely mentioned unless one opens by chance the dust covered necrology. Synods, it must be admitted, at times find words of recognition for a member who has fully met "his quota or apportionment," and when a man raises a special sum for its educational institutions, he may even obtain what may seem a perpetual receipt attached to his name in two letters: D.D. (Donor of Dollars). But when, grown old in the service and bent by the burden of years, a servant of the Church applies for help to the body he served there is laid into his trembling hand not a stintless pension but a stingy pittance, and the once happy occupant of a sunny manse, still alive though half-forgotten, may spend his declining years in a gloomy garret so much nearer to heaven and its reward.

While Paul was peacefully sleeping in prison, his enemies were awake and at work. More than forty fanatic

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Jews banded themselves together at dawn to organize a formidable conspiracy. Angered that Rome had twice rescued the Apostle from imminent death, tearing him away from the tumultuous crowd in the Temple and again snatching him out of the cavern of death, the Court of the Sanhedrin, these desperados, with many rebellious outcries, denounced the Roman authorities and angrily censured the Jewish Supreme Court for letting Paul escape from their hands. It was an awe-inspiring moment when, at the first light of the morning, these infuriated Jews solemnly raised their hands toward the graying sky to bind themselves together for Paul's destruction by a terrible *cherem*, an oath of execration, all joining with vim and determination in the mutual pledge: "We shall neither eat nor drink until we have killed Paul."

There was one great difficulty in carrying out their plan: Paul was kept in safe custody in the Roman barracks. Thence he must be lured away. For this, they needed the help of the Sanhedrin. A committee, therefore, was to lay their plot before the Chief Priests and Elders, suggesting a second hearing of Paul before that body on the following day. The conspirators were to lie in ambush and to murder the Apostle on his way from the Castle to the Court, even if they should lose their own lives in the attempt.

Remembering that the Jewish rulers had paid for the betrayal of Jesus and assented to the murder of Stephen, one need not be surprised at the audacity of the plotters in approaching these hypocritical clerics to connive in their wicked machination and to sanction the planned murder, nor at the readiness of the rulers to approve the concoction of a lie to facilitate the murderous scheme. These Jewish Priests and Scribes, as many church dignitaries after them, considered it as their divine right to resort to assassination, if thereby they could get rid of an apostate or heretic. Many a pious soul has ended by the dagger of an assassin, has been secretly beheaded in a dungeon or mysteriously poisoned at the instigation of churchly author-

ities. According to the plan of the conspirators, sanctioned by the Jewish ecclesiastical authorities, Paul was doomed to die on the morrow.

Fortunately the plot was frustrated. A nephew of Paul, his sister's son, was in Jerusalem at the time, perhaps attending the Rabbinical College, as had his uncle. Some are of the opinion that Paul's sister also resided at Jerusalem, and wonder why he stayed at Mnason's and not at her home. We do not share this view: mothers rarely accompany their sons to their "Alma Mater." Evidently the young man was not a Christian, but when he got wind of the threatened ambushade, the natural family affection, so strongly characteristic of Jews, prompted him to hasten to the Castle. As a relative, he found ready admittance to the prisoner, whom he warned of the hideous treachery awaiting him.

Paul acted immediately. He beckoned a centurion and said: "Take the young man to the commander, for he has some news for him."

The captain took the youth to the tribune, reporting: "The prisoner Paul has summoned me to ask if I would bring this young man to you, as he has something to tell you."

The tribune, on hearing that the matter concerned Paul, who still was to him a mysterious prisoner, amicably grasped the hand of the youth, drew him aside, asking him, "What is the news you have for me?"

Lysias' kind manner helped the youth to overcome the embarrassment he felt at being ushered into the presence of the most powerful person in Jerusalem, "the military delegate of the dreaded Procurator." Picking up courage, the young man revealed to the astonished commander the terrible secret of which he had become cognizant.

"The Jews," he said, "have agreed to ask you to bring Paul down tomorrow to the Sanhedrin, on the plea that they propose to examine his case in detail. Now do not let them persuade you. More than forty of them are lying in

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ambush, and they have taken a solemn oath neither to eat nor to drink till they have murdered him. They are already at this moment, awaiting your consent."

When the tribune had heard the news, he dismissed the youth, enjoining him, "Tell nobody that you have informed me of this."

Lysias was vexed and alarmed. Matters had taken a serious aspect. Compliance with the request of the Sanhedrin would not only endanger the life of Paul, a Roman he was bound to protect, but might also cause the suspicion that he had connived in the nefarious conspiracy by accepting a bribe. The assassins would not shrink from such an insinuation if they could thus implicate him in the matter. He remembered the fate of governor Cumanus who had been thus accused, imprisoned and disgraced. The safest and wisest way, therefore, would be to dispose of the cumbersome prisoner by sending him swiftly and secretly to governor Felix, with whom, after all, rested the final decision whether or not Paul was to be set free. The ambushcade was a sufficient reason for Lysias to rid himself of an embarrassing responsibility.

He acted promptly. Sending for two trusty officers he gave orders: "Get ready by nine o'clock tonight two hundred infantry and seventy cavalry, and two hundred lancers to go down to Caesarea." He also ordered horses to be provided for the prisoner.

Then he sat down to compose the customary abstract of charges, an *elogium* or letter sent along with a prisoner who was to be brought before a superior court.

The writing of the letter proved no easy task for the tribune. He had at first been somewhat hasty in his treatment of Paul—this must be hidden; he had not ascertained the real cause of the enmity against Paul, yet he must give some reason for sending him to governor Felix; no wonder, therefore, that the letter in its completion presented a strange, yet rather dexterous mixture of fact and fiction,

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of truth and falsehood. The official message in Acts appears strictly genuine and reads as follows:

"Claudius Lysias to his Excellency the Governor Felix: Greeting.

"This man had been seized by the Jews and was on the point of being murdered by them, when I came upon them with the troops and rescued him on having learned that he was a Roman. Anxious to learn the reason why they accused him, I took him down to their Sanhedrin, where I found he was accused of questions relating to their Law, but not impeached for any crime which deserved death or imprisonment. Being informed that a plot is to be laid against him, I at once sent him to you, telling his accusers to bring charges against him before you.

Farewell!"

At nine o'clock the troops were drawn up before the castle. Paul was led forth and mounted on a sumpter. The tribune handed the letter to the officer in charge. Under the cover of night, the escort then rapidly made for the hills. Thus Paul left the Holy City, never to return.

Rome had mobilized its power to protect God's ambassador against invisible perils. Surrounded by this file of soldiers and officers, he need not fear the ambushade of the conspirators, nor the daggers of the *sicarii* and brigands infesting the Judean highland. After a memorable night march along the Roman highway, they reached Antipatris in the morning. Once beyond Judea, there was no further need of apprehension. After a few hours of rest, the legionaries and lancers marched back to Jerusalem, while the cavalry, taking Paul in their midst, rode on to Caesarea, twenty miles to northwest.

* * *

Long before the cavalcade neared the political capital of Palestine—Tacitus calls it the "metropolis of Judea"—

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the vast expanse of the Mediterranean came into view, and, on a long stretched elevation along its coast, hiding the city below from sight, there appeared the outlines of a beautiful temple. Erected by Herod the Great and dedicated by him to the first Roman Emperor, this magnificent structure enclosed within its sacred precinct a colossal statue of Caesar Augustus and represented the first temple of incipient pagan Emperor worship in the Holy Land of the Jews.

Originally the city had been one of the many colonies planted by the Greeks along the shores of the Mediterranean and had been named Strato's Tower, after its founder; but when Herod took up his residence there and rebuilt and beautified the city, he changed its name in honor of his Roman sovereign to Caesarea.

Heretofore this harbor, like the few others along the inhospitable coast, had been but small and exposed to the ravages of the sea. The enterprising king, therefore, undertook to enlarge and protect it by the construction of a long mole of Cyclopic masonry with the result, says Josephus, that the port was "always free from the waves of the sea."

In the immediate neighborhood of the mole and the vaulted warehouses on the water front, the kingly builder reared a palatial castle. Portions of the walls of its tower remain to this day. Vast remains of Herodian buildings existed at Caesarea to the end of the last century, but since then they have suffered much mutilation. Among the ruins can readily be traced the sites of the great amphitheater, the vast hippodrome and the aqueduct which were the pride of the Herodian era.

The streets of Caesarea at that time of reconstruction were laid out in strict regularity. The houses along the main avenues were occupied by the numerous attendants of the Roman governors who had their seat here. Most of these homes bore an Italian aspect, each having its peristyle and open court planted with flowers and shrubs, as at Pompeii. Thus the city, which had never appeared as typically Jewish or Oriental, was gradually transformed by the

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magic hand of Herod from a colony with characteristically Greek architecture into a Latin city, an eastern Rome.

Great excitement reigned at Caesarea when, in bright daylight, a troop of dust-covered horsemen rode through the streets. The curious populace flocked together wondering whence these troopers came, for, though they were Roman cavalry, everyone saw at a glance that they did not belong to the home garrison. Some Christians among the spectators, no doubt, recognized Paul in the midst of the soldiers. At once they hurried to notify Philip and the brethren of the fate of the Apostle.

Paul, a prisoner! How deeply this news touched the hearts of the Christians of Caesarea! Here in the more Gentile than Jewish city, where Peter had baptized the first pagan converts, Cornelius the Roman centurion and his household, where Philip the deacon and evangelist, now presided over a congregation of both Gentile and Jewish Christians, Paul found sympathetic and understanding hearts. The brethren immediately offered prayers of intercession for the Apostle; but seeing in Paul's captivity a literal fulfilment of Agabus' recent prophecy: "They shall deliver him into the hands of the Gentiles," and realizing their own impotence to save him, they humbly and submissively concluded their intercessions with the words of two weeks ago: "The will of the Lord be done."

Meanwhile the troopers had reached the wide plaza before Herod's palace, where the governor of Judea, Antonius Felix, resided. They reined in their horses and the commanding officer dismounted. Paul was lifted from the saddle and at a sign of the captain two soldiers took him into their midst and led him up the broad stairs of the *praetorium* where the centurion was to present his prisoner and the letter of Lysias to the governor. They were immediately ushered into the presence of His Excellency.

While reading the tribune's letter, the Procurator cast

an occasional inquiring glance at the harmless-looking captive. When he had finished, he merely asked to what province the prisoner belonged, for though the letter stated that Paul was a Roman citizen, it did not give the place of his birth.

Under the circumstances every Roman governor would have asked that question, for the Roman law laid down strict rules as to inter-provincial jurisdiction. The reader remembers, no doubt, that Pontius Pilate interrupted his trial of Jesus upon learning that he was a Galilean; and sent him to Herod "as soon as he knew that he belonged to Herod's jurisdiction." The result of this strict observance of professional etiquette was that "the same day Pilate and Herod were made friends together, for previously they had been at enmity."

Here, when Felix learned that Paul was of the neighboring province of Cilicia, he postponed the trial for the present, saying: "I will fully hear your case when your accusers arrive." He then gave orders to keep Paul under guard in the *praetorium* of Herod.

It thus happened that Paul and Felix, then the two most important personages in Palestine, became inmates of the same palace—Paul, a freeborn Roman, the ambassador of Christ, preacher of righteousness and messenger of peace, occupying a prison cell; while Felix, a former slave, who in the judgment of Tacitus, "in all cruelty and debauchery wielded the power of a king with the genius of a slave," resided in the royal suite. Neither of them expected that they would live for two years under the same roof, nor that their relation would become similar to that of King Herod Antipas and John the Baptist when the latter was held a prisoner at the massive Castle of Machaerus.

Both judge and prisoner anxiously awaited the arrival of the accusers, both hoping to leave Caesarea after the trial, the former to be tied in the bonds of matrimony, the latter, being pronounced free, to embark for Italy.

PILGRIM PAUL

At Jerusalem, Lysias had informed Ananias and his colleagues of Paul's departure and had advised them to go down to Caesarea to submit their complaints to the governor. The Sanhedrin acted quickly and appointed a deputation headed by the high priest. Being unfamiliar with the procedure in Roman courts and unable to plead either in Greek or Latin—the Scribes in their national pride discouraged the study of foreign languages—they engaged a young Latin lawyer, Tertullus, to conduct the prosecution against Paul. It was customary at that date for young Roman lawyers to leave the metropolis to practise for a time in provincial courts so as to fit themselves the better for advancement in the Forum of Rome.

Just five days after the arrival of Paul, the embassy from Jerusalem appeared at Caesarea and presently obtained an audience with the Governor. Upon hearing their charges, Felix placed the case on the court calendar for the next day.

Punctually at the opening of court, the envoys from Jerusalem, headed by young Tertullus, entered the judgment hall in a body. Paul was summoned. When, after a short while, the governor took the bench as supreme judge of the province, everything was ready for the trial. The court crier called the names in the case: Sanhedrin versus Paul. Tertullus rose as counsel for the plaintiffs; Paul, the defendant, was to plead his own cause without counsel.

With approval Felix regarded the young Roman lawyer as he stood there in his plain white toga, a slender athletic figure with oval, clean shaven face amidst the old, long bearded, wrinkle faced Elders in colorful robes of blue, purple and red.

Turning toward the governor, the young barrister opened the case for the prosecution with a typical lawyer's speech, beginning as was customary with a fulsome and sycophantic adulation of the Roman dignitary:

"Your Excellency, as it is owing to you that we enjoy

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unbroken peace, and as it is owing to your wise care that the state of this nation has been improved in every way and everywhere, we acknowledge all this with profound gratitude."

Felix graciously smiled while looking into the stern faces of the Sanhedrists, with whom the young lawyer so ably identified himself in his speech as though he were a Jew himself. He thought to read the bitter hatred that dwelt behind these inscrutable foreheads; yet he could not but admire the professional skill with which this promising youth had phrased his words so as neither to offend his clients nor the judge, and his fine tact in dwelling on the only thing that was praiseworthy in the government of Felix, for, notwithstanding his many cruelties and misdeeds, he had at least kept order in his province.

With due deference to the judge on the bench, Tertullus continued:

"I have no wish to weary you, but I beg of you to grant us in your courtesy a brief hearing."

He then proceeded to the indictment, bringing in his formal accusation three distinct charges against the defendant: treason, heresy and sacrilege.

"The fact is we have found this man a perfect pest; he stirs up sedition among the Jews all over the world and he is a ring leader of the Nazarene sect. He actually tried to desecrate the Temple, but we got hold of him."

Luke, our authority, gives here only the headings of the indictment, as Tertullus read them from a carefully prepared brief. They suffice, however, to show how this shrewd lawyer had turned the alleged crimes against the Jewish Law and institutions into offenses against the Roman laws and government. As an agitator, causing insurrections and tumults among the Jews everywhere, Paul had made himself, in the opinion of Tertullus, a public nuisance, guilty of treason against Caesar and his rule. As the ring-leader of the sect of the Nazarenes, he had made propaganda for an illicit religion, since Christianity had no legal

authorization. His attempt to desecrate the Temple—Tertullus speaks of an attempt only, since the fact could not be proven—was likewise an offense against the Roman law which protected the Jewish worship.

Yet though Tertullus accused Paul of breaking Roman laws, it was by no means his intention, far less that of the Sanhedrists, to have him tried in a Roman court. Their aim in bringing proceedings against him was to have him returned to Jerusalem, there to be tried by the Sanhedrin. To obtain such a verdict, Tertullus argued that Lysias had acted in an irregular manner by taking Paul from the Jewish court and sending him to Caesarea. He said: "We got hold of him and would have judged him according to our Law, but Lysias, the chief captain, came and took him with great violence away out of our hands, commanding his accusers to come unto you."

By inquiring of Lysias, Tertullus added, the governor might gain further proof as to the substantial truth of the charges brought against Paul.

Felix frowned at the sinister implication of Lysias and the bold accusation against an absent Roman official. He would have called the young man to order, had not the words been spoken with such apparent sincerity and conviction. Perchance he looked at the Elders and noticed how they complacently nodded and whispered to each other. At once the thought occurred to him that the confident barrister had been duped by his intriguing clients. He simply presented the case as it had been presented to him by these scheming Scribes, who, to take vengeance on Lysias, had misrepresented his actions. The very sight of the schemers aroused the governor's resentment.

Just then the young attorney waved his hand toward the group, while with great eloquence he referred to the large number and high respectability of these witnesses. He then took his seat.

One after the other the Sanhedrists rose and joined in

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the attack on Paul, declaring that such were the facts of the case.

In disgust, the Procurator turned his eyes from the old hypocrites and nodded to Paul to make his defense.

With courtesy and calmness Paul began his reply, expressing in his *exordium* the sincere satisfaction to plead his cause in a court, to the jurisdiction of which Tertullus, though indirectly had just then objected. It was not flattery, but respectful recognition of a judge, well acquainted with the peculiarities and religion of the people, when Paul stated:

"As I know you have administered justice in this nation for a number of years, I feel encouraged to make my defense."

Paul then proceeded to the indictment disposing of the accusations in the order in which they had been brought against him: treason, heresy, sacrilege.

From the previous question of Felix as to his birth-place, he had gained the conviction that the governor was very careful on the point of provincial jurisdiction. There was no need, then, to refer to the alleged disturbances which had occurred on his missionary journeys in territories beyond the jurisdiction of Felix. Paul therefore limited himself to his recent stay in Jerusalem and flatly denied to have caused any sedition in the Jewish capital:

"It is not more than twelve days, as you can easily ascertain, since I went up to worship at Jerusalem. They never found me arguing with any one in the Temple or causing a riot either in the synagogues or in the city; they cannot furnish you with any proof of their present charges against me."

As to the charge of heresy, Paul readily admitted to be a Christian. Were there no other sects in Judaism: Sadducees, Pharisees and Essenes? Why should the sect of the Nazarenes be illegal? Did Christianity involve dis-

loyalty to the faith of the "Fathers"? Emphatically he denied that charge:

"I certainly admit to you that I worship our father's God according to the 'Way' which they call a 'sect'; but I believe all that is written in the Law and the Prophets, and I cherish the same hope in God as they accept, namely that there is to be a resurrection of the just and the unjust. Herein I too endeavor to have a clear conscience before God and men all the time."

As to the charge about the profanation of the Temple, Paul declared it false from the beginning to the end. He simply recounted the happenings of that dreadful day and put the blame for the disturbance where it belonged:

"After a lapse of several years, I came up with alms and offerings for my nation, and it was in presenting these that I was found within the Temple. I was ceremonially pure, I was not mixed up in any mob or riot; no, the trouble was caused by some Jews from Asia, who ought to have been here before you with any charge they may have against me."

Paul's eyes scanned over the rows of his accusers. There was not one of the Asiatic Jews among them. He then called the delegation to witness:

"Let these men yonder tell what fault they found with me when I stood before the Sanhedrin!"

He stopped a moment, then remembering the fight one of his statements had caused, he continued:

"—unless it was the single sentence I uttered, when I stood and said, 'It is for the resurrection of the dead that I am on my trial today before you.'"

With this appeal to his accusers Paul closed his defense. Both prosecutor and defendant had ably acquitted themselves. The battle of words was over and all expectantly waited the decision of the judge.

Felix saw that Paul's defensive statements were more in harmony with the facts as stated in Lysias' letter, than was the triple indictment of Tertullus. The prosecution had

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failed to make out a case against Paul. The governor was favorably inclined toward the prisoner, but he did not deem it wise to set Paul free under the prevailing circumstances. He read a burning hatred in the lurid eyes of the Sanhedrists and remembered the threatened ambushade mentioned in the tribune's letter. He was in duty bound to protect to the utmost the life of a Roman citizen. Therefore, he adjourned the case, commending Paul, not to a prison cell, but into the custody of a centurion. This *custodia libera* as it was known to the Romans, confined the person so committed to a single house—here Herod's palace—put him under surveillance of either a soldier or a captain—as here—but granted him a superior fare and the society and ministrations of such friends as he might choose to visit him.

One must admire the adroitness of Felix in handling the trial. To hand Paul over to the Sanhedrin would have been dangerous and unjust, to grant him absolute freedom would endanger his life and offend these important personages. Felix had already had difficulties with them and wished to treat Ananias and his adherents with caution. They could not well object to a postponement. There was still another reason for Felix's decision. When Paul in his defense spoke of the alms he had brought to Jerusalem, the governor scented gold. "He had," Luke says, "a pretty accurate knowledge of 'the Way' (of the Christians). In fact he knew more about them than the Jews and their advocate assumed. He had heard of their loyalty to each other and was determined to take advantage of it. By detaining Paul and permitting him free intercourse with the Christian brethren, he hoped to receive a bribe for his liberation.

Thus commenced Paul's captivity which was to last for years.

Shortly before this time Felix had engaged Simon Magus as his *schatchen* or matchmaker. By his evil arts,

this notorious sorcerer was to induce Drusilla, the younger sister of King Agrippa II to leave her husband, Aziz, King of Emesa, to become the bride of Felix. The beautiful princess, after a love affair with the Cilician prince Com-magene which ended unhappily because of religious differences, had married Aziz, who was so infatuated with her graces that he gratified her national scruples and became a proselyte to Judaism. Notwithstanding the king's devotion, Simon, the subtle artificer, succeeded in sowing disharmony between the kingly lovers, so that finally Drusilla left her spouse, we are told, in a fury of jealousy of her sister Bernice, a rival beauty.

After the trial of Paul, Felix left Caesarea to take for his wife this charming queen who was then about twenty years old. Although the seducer thus brought upon himself and Drusilla the hatred and contempt of the Jews, he accomplished, nevertheless, his ulterior end to obliterate still further, by marrying a princess, the memories of his own low origin.

Felix and his brother Pallas were Arcadian Greeks by birth and had been slaves of Antonia, the mother of Emperor Claudius. Freed by Antonia, Pallas became the all powerful favorite of the Emperor, and obtained for his brother a military command in Palestine and later, when the governor Cumanus was banished for his excessive cruelties, he secured for Felix the procuratorship of Judea. Felix was the first freedman ever to hold such a high office.

Suetonius relates that Felix became "the husband or seducer of three queens." We do not know the name of his first wife, but strange to say, his second was also a Drusilla, daughter of Juba, King of Mauretania, and granddaughter of Anthony and Cleopatra.

When Felix and his young wife returned to Caesarea after a short honeymoon, the latter made the capricious request to hear the famous Jewish preacher and prisoner, of whom probably Felix himself had spoken to her. She

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was by no means of a deep religious nature, but, like her sister Bernice, an ambitious and cosmopolitan Jewess. She was, however, somewhat mystically inclined and readily fascinated by mystery religions and occult sciences. This explains the influence of Simon Magus whom she often consulted. Now she hoped also to hear something of a new cult, of a new philosophy or at least some unusual interpretations of the Old Testament. Felix hardly expected to be entertained in this manner, and feared a tedious discourse on the distinction between Christianity and Judaism; yet he granted her request and "sent for Paul and heard what he had to say about faith in Christ Jesus."

Paul was not embarrassed in the least to preach the Word of Truth before these two notable personages, his only hearers. He spoke plainly and to the point. His discourse was truly evangelical, containing, as every good sermon should, both the Law and the Gospel. It was thoroughly dogmatic in its exposition and highly ethical by way of its application. Its grand theme was: Christ the Savior of man. Christ came to save sinners, but these in order to be saved must acknowledge their sins and repent. Adapting, therefore, his words to his hearers, "he argued about righteousness, self-control, and the future judgment."

Righteousness, Paul reasoned, was to be expected of all men, especially of a judge. Paul at the time was suffering an injustice: he was uncondemned, yet held in custody. He knew, moreover, that this was not the only unlawful act committed by Felix. Jewish and Pagan, sacred and secular writers bear ample witness against this savage, greedy and unjust governor, whose life was steeped in the blood of secret murder and public massacre. Felix grew uneasy under the words of Paul which conjured up, as it were, his wicked past.

How deeply this licentious pair must have blushed—if any decency was left in them—when Paul now dwelt on self-control, continence and chastity. Had they not presently outraged and scandalously offended Jewish sentiment by

their illegal union? Drusilla felt uneasy as her conscience, awakened by Paul's words, reminded her of the lover she had jilted, of the husband she had faithlessly deserted, and of her present adulterous relation to Felix. She began to hate that preacher.

Perhaps the wicked couple thought that, because of their high position and their social and political connections with the powers at Rome, they were beyond punishment and legal restrictions, at liberty to act as they pleased; but Paul then turned to argue of the future judgment which no man may escape.

It was probably not the first time that Felix, a Gentile, heard of a future judgment, since this idea was promulgated by divers ancient religions; but he had never heard a more eloquent, powerful and convincing preacher expound that awe-inspiring theme than Paul, who spoke with the audacity and authority of a prophet. Judge and prisoner seemed to have exchanged places. Listening to the arguments of Paul, Felix experienced a novel sensation, he felt a gruesome horror creeping over him. "Felix trembled." He could bear no more. He cut the interview short: "You may go for the present, when I find more convenient time, I shall send for you."

Though Paul's sermon had made a deep impression on the Governor's guilty soul, causing him to quail and shudder, it was soon forgotten. However, the lust of gold, and by no means a hunger after righteousness, induced the Procurator frequently to send for Paul. He found, indeed, pleasure in conversing with the widely traveled prisoner who had gained on his adventurous journeys an extensive knowledge of many lands and cities, as well as of the customs and beliefs of their inhabitants. During these conversations Felix dropped occasional hints that for a ransom Paul might gain his freedom. Paul did not react to such intimations; he was too honest to employ illicit methods to secure his liberty—the *lex Julia* distinctly forbade that any person should receive pay in any form for the arrest, con-

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demnation or acquittal of any individual—besides Paul was too self-dependent to burden his converts with contributions toward a ransom he was too poor to pay.

Thus the long and weary days glided away, lengthened into months, and at the end of two years of semi-captivity Paul was still at Caesarea.

These two eventless years of enforced inactivity are a perfect blank in the narrative of Paul's ministry. He certainly did not spend his days idly, but what did he do?

Some claim that during this period Paul wrote many a letter of counsel and encouragement to the distant brethren and Churches, Luke serving as his scribe; but none of his extant Epistles seems to have been written at Caesarea. Should all have been lost? The reader surely will not accept the opinion of a modern biographer of Paul, who says: "He dictated letters to his churches and told his secretaries to destroy them. It would not do to let Felix's spies realize that he was such a great ringleader after all." We believe that Paul in those days was very busy with the Holy Scriptures, not writing Epistles himself, but searching those at his disposal, meditating on them, and finding in them consolation for his weary soul, and ever new testimonies to the Gospel of salvation in Christ Jesus.

It is indeed highly probable that he took a lively interest in the research work of Luke, who with Aristarchus and Philip was one of his regular visitors. During this lengthened stay, Luke had ample opportunity to make the acquaintance of many who had come into personal contact with the Master, as also of some who belonged to the inner circle that had formed about Mary, the Mother of Jesus. From these Luke learned the beautiful stories of the birth and childhood of Jesus, told by his mother, as they are preserved for us in the first two chapters of Luke's Gospel. At Caesarea Luke also gathered the material for the first part of Acts, Philip the evangelist and deacon being one of his main informants.

PILGRIM PAUL

As a bookman and scholar, Luke naturally visited the library of Caesarea. Here he found and studied with diligence and care many of those early documents and treatises on the Life of Christ mentioned in the opening verses of his Gospel.

Jerome tells us that Caesarea boasted of a library that ranked with those of Jerusalem and Alexandria, at least as far as Judaistic and Christian books were concerned. He himself used this library when he came to Palestine to complete his Latin translation of the Holy Scriptures which because of its "common" use in the churches still bears the name of "the Vulgate." Furthermore, he says that in his day the original Biblical *papyri* preserved in this library were wearing out and were being re-copied on parchment.

We love to think that among these copies on parchment and vellum were also the manuscripts used in the preparation of that Code which is now known as the *Codex Sinaiticus*. All competent authorities agree that it dates from the fourth century and that for several centuries it lay in the library of Caesarea. There is, however, a difference of opinion as to the place where it was written. Some claim it was written at Caesarea (copied from the earlier *papyri* in that library); others think that it was brought there from Alexandria. Since it is dated between A. D. 340-367, the earlier year, incidentally the year of Jerome's birth, being the more probable date, it seems not unlikely that the eyes of the venerable church father and translator frequently scanned the lines of the precious book which now is regarded as the greatest Biblical treasure of Europe. When in the year A. D. 630 the Arabs destroyed the library of Caesarea, this volume with many other literary treasures was, in all likelihood, carried away by refugees to the lone Convent of St. Catherine, hidden amidst the rocky peaks of Mount Sinai. For twelve centuries the bulky tome rested here, wrapped in a red cloth to protect it from vermin. The

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ignorant monks of a later age, being unable to read it, hardly knew the worth of the treasure, until it was shown to Tischendorf who carried it away to the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg in 1859. Fortunately it escaped the vandalism of the Bolshevik Revolution, and the whole world breathed easier when it was recently brought to the treasure house of so many priceless antiquities, the British Museum.

For the man of letters there lies a peculiar charm in the still air of a library hall. Quietly and undisturbed by the presence of a few other scholars similarly occupied, he bends over a book, and turning page by page, follows the voiceless thoughts of a writer or thinker whose natural voice has long been silenced in death. Wherever the souls of departed sages may roam, their spirits, embodied in the dusty tomes which fill the library shelves, become alive and escape from their tombs whenever the books are opened by men of a kindred turn of mind.

Dead silence reigned in the spacious halls of the Caesarean library, so deep a silence that one could almost hear the gnawing of the bookworms in the ancient volumes and scrolls. Luke, himself a bookworm, had been working here for hours. He loved the literary atmosphere and the almost sacred stillness of the place where nothing was heard but the turning of leaves, the scratching of pens and an occasional request for a new folio made in a voice hardly raised beyond a whisper.

Of a sudden Luke was roused from his meditations by a tumultuous clamor in the forum outside. Hastening to the window, he witnessed one of the frequent street brawls between the Gentile and Jewish population of the city. Both enjoyed equal civic rights, yet each claimed a better right than the other; the Greeks because Strato the founder had been one of them, the Jews because Herod their king had improved the harbor and beautified the city and thus secured for it its present importance.

The battle that morning raged with particular fury. The Jews, gradually gaining the upper hand, were driving the Greeks into the side streets, when Felix appeared with his soldiers. Himself a Greek, he favored the Gentiles and ordered the Jews back to their homes. They refused to obey. Felix gave command to the troops to charge and the soldiery, recruited mainly from the provinces, fell upon the stubborn Jews, killed many of the hated race, and even looted numerous homes of the wealthier residents. Felix let them have their way, depending upon the political influence of his brother at Rome. He did not shrink from any crime. Here, however, he made a grave blunder and the encounter at Caesarea was to have serious consequences.

Matters meanwhile had changed at Rome. Anti-Semitism had been rampant there for a while, but already Emperor Claudius, although he ejected Jews from Rome, as the reader will remember, treated them more leniently in the provinces. When the unhappy Claudius died by the poisoned mushrooms of his wife Agrippina, Nero mounted the throne and the anti-Jewish influence of Agrippina and her favorite Pallas markedly declined. When the infamous Poppaea, subsequently Nero's wife, first gained influence over this prince as his mistress, Jewish influence likewise became more powerful in imperial circles. Notwithstanding her immorality, Poppaea, like a number of other ladies of rank, was a votaress of the Jewish religion, and the Jewish religious leaders urged her to obtain Felix's recall. Through her, they lodged a formal impeachment against the Procurator for his last act of violence at Caesarea, and Felix was summoned to Rome.

In order to conciliate his angry opponents as far as possible and to prevent them from going to extremities against him, Felix, on his departure from Caesarea, clasped the chains again on Paul and left him behind locked up in jail.

The Bezan Text tells us that it was his wife who first suggested to Felix Paul's re-imprisonment. We are inclined

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to believe this statement; for since women are more ardent lovers than men, so they are also more furious and lasting haters. As Herodias could not forget the reproving words of John the Baptist, so Drusilla was haunted by the words of Paul concerning the future judgment.

Accompanied by Drusilla and Simon Magus, who by this time had become the official family sorcerer, Felix sailed for Italy. The influence of his brother Pallas barely sufficed to save him from death or banishment, but he was not spared the bitter punishment of disgorging the larger part of his ill-gotten goods. Thus disgraced and impoverished, Felix vanished from history. Drusilla and her son by Felix found a terrible end. They perished under the ashes of the eruption of Vesuvius which buried Herculaneum and Pompeii. Did Drusilla, at the sight of the heavy clouds of smoke and ashes covering the sky, and of the roaring flames bursting forth from the quaking volcano, recall the fiery words of Paul about the coming judgment which had made Felix tremble?

* * *

Nero had made an excellent choice when he appointed Porcius Festus, a strong, sound Roman of the old school, as successor to Felix in the government of a province that had always been a hotbed of bigotry, intrigue and rebellion. The terrible fight at Caesarea had by no means lessened the tension between Jews and Gentiles and the maladministration of Felix had inflamed the populace throughout Judea. It was an almost impossible task to pacify the province, but Festus faced it hopefully.

After his arrival, he spent but two nights at Caesarea, the seat of his government. Then he hastened to Jerusalem, the Sacred Capital, to demonstrate to the religious leaders his interest in the welfare of their people.

He had hardly arrived, when a deputation of Elders, headed by the newly appointed High Priest Ishmael ben Phabi, waited upon him with the request that Paul, a pris-

oner at Caesarea, be immediately brought to Jerusalem. They seemingly wanted him sentenced without trial. This we gather at least from a later conversation of Festus with Agrippa.

This request for Paul's condemnation without trial was emphatically denied. The Jews then changed their tactics and begged of Festus, "as a special favor, to send for Paul to Jerusalem, meaning to lay ambush for him and murder him on the road."

Festus was either shrewd enough to suspect a sinister design or, more likely, he was warned of impending danger for Paul by Lysias, the tribune of Fort Antonia. At any rate, he courteously and firmly refused their request, giving as an excuse that there was no time at present, but "that Paul would be kept in custody at Caesarea and that he himself was about to depart thither shortly." He suggested, however, that a deputation of "competent authorities" be named to come down with him and prosecute the case. Reluctantly they agreed, and after eight or ten days, a large delegation of prominent Jews accompanied him to Caesarea.

On the morning after their arrival, Paul was summoned to court. At the side of his warden he ascended the platform before the tribunal where Festus already had taken his seat. His hands chained, his face haggard and pale from long imprisonment, he stood there in full view of his accusers who gathered around him in a semicircle as at a session of the Sanhedrin. The trial, the first administrative act of Festus in his new office, was opened by the delegation from Jerusalem presenting their accusations and demanding no less than sentence of death.

Festus was both surprised and perplexed at the indictment, for in his conversation with Agrippa a few days later he says, "They did not charge him with any of the crimes that I had expected."

What then were the charges brought against him?

They were the same old charges as in the former trial before Felix: heresy, sacrilege and treason. This is ap-

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parent from Paul's repudiation, "I have committed no offense of the Law of the Jews, against the Temple or against Caesar."

For this trial the Jews, so bitterly disappointed in Tertullus, had not engaged a lawyer. They had chosen the best of Jewish masters of eloquence, who endeavored with skillful perfidy to show Paul in the light of a rebel and of an enemy of Caesar. They followed the same tactics as in the trial of Jesus when they frightened Pilate with the name of Caesar and thus obtained from him a sentence of death.

Festus was not so readily intimidated nor so easily duped. He at once perceived that Paul's offense was not of a political or criminal nature and hence did not come under his jurisdiction. Indeed he realized, to borrow his own words, that "the questions at issue referred to their own superstition (as he styled their religion) and to a certain Jesus who had died, whom Paul affirmed to be alive." These questions properly belonged before a Jewish court. Moreover he felt that, as a new-comer and stranger to Jewish institutions and customs, he was incompetent to give a just verdict. The best would be to refer the case to the Sanhedrin. However, it lay not in the power of a Procurator to remit a prisoner, especially a Roman citizen, from an Imperial to a provincial court without the prisoner's consent. Festus, therefore asked Paul, "Will you go up to Jerusalem and be tried there by me upon these charges?"

This seemed a reasonable proposal. It would have many advantages. The accusers would be ingratiated, justice would be assured to Paul by the presence of the governor and the latter himself would get better acquainted with Jewish affairs and methods. It would have been indeed, the best way out of the present dilemma had the Jewish Supreme Court been an impartial tribunal as Festus assumed.

Paul knew better. To go to Jerusalem meant to be killed before he reached the Holy City. Here was another crisis in his life. He must answer the Procurator forthwith. His reply was prompt and decisive:

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"I stand before Caesar's tribunal; that is where I ought to be tried. To the Jews I have done no wrong as you know perfectly well. If I am a criminal, and have done anything worthy of death, I refuse not to die; but if there is nothing in any of their charges against me, then no man can give me up to them."

Paul stopped for a moment, waiting a decision or verdict of Festus. The governor, seeing his plans rejected, kept silent.

Paul saw that he had little to hope from a Roman who was willing to share his jurisdiction with the Jewish Council, a man of apparent indecision. He himself now wished to have his case referred to a different court, not at Jerusalem, but at Rome. Turning toward the judge he exclaimed with a loud and distinct voice, "*Caesarem appello!*" (I appeal unto Caesar.)

Surprised and somewhat vexed, Festus stared with wide open eyes at the insignificant prisoner who had the impudence to challenge his proposed action and the audacity to appeal from him to a higher authority. Then of a sudden the thought came to him—a thought seemingly too strange to be true—could this simple, frank-hearted and outspoken Jew, in plain homespun perchance be a Roman citizen who had exercised his highest privilege and unalienable right of appeal? Apparently Paul's appeal was the first intimation Festus received of what was indeed the case.

The appeal, once made, suspended automatically all further proceedings. No magistrate in the wide Roman Empire could refuse an appeal to the Emperor; all he could do was to decide whether or not the appeal was valid.

To examine this jurisdictional question, Festus held a hasty and brief consultation with his legal council of which most of the counsellors and assessors already had served under Felix. From Lysias' letter and the records of the case, Paul's citizenship was readily established. This done, the Procurator returned to the court room and announced

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his decision: "*Caesarem appellasti; ad Caesarem ibis.*" (You have appealed to Caesar; to Caesar you shall go.)

The decision made Paul visibly happy. Now the voice in the night would come true which had spoken to him, "Courage! As you have testified of me at Jerusalem, so you must testify at Rome." Now his heart's wish of many years would be fulfilled, to see the faithful brethren of Rome. He would stand before Caesar, and Caesar would hear the Gospel.

How differently the decision affected his accusers. Like a clap of thunder it fell on their ears. They flamed with inward indignation. Wild anger flashed from their eyes as they raised their hands threateningly against the prisoner. Here and there a clenched fist turned even in the direction of the judge. Rome had at last completely snatched the victim from their reach—but the governor, like others before, would learn that Jews cannot be humbled and thwarted by anyone unpunished.

Not long after the trial of Paul, King Agrippa offended the Jews by building to his palace in the immediate vicinity of the Temple a tower with a large dining hall, the windows of which overlooked the sanctuary. The Jews, to shut out his view, reared a large wall—the historical prototype of a modern spite fence—much to his annoyance. Festus, siding with Agrippa, when the matter was brought to his attention, ordered the wall pulled down. The Jews demurred and sent an appeal to Nero which, through the influence of Poppaea, was sustained. This Imperial slight cut Festus to the core. He did not long survive the affront and died in the second year of his administration.

There was great excitement when, a few days after Paul's trial, King Agrippa II and his sister Bernice with a large retinue arrived at Caesarea to pay their respect to the newly appointed governor. Since Agrippa's regal power depended entirely on the favor and good will of the Em-

peror, he could not very well omit this compliment to the latter's representative. This expected state visit had been the main reason why Festus shortened his first trip to Jerusalem.

With peculiar feelings Agrippa must have ascended the wide stairs of the Praetorium which, built by his grandfather Herod the Great, had been for many years the palatial residence of his royal forebears. Horrid legends of cruel murder and furious family feuds cluster like wild vines round the towers of many a Medieval castle, but none of the tales about the old robber haunts can rival the gruesome stories of Herodian crimes connected with this palace at Caesarea "dripping with the blood of the Herods" ever since, after the wild orgies in celebration of his building achievements, Herod the Great here condemned his two sons to death.

Entering the palace the King, no doubt, thought of the mysterious death of his father who, smitten in the theater amidst the scenes of haughty splendor by the angel of the Lord, as Luke relates, was carried to this palace to die.

At that time, young Agrippa was at Rome being trained at the Imperial Court where he was kept four years longer. Then after the death of his uncle, he was given the latter's small kingdom of Chalcis, to which Nero later added Galilee and Peraea, while the throne of his father was left vacant, Procurators being named to rule over Judea. These now lived in the Herodian palace.

Agrippa having spent all his early years at Rome—he did not see Palestine until his accession to the throne of his uncle—had become, as his friend the historian Josephus, a complete renegade. In a certain cultural way, however, like the latter, he was thoroughly acquainted with Jewish antiquities, history and customs. But the poisoned atmosphere of the court of Claudius, and his close relation with Nero had killed every spark of true patriotism within him. He was so completely imbued with the spirit of Rome that he calls himself on his coins *Philocaesar*—*philoromaios* (a

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friend of Caesar and devotedly Roman). He also changed the name of his residence Caesarea Philippi to Neronias. All that was left to him of the Judean Kingdom of Herod the Great was the Herodian palace at Jerusalem, where he occasionally resided, the guardianship over the Temple, the custody of sacred robes and the right to nominate the High Priest.

When Agrippa came to Caesarea to salute Festus, he was accompanied by his sister Bernice. Like all the princesses of this royal family, she was unusually beautiful and extremely dissolute. Aptly she has been called the Lucrezia Borgia of the Herodian house. Already as a young girl, she had been a prominent and notorious figure in the society of the Roman capital because of her beauty, her rank, her race, and her riches. Before she was sixteen she was married to her uncle King Herod of Chalcis, being left a widow before she was twenty. She returned to Rome to live with her brother. Soon the darkest rumors rose about their relations which, due to the bearing and character of the defamed persons, gained general credence. To put an end to the scandalous gossip, she offered her hand in marriage to King Polemo II of Cilicia. This union was of but short duration, for it was rapidly broken by the elopement of Bernice who again returned to her brother to Rome. When Agrippa was given his uncle's throne, she followed him to Chalcis and remained his steady companion until the outbreak of the great Jewish war. At that time, her well preserved elderly beauty, aided "by the munificence of her gifts" (as Tacitus relates) fascinated old Vespasian and later gained her the love of his son Titus. The conqueror of Jerusalem was so infatuated with the dishonored princess that he took her to Rome to make her partner of the Imperial throne. This the Romans would not tolerate, and Titus considered it unsafe to wed a Jewess "whose name had been dragged through the worst infamy." Unwillingly he dismissed her, and thus she vanishes from history.

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Two souls seemed to dwell in the breast of this enigmatic Oriental woman. More bewitching and perverse than Drusilla, the paramour of Felix, she had, like her sister, occasional spells of devotion. Thus, on a visit to Jerusalem, she assumed and fulfilled the Nazarite vow and posed as an ardent devotee of the Jewish religion. Here at Caesarea she had the curious desire to hear Paul, of whom Drusilla had told her, and to learn something about the doctrines which had so seriously disturbed her sister's peace of mind. Her desire was anticipated by Festus who was eager to get Agrippa's opinion on the case of Paul, after finding himself unable to prepare an accurate official report, which, of necessity, must be sent with Paul to Rome for submission to the Emperor.

At the first private conference between the two rulers, Festus cleverly turned the conversation to the perplexing case his predecessor had left behind. Agrippa, who already had heard a good deal about the strange prisoner, listened with growing curiosity and when Festus had concluded his narrative, he expressed the wish: "I should like to hear the man myself."

"You shall hear him tomorrow," was the eager response of Festus.

The official reception to the royal guests had been set by Festus for that day, and Paul now was to furnish, as it were, part of the entertainment. The reception was intended as a great function and all Caesarea was to take part.

Trumpet blasts from the steps of the praetorium early announced the beginning of the festivities to which Festus, to ingratiate himself with his subjects, had bidden the aristocracy of the city, both Jewish and Gentile, and representatives from all parts of the province. Only the Scribes and Elders of Jerusalem seem to have spurned the invitation, being antagonistic to both the King and the Governor.

Great crowds soon gathered on the plaza before the

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governor's palace, to watch the military parades and the pageantry of the burghers.

Knowing the fondness of the Herods for ostentatious and showy demonstrations, Festus was to humor his guests and amuse the populace by a grand and colorful processional display. Agrippa, on the other hand, thought it a compliment to the governor to visit him with as much royal splendor as possible and brought with him a numerous retinue decked with the most gorgeous apparel that could be found in any Eastern court. The combined efforts of the two ruling personages thus offered to the inhabitants of Caesarea an imposing spectacle long to be remembered.

In due time the Procurator, clad in his scarlet *sagum*, appeared on the top of the broad steps, attended by his lictors bearing their *fascies* and surrounded by the staff officers of the five cohorts of the garrison in all the glitter of their martial accoutrements. They did not have long to wait for the arrival of Agrippa and Bernice, even in those days punctuality was the courtesy of kings. After the formal greetings, the Governor and his guests "proceeded with great pomp" says Luke, "to the hall of audience, accompanied by the military commanders and the prominent civilians of the town."

The great auditorium of the Herodian palace, then the *praetorium*, had been specially decorated for the occasion. White draperies, studded with golden stars, and flowery garlands covered the old gray walls of both sides and the rear, while from the front wall hung side by side the royal banner of pale blue and white, with the *hexagram* or star of David as its center emblem, and the red standard of the Procurator emblazoned with the Roman eagle in gold.

Legionaries in shining armor with glittering shields and spears were ranged as guards about the great hall, and stood at attention when the grand procession entered the auditorium. Festus in person led the royal guests to the three gilded armchairs, placed for himself and the distinguished visitors at the center of the dais, around which had

been massed the colors and standards, ensigns and eagles of the cohorts stationed at Caesarea. The lictors and officers took their places behind the improvised thrones, while the aristocracy of the city, both men and women, clad in their best and brightest garments, and the magistrates in "furred gowns and flaming robes" gradually filled the wide auditory.

With smiles of benevolent satisfaction, the distinguished personages on the dais viewed the motley assemblage and the colorful picture before them, apparently unaware that they themselves, being new-comers in the city, were placed here, so to speak, for exhibition and inspection. Hundreds of curiously searching eyes scrutinized their personal appearance and the splendor of their vestments.

The new governor was the first to pass muster. After the disappointing experiences with his greedy and cruel predecessors, the people were anxious to know what manner of man he was on whom the fate and future of the province henceforth depended. No less were the onlookers interested in Agrippa, their former king's son, and in his sister Bernice whose beauty and wealth were far famed.

The three central figures indeed formed an interesting group and pleasing sight. The Governor, a fine specimen of Roman knighthood, of pliant athletic figure and symmetric features, with an open and sincere look in his dark eyes, wore a richly embroidered white tunic under the scarlet *paludament* indicating his rank. The King, still a youth, was not clad in the usual royal purple but in a garb similar to that worn by his father at his last public appearance, "a garment made wholly of silver, and of a contexture truly wonderful." Around his neck hung a broad chain of gold which, in the middle of his chest ended in a serpent's head from the mouth of which dangled a signet ring, his privy seal. His clustering locks were held in place by the golden circlet of royalty, studded with precious stones. A similar diadem encircled the beautiful forehead of Bernice. The luster of its sparkling gems rivaled the youthful fire flashing from her brilliant eyes as they wandered over the ad-

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miring crowd. In her white silken gown and her blazing jewels—once the envy of Roman society women—with her several anklets and bracelets and a huge diamond glittering on her finger, her rich golden hair streaming down her shoulders, she was, indeed, as she sat there between the two noble youths, the queen of the *fête*.

At a nod from Festus, Paul was brought in by a centurion who had been waiting in the rear for a signal. There was craning of necks and much whispering as the poor, worn, shackled prisoner, flanked by two soldiers, was led through the hall to the platform. All eyes rested on the small, bent figure standing in plain self-spun garment, between two sturdy rugged soldiers, before the youthful royal party in all its finery. Paul, pale from long imprisonment and visibly aged, appeared indeed the meanest looking person in the wide hall, yet he was the noblest of all. Humbly he waited for a word from the Governor to begin.

Paul knew perfectly well that this was not a new trial, as many modern scholars still maintain. Agrippa was but a titular king, a puppet ruler who had no judicial function, and from Festus' jurisdiction Paul had already appealed, the appeal having been sustained.

Festus and his guests regarded the new hearing as an entertainment, a pastime, while Paul welcomed it as an opportunity to bear witness of Christ before these august persons and their illustrious entourage.

The conversation had been growing constantly louder with everyone making remarks about the Apostle, but when Festus arose a sudden hush spread over the multitude. Addressing himself to the King and Bernice, he briefly introduced Paul and turned the prisoner over to Agrippa saying:

"King Agrippa and all here present, you see before you a man of whom the entire multitude of the Jews at Jerusalem and also here has complained to me, loudly insisting that he ought not to live any longer. But when I found

that he had done nothing worthy of death"—how pleased Paul must have been when the Governor thus publicly declared his innocence—"and that he himself had appealed to Augustus Caesar, I decided to send him. Only I have nothing definite to write to the sovereign (lord) about him. So I have brought him before you all and especially before you, O King Agrippa, that, after a cross-examination has been held, I may have something to write. For it seems absurd to me to forward a prisoner without specifying the charges brought against him."

Agrippa curiously gazed at the poor, emaciated prisoner before him. He was evidently impressed by the dolorous yet saintly appearance of the venerable Apostle. With a condescending wave of his hand he encouraged Paul to present his apology:

"You have permission to speak for yourself."

At this, Paul stretched out his hand and began his defense:

"I consider myself fortunate, King Agrippa, in being able to defend myself today before you against all that the Jews charge me with; for you are well acquainted with all Jewish customs and questions.

"Pray, listen to me with patience."

With his familiar gesture, in all sincerity and humility, completely at ease and with grave confidence, the Apostle thus opened his oration, the sixth, the last and longest preserved for us in the Acts, where Luke makes it the climax of the book. It closely resembles Paul's speech after his arrest in the Temple. We, therefore, to avoid repetition, leave it to the reader to study in his Bible "this address which for dignity and grace, for simplicity and sublimity, for calmness and cogency, for manliness and courtesy is almost unrivalled in the annals of oratory."

Unfortunately this speech, like that on the Mars Hill of Athens and that in the Temple of Jerusalem, was suddenly cut short.

For a while the whole audience listened to the torrent

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of eloquence flowing from Paul's lips, in breathless silence, with growing interest, Festus being most attentive of all. Noticing the rapt look and impassioned tone of the speaker, the Governor forgot his surroundings for a moment and recalled his last visit to the narrow, dim cell, littered with books and scrolls, and the nervous prisoner bending over a manuscript, absorbed in deep thought. Paul indeed was a peculiar prisoner, thought Festus, a strange dreamer, an idealist, an enthusiast, a visionary. Yet with an attentive ear he listened to the story of Paul's wanderings, to the account of his visions and revelations, to his references to Jewish history and prophecies; but when Paul came to speak of the Resurrection of Jesus and of his own mission to convert the whole world to believe in the Risen Lord, he could follow no longer. The hypothesis of a future resurrection and judgment struck him as extravagant and a sneering smile played around his lips. It quickly vanished, giving place to a serious frown, and in gaping wonderment he stared at Paul, who, coming to his real theme, now passionately declared:

"By the help I obtained of God I stand to this day testifying both to the low and high, saying nothing but what the prophets and Moses did say should come; that the Christ should suffer and that he should be the first to rise from the dead and to bring the message of light to the people and to the Gentiles."

What! He, Festus, the representative of the divine Caesars, was to believe in an obscure Jewish prophet who was said to have died and to have risen again! Absurd, impossible! Abruptly he sprang to his feet and "with a loud voice" thundered at the speaker:

"Paul, thou ravest; thy great learning makes thee a maniac!"

The gruff, pert words of the Governor arrested Paul's discourse, but did not perturb the speaker in the least. Courteously but firmly, appealing to the king for witness, he repudiated the insinuation that his mind was unbalanced:

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"I am not mad, most noble Festus, but I speak the sober truth. For the king knows about these things (the facts of Christ's death and resurrection), to whom I speak without the slightest hesitation: for I am persuaded that none of these things escaped his notice; for this has not been done in a corner."

At these words Paul had fully turned toward Agrippa, from whose face he read the deep impression his appeal had made. The king indeed was moved, more moved perhaps than he was ready to admit. Paul therefore, decided to clinch his argument and to drive it home. Firmly fixing his eyes on the king, he asked:

"King Agrippa, you believe in the prophets?"

Agrippa readily caught the full meaning of the question. It referred not merely to his attitude toward the Religion and the Scriptures of his people, but implied the further query, "Do you admit that my Gospel of the Risen Lord, of which I have just spoken, fully agrees with the Jewish prophecies regarding the Messiah? If so, will you not as a faithful Jew accept it?"

The king was highly embarrassed. How could he, after the Governor's scathing *pronunciamento* and before such a cosmopolitan audience, make a public confession as Paul demanded. He hesitated to answer. To encourage him, Paul gave the answer himself:

"I know you believe."

Being genuinely moved by Paul's persuasive words, Agrippa dared not repel the audacious statement. Driven into a corner, he but feebly protested. With the nonchalant air of a man of the world, and without definitely committing himself, he responded in a pleasant manner and with a good-natured smile:

"By a little persuasion you would fain make me a Christian."

One is not to twist nor pervert the words of a king; yet the question has been raised: Was Agrippa here speaking

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seriously or was he jesting? We can hardly consider his words "an exquisite joke" as some have suggested. The answer was evasive, but not ironic, far less sarcastic. Even though he uses the word Christian it does not follow that he pronounced it contemptuously; for by this time the word, no doubt, had already lost a good deal of the associations of scorn and contempt originally connected with it. What other word could he have used to express himself clearly before a largely Gentile audience? Paul at least considered him to be serious when, taking him at his word, he boldly and courteously replied:

"I would to God that whether with little or much (persuasion) not you only, but also all who hear me today, might become such as I am." In his enthusiasm Paul had raised his hand at these words and through the deep silence was heard the distinct jingle of steel. The clang of his manacles reminded Paul that his last words were not quite appropriate; for, in his ardor, he had forgotten that he stood there as a prisoner—quick witted, he corrected himself and brought his dramatic appeal to a climax by adding the words: "barring these bonds."

An approving murmur ran through the audience. He had won the favor of his hearers, but the king felt still more uncomfortable. To end the exciting scene, he quickly arose, and followed by Festus, Bernice and their respective retinues, left the hall. As the great auditorium gradually emptied, the remark was heard on all sides "This man has done nothing worthy of death or of bonds." The royal party held a brief conference and the final decision of Agrippa was: "This man might have been released, had he not appealed to Caesar."

* * *

For several days previous to his defense before Agrippa, Paul from the grated window of his cell had noticed a mysterious ship in the harbor. It was a sailing vessel from the Mysian port of Adramyttium, preparing for a trading voy-

age along the coast of the Province of Asia. It had apparently been chartered by the Military Police as a prison ship, for soldiers were constantly walking the deck, and now and then chained prisoners under military escort were brought on board—condemned criminals perhaps destined for the amusement of the Roman populace by being butchered in the gladiatorial games or by fighting bare-handed with wild beasts in the circus. The soldiers on guard wore the uniform of the “Augustan Band” or Imperial Cohort. This corps formed an important part of the well-organized commissariat of the legions, each provincial legion having a certain number of them attached to it. Their headquarters were at Rome on the Caelian Hill, the *castra peregrinorum* in close proximity to the Imperial residence on the Palatine Hill. Like the *frumentarii* (foragers) who were charged with the safe conduct of grain from the provinces to the capital, the Augustan *peregrini* (soldiers from abroad) were used for secret service, for conveying dispatches and the escort of prisoners to and from Rome.

When it was decided that Paul was to sail for Italy and when Festus had completed his *precis* of the inquiry—so favorable that it procured Paul’s liberation two years later in the Emperor’s court—the Apostle was handed over to Julius, a centurion of the Augustan Band. He was taken on board the vessel in the company of Luke and Aristarchus, the Thessalonian. Paul, who was going, not a condemned criminal but as a Roman citizen to plead his cause before the Emperor, was permitted, as we learn from a letter by Pliny, to take some attendants with him. Thus Luke went along as his physician and Aristarchus as his personal attendant.

When the three friends boarded the ship with the centurion, it immediately set sail.

Thus Paul finally saw his wish of many years fulfilled. He was now on the way to the Eternal City, Rome herself paying the traveling expenses of her distinguished guest; but he nearly failed to reach his destination.

BOOK VII

THE VOYAGE TO ROME

It was in the stormy fall of the year 60(?) A. D. Heavy low-hanging, grayish clouds jostled like a herd of restless sheep over the sand-worn coast of the province of Lycia in Asia Minor, while a stiff westerly wind incessantly rolled wave upon wave of frothy brine into the wide mouth of the river that washed the warehouse foundations of the prosperous little seaport of Myra nestling at its bank about two or three miles from the sea.

A huge, heavy loaded freighter, which trafficked regularly between Alexandria and Rome in the transport of wheat from Egypt, the granary of the Roman Empire, to the hungry multitudes of the Imperial City, had been on this, her last trip for the season, driven northward from her course, and had just dropped anchor in the outer harbor, when another vessel loomed up on the horizon, slowly battling her way northwest against a heavy sea and contrary winds.

It was a smaller craft, one of the numerous sails which plied their trade between the eastern and northern ports of the Mediterranean. From Caesarea in Palestine, the boat was bound for her winter quarters in her home port Adramyttium, not far from Troas and Assos in the province of Mysia, almost opposite the island of Lesbos.

Inclement weather and threatening storms had forced her master to abandon the usual and shorter route to the south of Cyprus for a course to the north of that island, where a constant strong under-current along the coast of Asia Minor made it possible to gain some headway west-

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ward, even in the face of an unfavorable westerly wind.

Ceaselessly the boat rolled and pitched on the troubled waters, causing most people on board to suffer from *mal de mer*. Her passenger list was unusually large; for the Roman governor Festus had ordered a company of soldiers on board as a guard for a number of prisoners bound for Rome.

One of the prisoners, Paul the Apostle, had enjoyed exceptional privileges during the voyage, even a day of shore-leave, spent with fellow-Christians at Sidon, while the ship exchanged freight. This courteous treatment was partly due to certain orders of the Governor, more so, however, to the prisoner's personal conduct which had won him the good will of both captains, the officer of the guard and the master of the ship.

As Paul and the two officers were pacing the deck, they were made the target of witty remarks by the deckhands, working among the ropes and riggings in the forecabin; again, of the steering crew abaft which, though doubled in numbers, could hardly keep the vessel on her course by the two large rudders at the sides of her stern.

Indeed the three men offered a curious, almost comic sight. The skipper, a middle-aged man of set countenance, his parchment skin wrinkled and tanned by many years at sea, walked in the middle with steady steps and wide-spread legs, swinging his short, stout body always in a direction opposite to the rolling movement of the ship. He hardly deviated from the black parallel lines between the knotty planks that gave to the deck, as it reared high, the aspect of a large sheet of music from which the wind and waves, now with sudden roaring swell, then with gently dying lull played the grand symphony of the sea.

For the centurion to the right, it seemed an indomitable task to time his martial gait to the polyphonic grand march of the waves. A glance at the youthful staggering figure roused in the watching crew the time-old contempt of the sailor for the soldier and landlubber. With a broad grin they turned their eyes from the comparatively young man

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with clean-shaven ruddy face to the aged, long-bearded prisoner at the left.

Save for his white hair and beard, Paul, now sixty and some odd years old, appeared rather younger as he strode along the deck like an old experienced salt, who, by long years of practice, had learned to adapt himself to a constantly shifting and changing foothold. Approvingly the crew watched his every move and step. With a commending smile an old hand voiced the opinion: "'Tisn't his first voyage."

"Often been to sea?" queried the skipper who had caught the remark.

Paul did not answer at first. Pensively he looked over the wide turbulent waters to the distant horizon which, though it limited his physical view, could not set bounds to the mental pictures conjured up by the skipper's question. Like a beautiful mirage there loomed up before his memory an endless sea, deeper and wider than the visible expanse of water around the ship; and as wave after wave, rising and receding in endless motion, passed the boat, one making place for another, so many and manifold scenes of his past life, as far as it had been connected with the sea, presented themselves to his mental vision in ever new kaleidoscopic combinations.

Old age loves to review the past in quiet contemplation, yet it enjoys still more to live through its scenes again by describing them to others. So Paul spoke of the lure of the sea which had bewitched his boyish fancy, when at Tarsus he watched the ships leaving the harbor until they gradually disappeared in the mist of the far distance. He spoke of his hopeful voyage from Troas to Europe, and again of the wonderful trip with his friends among the Grecian islands as he returned to Jerusalem. With glowing, almost poetic words he spoke of the monotonous murmuring of the waves which lulled him to sleep after a day's hard work and an evening's preaching at Corinth. Vividly he described the roaring, surging, storm-lashed billows which kept him

awake in his dark prison at Caesarea. He had seen the sea peacefully resting under a wide blue sunlit sky; he had listened to its howling roar in the dark of stormy nights; he had bathed his limbs in the undulating surf and had battled with the swaying billows. Nodding, he repeated; "Thrice I have suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep."

Just then his eyes, passing over the excited waters, caught sight of the ship in the harbor to the right and he pointed her out to his companions.

"Turn in by her side," said the centurion to the skipper. "If the boat is bound for Rome, I shall engage passage, for it is not likely that I shall find a ship at Adramyttium to take us there so late in the season."

A few short commands of the ship's master brought the boat so quickly to lee that she trembled and groaned in all her joints. Her beaked prow dipped deep into the surging waters as if the carved swan that graced the head were diving for fish, but nimbly the dripping bird rose again high into the air after a heavy sea swept over her stern. Instantly the flopping sails caught the wind again and gracefully, like a bird with wide-spread wings, she took her course up the river mouth. Then dropping sails, she stopped by the large ship, and soon the two vessels were gently rocking side by side like a mother-bird with her young.

A little later, small boats were plying between the two vessels, transferring the soldiers and prisoners from the coaster to the liner, which, as Julius the captain of the guards had learned, was ready to sail for Rome in the morning.

Without inconvenience, the large boat accommodated the additional passengers, for the Alexandrian wheat ships were real sea-monsters compared with the usual craft of that day. Josephus, who was shipwrecked on one of them that same stormy fall, tells us that the doomed ship carried nearly six hundred passengers, five hundred and twenty

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of whom were drowned, while the Jewish historian and the crew miraculously escaped a watery grave.

We also have a description of one of these liners, "The Isis," which, wind-bound, put into Piraeus, the harbor of Athens. Lucian, the Latin historian, writes about her: "But what a ship it was! The carpenter said it was one hundred and eighty feet long and forty-five feet wide, and from the deck down to the pump at the bottom of the hold, forty-five and a half feet. And for the rest—what a mast it had! and what yard it carried! and with what cable was it sustained! and how gracefully the stern was rounded off, and was surmounted with a golden goose—the sign of a corn-ship! and at the other end how gallantly the prow sprang forward, carrying on either side the goddess after whom the ship was named! And all the rest of the ornament—the painting and the flaming pennants, and above all the anchors, and the capstans, and the windlasses, and the cabin next to the stern—all appeared perfectly marvelous! and the multitude of sailors one might compare to a little army! and it was said to carry corn enough to suffice for a year's consumption for all Attica! and this unwieldy bulk was all managed by that little, shriveled old gentleman with a bald pate, who sat at the helm, twisting about with a bit of a handle those two monstrous oars on each side which served as rudders."

The wind was still blowing from the west when the two ships weighed anchor at daybreak. Both vessels followed the coastline. Tacking against an adverse wind, the easier handled smaller craft soon outdistanced the heavy loaded freighter, and before nightfall she was lost from sight. The Alexandrian boat, after several days of hard labor by the crew, safely passed Cnidus, the southeastern end of Asia Minor, a promontory on a long-stretched peninsula, opposite the islands of Cos and Rhodes at the entrance of the Aegean Sea.

While sailing under lee of the Asiatic coast all went

well, although several days were consumed in a run which, under favorable conditions, would have been covered by a day's sail; but when the ship rounded the cape, things changed. The sea became turbulent and the full force of a stiff wind from northwest bore down upon the ship, forcing her skipper to steer south-west-south into the open Mediterranean.

For days the ship battled bravely against the heavy winds which, though changing in force, steadily blew from the same northwesterly direction, a regular occurrence in these regions during the months of Fall. Frequent rains alternating with heavy mists made life on board unpleasant for passengers and prisoners, who were compelled to stay under deck most of the time. Besides, navigation became dangerous since the overcast sky during the day and the dark starless nights made it impossible for the officers to determine the exact course of the ship.

One morning the watchman at the prow sighted, close to the right of the ship, the dark outlines of a ragged promontory, rising almost perpendicularly from the angry waves, which dashed with great fury against its steep rocky sides. Recoiling from their vain attempt of washing away the immovable obstacle, the broken waters fell back upon the succeeding billows, giving to the sea around the cape the appearance of a vast cauldron of boiling milk over which a fine mist of spray was hovering like a cloud of steam. Maneuvering with utmost skill, the men at the helm—the Alexandrian mariners were famous navigators and enjoyed special Imperial privileges—managed to steer the ship clear of the cape which they learned later was the Cape of Salomone, at the extreme eastern part of the island of Crete. Safely they brought the ship through the seething, milky surf and reached calmer, almost black waters to the south of the island. The mountains of the isle breaking somewhat the fury of the wind, they continued along the rock-bound shore and reached, not without difficulty, Fair Havens, an open roadstead with two adjoining bays, near the insignifi-

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cant town of Lasea, a few miles east of Cape Matala, the most southerly point of Crete. Here they dropped anchor.

Windbound, they spent "a considerable time" at Fair Havens which, despite its name, offered but scanty protection and was "badly placed for wintering." Anxiously they waited for a change in the weather and often the captain of the ship and the owner discussed with the captain of the guards the advisability of continuing their journey. Meanwhile the autumn fast (*Yom Kippur* or Day of Atonement) drew nigh and passed, which Paul no doubt as every pious Jew and Jewish Christian, faithfully observed. Five days later followed the Feast of the Tabernacles, which marked for the Jews the close of the season for navigation. Even the autumnal equinox passed when navigation became dangerous.

No wonder, then, that at a council held by the officers, to which Paul as an experienced traveler had been admitted, he called their attention to the Jewish custom of leaving off sailing at this time. The owner and the skipper shrugged their shoulders. What did this questionable passenger know about their business and why his ominous auguries? Timid Jews might stay in the harbor, but for the braver Alexandrian sailors the sea was closed only from November 11, to February 8. Julius the centurion, who presided over the meeting (since the ship was to a certain extent in the service of the Imperial Government) quietly listened to both sides. The debate grew livelier, until Paul emphatically declared: "Men, I see this voyage is going to be attended with hardship and serious loss, not only to the cargo and the ship, but also to our own lives."

The men, as they watched Paul, noticed that these words were not inspired by fear but by prophetic intuition, and thus they agreed with Paul that it might not be safe to continue the voyage to Italy. They even assented to winter at Crete, but insisted on making at least for a more convenient harbor. No matter what Paul might say to the contrary, the centurion let himself be persuaded by the

ship's officers to give his permission to set sail at the first favorable wind and to try to reach Phoenix to winter there.

Phoenix, the modern Lutro, was a fair sized city which could readily accommodate the nearly three hundred people on board; besides, lying on a land-locked bay confronted by an island which formed a natural break-water, it boasted of a harbor which was safe in all weathers, no matter what wind might blow.

The pagan gods seemed to favor the decision of the Gentile officers, for the wind gradually abated and opportunely veered round until it gently blew from the south. This wind, indeed, was not quite favorable for the first six miles of their journey to Phoenix, for, to reach that port, they must round Cape Matala which jutted southward. However, if the wind did not increase its force, this would not be too much of a task for the indomitable skill of Alexandrian seamen, no matter how cumbersome their craft. The cape once doubled, they would have the breeze over her port quarter and would readily and swiftly be driven to the desired harbor.

With curious interest the passengers watched the maneuvers of the crew during the first and more dangerous part of the trip. By clever tacking, the sailors kept near the coast, yet sufficiently close to the wind to weather it. Once indeed they came so perilously near the perpendicular rocks of the shore that they deemed it wise to lower the life-boat, towing it astern in case of need. When they finally scraped past the cape, there was great rejoicing. All danger seemingly past, they turned the ship west-northwest and, setting full canvas, steered merrily across the Gulf of Mesara. Many a sneering smile and disdainful look from the crew, now lounging leisurely at the railing, greeted the timid, superstitious Jew, as he walked the deck in the company of the centurion. A few hours of delightful sailing and all would be safe for the winter in the delightful little port of Phoenix.

Of a sudden the wind died away. For a few moments

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the sails fluttered loosely against the mast, then hung motionless. The ship slackened its course and lay almost still. The surprised skipper scanned the sky and discerned in the distance small black clouds gathering rapidly around the peaks of the eastern mountains of the island. Quickly they passed along. Constantly growing in size, they towered higher and higher over each other in gruesome forms and fantastic shapes. Presently the mountains and hills became hidden in darkness as the mass of clouds seemingly rolled down their sides. The lowlands gradually were covered with a dark gray mist—the outlines of the coast were hardly discernible. A rushing wind now was heard—the warning precursor of a brewing storm. “The Euraquilo!” the sailors cried, “The Euraquilo!” Immediately all rushed to reef the sails, hardly waiting for the command of the captain, yet the suddenness and impetuosity of the blast made it impossible to furl the mainsail.

The waters around the ship became troubled. With every stronger blast of the wind the waves grew higher and longer, while sparkling foam decked their crest. The ship began to roll and pitch. Heavily she bowed to one side before a violent blast, as if foundering. Whistling and howling, the storm passed through the mass of her rigging. When again she majestically rose to her upright position the dashing spray of the next billow foamed over her bow like a cataract. Each moment the force of the gale increased in power, and hardly had the last sail been secured, when, amidst a downpour of rain, the tempest struck the mighty liner with all its fury. She groaned and quivered in all her joints. Luke speaks of a “tempestuous typhoon” indicating by this word the circular whirling of the clouds above, and a similar movement of the waters beneath. The erstwhile quiet sea seemed turned into one great whirlpool. The ship no longer obeyed helm or tiller. The skipper therefore gave orders to pull up and lash the two steering rudders, thus leaving the boat to drift before the wind which by this time had reached the force of a hurricane. Headlong

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the ship was driven over the agitated sea where white surges rose one after the other above the great billows in endless succession, like the countless furrows of a newly plowed field.

Paul, as a child of his times, perhaps thought that the forces of evil had combined in the raging storm and roaring waves to seek his destruction and to end his work as a messenger of God; for natural phenomena in those days were generally ascribed to the good or sinister influences of spirits and demons. Yet he feared no evil, neither from the unloosened elements nor from the superstitious crew who, amidst the turmoil all around, no doubt, recalled the prophetic warnings of the Apostle not to venture forth from Fair Havens. Under similar circumstances Jona, God's prophet, had been cast overboard to appease the boiling billows. Paul dreaded no such fate, being always surely conscious of the liberating presence of the Master—the Master who by His word had stilled the wind and the waves for the troubled disciples when He was with them in a storm-tossed boat on the Lake of Gennesaret. As a man constant in prayer, Paul, in the midst of the raging storm prayed for himself and all present on board.

As Paul watched the jagged waves encircling the ship, whirling chasms amidst the mountains of water, he could not help but think of his three shipwrecks of which we have no further knowledge but which often came back to his mind with all their horrors. Yet he knew no fear in the present calamity, his faith was unshaken in the promise of the Master: "You must testify of Me at Rome."

Perchance Paul did not then, as we do now, recognize in the very suddenness and vehemence of the storm the clear hand of Providence. Had the storm burst upon them a little later in their course or had its driving force been less furious, the ship would have been dashed upon the reefs and rocks which lie between Crete and Claudia and all would have been swallowed by the voracious waves; but fortunately they were driven southward and to leeward of the

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islet of Clauda (now Gozzo), a distance of nearly thirty miles.

There was no safe harbor on the little island, but its high needle-pointed mountains formed a protecting wall against the gale, affording the men on board a brief respite. The captain showed the best seamanship possible by taking advantage of the partial lull of the wind and of the comparatively smooth waters to make the ship snug.

All hands were pressed into service—Luke, perhaps also Paul, lent a helping hand in hoisting aboard the life boat which all this time had been in tow astern. No easy matter in a heavy sea, especially since it must have been swamped or at least halfway logged with water. Luke confesses, "We managed with difficulty to get the boat hauled in."

"Once it was hoisted aboard," Luke continues, "they (the sailors, this being a technical task) used helps (ropes) to undergird the ship." This ancient method of making a ship more secure, now technically known as "frapping," is hardly resorted to in our time.

How those ancient sailors would smile at modern theologians could they hear them maintain that Luke, throughout his account of the happenings on board, uses exact nautical terms save here where he is said to employ medical language, stating that the sailors "bandaged" the ship. The fact is that the word in question is both a medical and nautical term which latter was well known to every ancient mariner. On an old inscription excavated at Athens we find a complete list of everything needed by a ship sailing the Adriatic. Among other implements are mentioned "undergirders" which are classed among the hanging gear, as opposed to what was made of timber. Hence they must have been hawsers, ropes or chains which were passed around the hull of the ship in a stormy or heavy sea.

Theologians quarrel whether these "undergirders" were wound around the ship vertically, passing the cables under-

neath the keel and several times around the hull, or horizontally round the body of the ship from stem to stern. Being neither expert sailor nor adept theologian, we shall not decide the matter. We are inclined, however, toward the latter view, although space forbids a detailed exposition of our reasons.

There was still another difficult task to perform: the "lowering of the great yard" and the furling of the huge square mainsail, for they rightly feared that even under short sail they might be driven to destruction on the dreaded quicksands of either the Great or Minor Syrtis, between three and four hundred miles to southwest on the African coast. This done, they "hove her to," "kept her on the starboard tack" under a small stormsail, and let her ride out the gale.

Ere long the vessel drifted beyond the shelter of Claudia and became exposed anew to the full force of the hurricane which grew ever wilder. All night the storm raged, whistled and howled with a thunderous noise, like the raving roar of a horde of demons hard at work to whip wind and waves to renewed and ever more furious frenzy. All through the darkness the ship labored heavily under the constant assault of the angry waves and, to make matters worse, she began to leak. Incessantly she rolled and pitched, and, when suddenly she plunged into the trough of a wave, the sleepless passengers could hardly keep to their bunks. Since she rose but sluggishly and obliquely under the strain of the storm, all feared that she might capsize or founder.

All were early on deck and noted with horror that the vessel had settled considerably below her usual waterline. Afraid that she might sink under them, the crew all during that dismal day threw overboard benches and tables—sails that had been torn by the wind and scattered over the deck—all unnecessary rigging—in fact everything that could be spared on the ship, so as to lighten her.

Another night of anguish and terror passed, yet the

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third morning brought no material change in the weather. The typhoon indeed had lessened to an ordinary gale, but the storm still blew wildly. There was the same leaden, amorphous sky, the same livid and turbulent sea, the same dreaded danger of foundering. Again the ship had sagged deeper into the boiling water. Heavy seas dashed over the sinking, drifting craft from stem to stern. Everything that was not clinched or riveted or tied with ropes had long been washed overboard. To lighten the ship still more the crew decided to heave overboard the ponderous mainyard with its cumbrous tackle, which, tossed hither and thither by the intermittent storm-blasts, endangered the lives of the men on deck. It took the combined efforts of all hands to hoist the long and heavy yard over the rail, and with a noisy splash it struck the rolling waters, immediately to sink from sight. The ship thus was noticeably lightened, yet to make safety doubly sure the crew jettisoned, much to the displeasure of its owner, a goodly part of the cargo. A violent rolling of the boat was the inevitable effect of these heroic sacrifices.

As one dismal stormy day followed the other, a gloomy apathy settled upon the helpless, famishing wretches in the apparently doomed vessel, and every dreaded nightfall added darker and deeper shadows to the already gloomy melancholy that enshrouded the despairing souls of the miserable sufferers, cast away at sea and abandoned to the mercy of winds and waves. For thirteen days they had seen neither sun, moon nor stars, the only means of the ancients for properly steering their boats. Not a soul on board knew where they were on the vast Mediterranean nor whither the slowly sinking and dismantled hulk was headed. All feared they were drifting to an awful and certain death.

Amidst the general despondency, the "Hebrew prisoner" alone kept calm and confident and always had a word of cheer for his disheartened fellow-voyagers. There were moments, no doubt, when even he found it difficult to keep up

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his own spirit, but then he knew the secret source of Christian strength and courage: prayerful communion of the believing heart with God.

Since the narrow crowded quarters below did not afford privacy, favorable to meditation and prayer, Paul often during those stormy nights ventured on deck and, battling his way to the front by clinging to rope, spar or rail, would stand there all forlorn in the midst of the storm, unmindful of the roar of the wind and the pounding of the waves, holding communion with his ever-present Master. Watching the rolling sea ahead, he thought of the Master who in a similar stormy night came, walking on the riotous waves of the Sea of Galilee, to the rescue of his frightened disciples in their shaky little boat, came in the hour of greatest peril. Paul's thoughts turning to prayer, ran somewhat along the lines of the poet:

With a cruel hungry moan
Winds and waves have spoken.
Is there rescue, is there land,
Ere the storm hath broken?
One alone guards 'mid the night
One alone lends us His might!
Christ Kyrie, Christ Kyrie,
O, come to us o'er the sea!

A feeling of perfect security came over Paul and, as he remained a little longer at his lonesome post, he passed through a similar experience as in the lonely and dark night of his imprisonment at the Castle of Antonia. The dense mists which lay heavily over the foaming billows before him seemed to conglomerate and to congeal, and coalescing, they assumed the form of a celestial messenger. Paul again had a vision, and heard an angel's consoling voice, assuring him that his prayers were heard and that not he only but all on board would escape with their lives.

Early at dawn Paul hastened on deck and, standing forth in the midst of the cowering groups of sailors and soldiers, passengers and prisoners, and lifting his voice so that it surpassed storm and waves, he told his despairing

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comrades of his wonderful experiences during the night, of the luminous apparition he had seen and of the comforting words he had heard. Never did Paul preach a more welcome sermon under more dramatic circumstances than on that gray dismal morning at sea. He said:

"Sirs, you should have hearkened to me, and not have set sail from Crete and have spared yourselves this hardship and loss. I now bid you, be of good cheer: for there will be no loss of life among you, but only of the ship. For there stood before me last night an angel of the God whose I am and whom I serve, saying: 'Fear not, Paul; you must stand before Caesar. And God has granted you the lives of all that sail with you.' Wherefore, sirs, cheer up! For I believe God, that it shall turn out just as I have been told. However, we are to be stranded on a certain island."

It was on the same stormy Adriatic Sea, on which our castaways now had been tossed hither and thither for two weeks, that the great Caesar cried to the trembling pilot his famous words, "Steer boldly, thou carriest Caesar and his fortune." Paul, speaking to the sailors of the desolate and dismantled vessel, might have epitomized his words in similar yet loftier terms: "Fear not, you carry Christ and his salvation." At any rate, in a desperate crisis, the man of faith proves a man of influence and of authority. Just as the great Roman's word inspired the frightened sailor in the open boat to more strenuous efforts, so Paul's words not only cheered his wretched comrades, but, especially his prediction that the ship would be stranded, incited the weary famished crew to greater vigilance.

On the fourteenth night of the frail vessel's battle with wind and waves, the sailors "suspected land ahead," be it that a drifting anchor was touching bottom, as some assume, or, what seems more plausible, that the practiced ear of the watchmen on the lookout detected above the roar of the wind a peculiar, ominous reverberation of the waves and the sullen boom of breakers.

"Breakers ahead!" came the cry of the watchman. "Breakers ahead!" the warning passed from stem to stern, spurring the sailors to immediate action. "Breakers ahead!" the terrible news roused the drowsy passengers and prisoners from their bunks below and brought them on deck, where in utter confusion one repeated the ominous words to the other with a mingling of joy and fear, of joy because land anywhere meant hope after the two weeks of terror, of fear because they realized the danger of being wrecked on a rocky shore.

"Heave away that lead!" the skipper suddenly roared with a thunderous voice through the storm and tumult to a sailor who at the stern had made ready for soundings.

"Twenty fathoms," the piercing cry of the leadsman rose above the tempest.

"Try it again," returned the pilot a few moments later.

The short pause of deep expectation was followed by another cry, "By the mark fifteen."

The rapidly diminishing depth of the sea, the increasing noise of the waves breaking upon rocky precipices, and the dim phosphorescent gleam of an approaching, surf-beat coast, revealed the imminent danger of the ship's being irresistibly wrecked in the midnight darkness. There was but one hope: to stay the vessel's drift so as to seek at dawn a convenient place to beach her.

Hurriedly the storm-sail was lowered and the heavy main-mast, it seems, cut away; then four anchors—since the ancient anchors were not as weighty as the colossal anchors of modern ships a greater number of them was carried—were cast through the hawse holes at the stern of the ship to retard her course, and to keep her facing shoreward and ready to be beached in the morning.

Casting anchors from the stern was not the usual practice, yet those ancient mariners in doing so acted with prudence, for had they anchored from the bow the vessel might

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have turned around and grounded on the rocks. It is interesting to note that, while theologians have ridiculed Luke's statement as unnatural and absurd, Lord Nelson, after reading that passage before the battle of Copenhagen (April 1801) put it to a practical test and found that by anchoring from the stern he could give to his ships the exact position he wanted. It is, moreover, no uncommon sight in the Golden Horn at Constantinople and in Chinese seas to see ships anchored in this peculiar fashion. Most of all the plausibility of Luke's statement is attested by paintings unearthed at Pompeii and Herculaneum which were painted within twenty years of this voyage and which show ancient vessels with hawse holes in the stern for anchoring.

The wind over the stern brought the wallowing ship anchored in this manner into a dangerous situation, for, if the anchors held firmly, a heavy sea might at any moment break over the poop, engulf the deck and cause the vessel to founder at her anchors. The seamen, who could not know what we know now, that the anchors had dropped into a tenacious clay which would give way partly under the stress and strain of an unusually large wave, were fully aware of the threatening danger and, evidently with the collusion of their officers, made ready to leave the ship, taking a chance of reaching the shore in the life boat. To the curious bystanders they offered a plausible excuse for lowering the boat, pretending that they could steady the weltering vessel by laying out anchors at full cable-length—this is the correct meaning of the term used here by Luke—while dropping them from the prow would be useless and even increase the danger. Already the boat was nearing the water and the sailors preparing to descend into it when Paul, discerning their base intention, summoned the centurion and called to him and the soldiers: "Except these men stay in the ship, you cannot be saved."

The reader will note that Paul said "*you* (not *we*) cannot be saved," for of his own preservation he was sure under any circumstances, but the safety of the rest depended,

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he was convinced, in part at least, on the expert and skillful maneuvering of the sailors in beaching the ship in the morning. Paul believed, and the coming events confirmed it, that God works through man's efforts in doing his duty.

At a sign from their commander the soldiers, paying no heed to the cries of the remonstrating sailors, drew their swords and promptly cut the hawsers of the life boat. It dropped splashing into the trough of the sea and soon drifted off into the darkness.

Gradually the grim day dawned and through the misty, murky atmosphere, Paul could discern the ghastly outlines of the haggard faces of his comrades, crouching on the wave-swept deck. In this critical hour, he felt the expediency of rallying the spirits of the panic-stricken castaways by bracing their worn-out bodies with a simple meal for the great final effort which would test the strength, skill and presence of mind of everyone of them.

Going about among the drenched and miserable men, who had visibly suffered from thirst and privation, a goodly part of their supplies being water soaked and spoiled, he encouraged them to eat. As this would be the last meal on the dismantled, rolling and tossing boat there was no necessity of sparing the scanty provisions that were left. Raising his voice above the tumult of the raging elements, he said: "For fourteen days you have been on the watch all the time, without a proper meal. Take some food then, I beg you; it will keep you alive. You are going to be saved. Not a hair of your heads shall perish."

He himself then set the example, after the Christian fashion, which sanctifies each meal with prayer, "he took bread, and gave thanks to God in the presence of all, broke it and began to eat."

Seasickness, fatigue, exhaustion and despair had robbed the wretches on the doomed boat of all appetite, but the encouraging words of Paul, his prayer of thanks, his confident attitude and cheering example roused their drooping

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spirits. Hunger made itself felt, and one after the other the famishing, emaciated sufferers, two hundred and seventy-six in all, went to fetch food and held a last common meal on deck, eating their fill.

Then work began. The life boat gone, their only chance of escape was to beach the ship which was dangerously keeling over, her cargo having shifted to one side during the long continued gale. Moreover the less the ship's draft the higher she would drive on the shore. Therefore to straighten and lighten the vessel all hands joined in fetching the wheat from the hold and dumping it overboard. This meant hours of strenuous labor.

By the time they had finished their task, full daylight had come, and through the drizzling rain they saw land under lee; a rocky coast without distinct landmarks; and since they were off the course they were wont to steer on their voyages to Rome, the sailors did not recognize the island.

Far to the right rose high rocky masses, while to the left they noticed the knob of a less precipitous promontory (Point Koura), where the wild sea swept over the projecting cliffs with that thunderous roar they had heard all night. Between these two headlands stretched a deserted, deep bay, the entrance to which was blocked by an islet which from the sea seemed a part of the mainland. Discovering a fringe of smooth, sandy beach at the far end of the bay, the master and the owner decided to ground the vessel there.

It was no easy maneuver to make a tack athwart the wind with a dismasted and dismantled ship. Yet since it seemed the only means of saving the lives on board, the dauntless sailors bravely made the attempt. They cut the hawsers, letting the ropes and anchors drop into the sea, hoisted a small foresail to the wind, unlashed the two paddle-rudders and headed the ship for the bay.

All apparently went well till they reached the precipitous channel, about a hundred feet wide, that separated the islet of Salmonetta from the shore. Here a strong cur-

rent, sweeping through the strait, met the swell of the ocean, forming two whirling eddies, where the ship would no longer answer the helm.

Then came the catastrophe. A terrible jolt—a sinister crash—a sudden stop—and the ship's prow stuck immovably fast on a sand bar!

The vessel quivered and shook in all her joints, crew and passengers rushed to the foreship and watched with horror how "the stern began to break under the beating waves."

There was still one chance of escape. Since the sand-bar and the breaking ship acted as a momentary break-water, smoothing somewhat the waters of the channel between them and the beach, it would not be impossible to swim or paddle ashore.

For the past two weeks, the miserable castaways had shared the common dangers, fears and labors, had "fraternized with their fellows in the leveling communism of sympathy as they huddled side by side with death staring them in their faces," but now the grave moment had come when each must think of his own safety, and self-preservation is a cruel and pitiless instinct. Fearing that some of the prisoners who, while helping in lightening the ship were unchained, might dive overboard and escape, the soldiers, who by Roman law were held responsible for them with their own lives, proposed the ferocious idea of slaying the whole miserable gang. In those unscrupulous times their evil counsel might have prevailed and the planks of the wreck been flooded with the blood of the poor victims, had not the centurion in order to save Paul, to whom under God's providence they owed their rescued lives, prevented the impending massacre by ordering all to leave the ship, every man for himself. "Those who could swim"—Paul most likely among them—"were to jump overboard first and get to land, while the rest were to manage with planks or pieces of wreckage." Since the wind drove them toward the land where the swimmers helped them through the heady surf,

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the whole company reached land safe and sound as Paul had promised.

But where were they? From fishermen and peasants, who had caught sight of the derelict vessel in the bay and who hurried to meet the shipwrecked men at the shore, they learned that the country where they had landed was, as Paul had predicted, an island, the island of Melita, now Malta.

The natives, descendants of early Phoenician settlers, still held to their old Punic dialect, and even when speaking *Koiné*, they pronounced it with such guttural sounds that Hellenes and Latins understood them only with difficulty. This is the reason why Luke styles them "barbarous people" or "barbarians," for to a Greek, every man who did not properly speak his polished language was a barbarian, and from a Roman everyone who did not understand Latin received the same name. Though heathen and superstitious, these Maltese barbarians were a kindly folk. Unlike those wreckers occasionally met on the shores of nominally Christian lands who do not shrink from murder, robbery and plunder, these pagans showed their humanity in a rough-and-ready but substantial manner. Luke has this word of praise for them: "The Barbarians afforded us uncommon philanthropy."

May we remark here in passing that this beautiful word "philanthropy," so often overworked and misused in our days—many a so-called philanthropist has bought this honorable appellation with money tainted by the sweat and blood of his fellowmen—occurs but three times in the New Testament. Luke uses it twice; once of the kindness shown to Paul by the Roman centurion, Julius; and here of the kindness of the barbarians toward the unhappy castaways. Paul uses the word only in his letter to Titus when speaking of the manifestation of the "kindness" (philanthropy) and love of God in Christ our Savior toward sinful man.

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Acquainted with every nook and corner along the craggy coast, the natives led the shipwrecked strangers to a sheltered place, perhaps under an overhanging ledge, where they built a huge bonfire. In grateful memory Luke writes years later: "They welcomed us all to it, as the rain had come on and it was chilly."

Paul, always eager to help, "gathered a bundle of sticks and laid them on the fire." Hardly had he done so when "a viper crawled out with the heat and fastened on his hand."

When the superstitious natives saw the venomous beast dangle on his hand, they muttered to each other: "This man must be a murderer! He escaped the sea, but Justice (Nemesis) will not let him live."

Paul, meanwhile, ere the half-benumbed reptile could strike its fangs into his flesh "shook off the beast into the fire and suffered no injury."

It was a perfectly natural occurrence, and we fail to see how some theologians can maintain that Paul was bitten by the viper, when Luke distinctly says "he suffered no harm or injury."

To the islanders the event which took but a few seconds seemed indeed a miracle. Assuming that Paul had been bitten—Luke does not say he was—"they waited for him to swell or drop dead suddenly; but after waiting a long while and observing that nothing extraordinary (verbally: out of place) befell him, they changed their minds and declared him a god."

The peculiar sanctity wherewith Paul was invested in the eyes of the natives—as at Lystra, Christ's messenger was regarded a pagan God—presently secured for him and his friends a substantial benefit. In the immediate neighborhood of the bay where the wreck occurred and which is now known as St. Paul's Bay, lay the estate of a noble Roman, Publius, the chief magistrate or, as the local title was, the "Primate" of the island. Not a single passage is found in the ancient writers where this appellation occurs, but the

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accuracy of Luke is shown by two inscriptions unearthed here nearly two centuries ago, one in Greek, the other in Latin, which confirm that "Primate" was a locally established, official title. Since Malta then belonged to the province of Sicily, Publius was probably the Roman commander, that is, the legate of the Praetor of Sicily.

Hastening to investigate the wreck in his official capacity, Publius learned all that had happened and graciously invited the Apostle and his attendants, Luke and Aristarchus, as also the centurion and the ship's masters to his villa, entertaining them there until they could procure suitable lodgings for the winter.

His courteous hospitality was amply rewarded. His aged father was sick in bed, suffering—as Luke diagnosed with professional accuracy—of dysentery and intermittent fever. "Paul went in to see him and after prayer laid his hands upon him and healed him."

The wonderful story of this miraculous cure spread like wild-fire all over Melita and "the rest of the sick folk in the island also came and got cured," or rather: "received medical treatment."

Every Greek student can readily ascertain that Luke employs here a different word from that used in telling of the cure of Publius' father. Some assume that Luke has simply chosen a synonym for literary reasons, but we are convinced that the learned physician and accomplished writer chose this particular word *therapeuo* (from which our modern "therapeutics" is derived) with the intention of indicating the different mode of treatment the numerous patients received.

Paul never posed as a miracle worker or practitioner of "faith-cures." He calls Luke the "beloved physician" and he certainly would not meddle in the latter's profession. Both worked harmoniously in these cures, Luke as the physician of the body; Paul as the curate of souls. A sensible physician today—if he be not a hard-boiled materialist—will likewise welcome the consoling influence of a "tactful"

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minister upon his patient and will find that the latter's spiritual ministration by its psychological effect, will essentially supplement his own curative efforts.

That minister and physician harmoniously worked together at Melita appears also from Luke's added statement which is best translated: "they paid us (Luke and Paul) liberal fees" instead of "they honored us with many honors," or "they made us rich presents."

These liberal fees enabled the friends to procure their own lodgings whither they removed after a three days' stay under the hospitable roof of the Primate. Here they continued their helpful medical and pastoral work, during the three months they stayed on the island.

Paul spent a thoroughly restful winter at Malta where, no doubt, he preached the Gospel to the people so kindly inclined toward him. Yet, strange as it may seem, he never mentions the island in any of his letters, nor has he left any authentic trace of his sojourn there. Malta, however, remembers the great Apostle, for in the northeastern part of the island, where local tradition fixes the place of his landing, the bay and a little church nearby bear his name.

It was Paul who first planted the cross on the "island of honey," where in the Middle Ages as the emblem of the Knights of the Order of Malta, it assumed that singular shape known as the Maltese Cross. Certainly Paul, who drew so many metaphors from the armor of the Roman soldiers, would have liked these chivalrous Christian knights in their flowing mantles, who proudly bore helmet, sword and shield in defense of faith, and who here, above the city of Valetta, reared those imposing ramparts that stood as the last, indestructible bastions against the Infidels.

Paul, himself a mighty Warrior of the Cross, is commonly represented with a sword as his distinctive attribute, just as the keys are given to Peter. When leaning on his sword it is said to express the martyrdom he suffered; when

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he holds it aloft, it represents his warfare in the cause of Christ. We know of but one instance where this double allusion, as attribute and as emblem, is plastically represented: the bronze statue of the Apostle bearing two swords on the famous shrine of St. Sebald at Nuernberg, by Peter Vischer.

Every year on the tenth of February, the probable day of Paul's departure from Melita, since about that time navigation opened again, the inhabitants of modern Malta celebrate with wild enthusiasm the festival of the "*Naufragio*" or shipwreck of Paul. The viper of course still plays an important part in these celebrations, though this venomous reptile long since has been completely exterminated by the thorough deforestation and extensive cultivation of the island. At the capital, La Valetta, a huge triumphal arch in honor of the patron saint is erected on the Strada di San Paolo, whence one enjoys a wonderful view of the street as it gradually slopes toward the distant blue sea. Immense flag poles and vast candelabra are reared on both sides of the street, decorated extravagantly with wreaths and garlands, pennants and escutcheons with the famous viper for an emblem. At noon the guilds and civil societies, in colorful parade, march along the streets which are lined by a throng of citizens in festive garments. The peculiarly shaped balconies are similarly crowded with women in dresses of all the colors of the rainbow. They scatter colored paper serpents on the marchers or scraps of paper with verses and poems in honor of the great Apostle in the singular jargon of Malta, a lingo of Arabic and Italian.

The worldly parade of the day is followed by a religious procession after sundown. Mighty gas flames soar up to the right and left of the Strada di San Paolo, and amidst the endless garlands glow wide-strung chains of colored electric lights. Under this sparkling vault of illumination, through enormous masses of people slowly moves the procession. First marches the chapter of the canons of the

cathedral, led by a "Switzer" in his red gown and followed by boys who carry Japanese lanterns on long staffs. Then come the priests in gold-embroidered robes and finally the statue of Saint Paul glittering with silver, gold and precious stones and carried on the shoulders of a group of sturdy men. Slowly, slowly the revered image of the great Apostle sways along, towering high above the heads of the multitude, stretching out his hand in blessing his faithful Maltese. Suddenly the masses refuse to be kept at bay, ruthlessly they push the torch-bearers aside to come as close as possible to their beloved Saint. Jubilant cries and exultations pierce the balmy night. Hats, caps, shawls, kerchiefs are thrown up into the air and all Malta shouts with lungs almost bursting: "*Erriva San Paolo!*" "*Erriva San Paolo!*" Thus Malta celebrates today St. Paul's visit to their island. Unfortunately the festival has assumed an almost pagan character. There is but little left with this merry Catholic people of the spirit of St. Paul as revealed in his letter to Rome, whither he makes ready to go after a three months' hibernation at Malta.

During Paul's stay at Melita, another Alexandrian grain ship had been driven there for shelter and lay all winter securely anchored in the harbor of Valetta. She had barely escaped from the terrible storm which shattered her unfortunate sister ship at St. Paul's Bay and foundered another liner, carrying the historian Josephus, at midsea. Every one of her sailors would have sworn that her good luck was not attributable to the skill of her crew but to the "Divine Twins," Castor and Pollux, whose names and figures graced her prow. The legendary "Sons of Zeus" or "Dioscuri" were not only the patrons of equestrian games and chariot races—they are usually represented as horsemen—but also the aiders and protectors of distressed mariners, just as, in an analogous manner, St. Christopher, the mariners' patron, has taken in our days to the automobile.

Finding that the lucky boat was destined for Italy,

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Julius chartered it to transport him and his convoy.

Early in February when navigation was resumed in those regions, the centurion embarked with his passengers, among them Paul and his companions, heavily laden with many parting gifts of the grateful islanders.

A favorable breeze from the south sped the vessel rapidly over the smooth waters and before nightfall she reached Syracuse, eighty miles distant.

Already during the afternoon hours, the passengers curiously watched the dark clouds of smoke emanating from the giant cone of Mount Etna, the first active volcano Paul ever saw. Long after the ship had cast anchor, they remained on deck and observed this spectacular phenomenon of nature growing in gruesome grandeur, as after sun-down, the ever-flashing flames of the fuming furnace, constantly gaining in brightness, colored the lower parts of the black smoke clouds and occasionally the nocturnal sky beyond them with a fiery redness.

Three days they waited at Syracuse for a more favorable wind; then, since it failed to come, they sailed in a wide circle to Rhegium, a town in Italy, opposite Messina on Sicily.

Here again they waited a day, for without a stiff south wind, it was well nigh impossible for a heavily loaded freighter to pass through the straits of Messina, the dread of the ancient seamen. In his *Odyssey*, Homer tells the old legend of Scylla and Charybdis, twin female monsters that personified the dangers of navigation through these straits. Scylla, in a cave of mighty rocks on the Italian coast, lay ever in readiness to seize men from the decks of ships passing too near. Charybdis, on the Sicilian shore, was a mighty whirlpool which sucked down and belched out the sea three times each day.

When a strong wind finally set in from the south, the "Divine Twins" ran swiftly through dangerous straits past the ever-active volcano of Stromboli to the left. Once in the

open sea to the west of Italy, the ship headed directly for Puteoli (now Pozzuoli) one hundred and eighty miles to the north, arriving there within twenty-four hours.

It was a welcome sight for the people on shore when the Divine Twins with top sail unfurled—a privilege granted to Alexandrian grain ships alone, all others here had to strike it—rounded the Cape of Minerva and majestically sailed into the lovely Bay of Naples, which, with a wide inland sweep stretched to the Cape of Misenum at the north. Here, under the shelter of the islands of Ischia and Procida, the greater part of the Imperial Navy was riding at anchor.

A group of beautiful isles and rocky islets between the two capes marked, as it were, the dividing line between the gulf and the sea. Happy islands they seemed, but about the time of Paul they were the most unhappy in those regions, for they were prisoners' islands, crowded with Roman exiles from the noblest ranks. Each had many a sad story to tell. There was immediately opposite Cape Minerva the picturesque island of Capreae, the modern Capri, with its famous Blue Grotto; here Tiberius Caesar, under whose reign Christ was crucified, dragged out his old days amid sufferings and remorse and, when death delayed, he was finally smothered under the covers of his miserable couch. Yonder lay Pandataria, where the daughter of the great Augustus ended her life of infamy in unutterable wretchedness, while still further away was Planasia, whither her father had banished the last of the genuine Caesars, Agrippa Postumus, who tried to appease his raving hunger by gnawing the stuffing of his mattress.

While thus misery and suffering, hunger and remorse brooded over these lovely islands, driving the wretched exiles to despair and suicide, a happy, busy life pulsed through the streets and lanes of the numerous villages and towns which bordered the green shores of the bay.

As everywhere else, so in and around Naples, a happy life for the humbler folk, the tiller of the soil and vineyards, the craftsmen and artisans of the towns, meant the simple

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life of toil and labor; for the wealthier Roman nobles in their summer houses and villas along this paradisiac coast, life spelled, especially for the restless younger set, one continuous round of pleasure and enjoyment. Theirs was a life of indolence and licentiousness, often of vice and crime. While still basking in the sunshine of Imperial favor, they were to enjoy life, for no one could tell how soon they might be banished by a sudden whim from these happy shores to the isles of misery beyond the bay. One cannot time the advent of impending evil, nor measure Fate's step.

As the passengers of the Divine Twins surveyed the magnificent panorama spreading before them, Vesuvius rose high in the center of the picture. The slumbering volcano of that day was a harmless looking mountain covered to its green summit, partly even in its immense shallow-cupped crater, with luxuriant vegetation, vineyards and gardens. At its base near the water, peacefully rested the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum in all their Greek brilliancy and wickedness, little dreaming that ere two decades had elapsed, they would be covered for a sleep of eighteen centuries by ashes and lava from the awakening giant.

At a speed of about seven knots an hour, the ship passed Neapolis, the modern Naples. Then turning the headland of Pausilipus, the site of Vergil's tomb, she steered straightway toward her destination, the port of Puteoli.

Though a hundred and forty miles distant from Rome, Puteoli was the principal port of the Eternal City, at least for the Egyptian grain ships. Ostia, its rival port at the mouth of the Tiber, suffered too much from silting up with alluvial soil to admit the mighty Alexandrian boats.

Here at Puteoli, an immense massive mole of twenty-five arches with a lighthouse at the end had been built far out into the wide and sunny expanse of the blue waters. Its docks and piers were sufficiently large not only to accommodate these huge corn ships but also the mighty boats that carried the obelisks of Egypt to this port.

The mighty mole of Puteoli protected at the same time a smaller inner bay beyond it, the gulf of Baiae, so named from the exclusive and fashionable bathing and summering place of Roman aristocracy at its northern shore. The singular loveliness of these idyllic waters swarming with the colored sails of numerous boats and small yachts inspired Horace to the verse frequently inscribed on the houses there:

Nullus in orbe sinus Bajis praeclucet amoenis.

"No gulf in the world outshines the lovely Baiae."

The same writer, however, finds occasion to express also his indignation with those nobles who spoiled the natural beauty of the strand by building their palaces way out into the sea. This probably was true of Baulis, the magnificent marble palace and favorite summer residence of Nero, a short distance to the left of Baiae; as also of the palace of the Emperor's mother Agrippina, that stood nearer the mainland. The enclosed reach of waters beyond the mole was called the Lucrine Lake and contained the oyster beds for the luxurious tables of Rome.

Seneca, the teacher and counsellor of Nero relates, that whenever an Alexandrian grain ship arrived at Puteoli, nearly all the populace would gather at the great mole. Midst such a throng then Paul first set foot on Italian soil and as he stepped to the mole he must have caught sight of two things: the remains of the fantastic bridge which Caesar Caligula built across the gulf of Baeae, and of Baulis, the palace of Nero before whose judgment seat he was to appear shortly. Some modern travelers have mistaken the thirteen arches of the mole which still remain for those of Caligula's bridge, but erroneously, for the bridge was only a wooden structure.

In good spirits and high hopes Paul stood on the mole of Puteoli, fully confident that on reaching Rome he would find quick justice in the court of the Emperor and then be free to preach the Gospel in the Capital of the World. He

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knew that under the early reign of Nero which was later known as the "golden quinquenium" or "quinquenium Neronis," death penalties were rarely inflicted. Perhaps he had heard the story how the young Emperor, when asked to sign a death-warrant, had sighed, "How I wish that I could not write." Paul could not know at the time that the happy quinquenium had ended shortly before his arrival to give place to that reign of terror which has made the name of Nero a byword of horror and infamy among coming generations.

Paul's confidence in Nero was to be rudely shaken at Puteoli; for here he received the first intelligence of atrocities and infamies of a vicious and frivolous ruler, some of whose deeds are too outrageous to be told.

On his arrival at Puteoli, Julius did not immediately set out for Rome but communicated first with headquarters and awaited further instructions. When Paul had sought and found some Christian brethren in the city and the latter begged him to remain with them a while, the considerate centurion agreed to lengthen his stay to a week.

It was but natural that the brethren in talking of Paul's future should tell all they knew about Nero before whom he was shortly to appear. They showed Paul the amphitheater of their city where Nero had fought and where his down grade course had begun. They pointed out to him the Imperial palace beyond the bay where the most heinous crime of Nero was planned, as also the palace of his mother where it was enacted.

We can understand the gloom which enshrouded Paul's soul on hearing such evil reports as have come down to us by Tacitus and Suetonius, of which only a few can here be mentioned.

There are people who think that the picture of Nero's wickedness and depravity has been greatly overdrawn by Christian historians, but let it be remembered that even pagans speak of his evil nature as a "mixture of blood and mud." The son of a wicked father, from whom he inherited

the charm of physical beauty, and of a still more wicked mother he was, as it were, predestined by inheritance and evil surroundings to a life of vice and crime. Suetonius, his merciless biographer, relates that his father Domitius Ahenobarbus, when congratulated on the birth of his son, declared that a son of himself and Agrippina (the younger) could be naught but a detestation and public evil. Tacitus, on the other hand, tells that his mother, Agrippina, when she consulted the astrologers about Nero, was told that her son would be Emperor and kill his mother, whereupon she replied, "Let him kill me, provided he is Emperor."

From that time on, Agrippina plotted to secure the throne for her son. She married the Emperor Claudius and persuaded him to adopt her son whose former name of Lucius Domitius Ahenobarbus was thereby changed to Nero Claudius Caesar Drusus Germanicus. When Nero reached the age of seventeen, Agrippina poisoned her husband, Claudius, and Nero was elevated to the throne. His first care was to poison Britannicus, Claudius' legitimate son, a boy of fourteen years who might have disputed his right to the purple. He then married the sister of the murdered youth, Octavia.

Tired of the domination of his mother, who, though utterly wicked, had committed her many crimes for love of him, he decided to put her out of the way. About a year previous to Paul's arrival, the Emperor planned her murder in his palace opposite the mole of Puteoli at Baiae, by embarking her in a ship so constructed that it would fall apart when at sea. Agrippina saved herself by swimming, only to be assassinated in her nearby palace at the Lucrine Lake. This marked the end of the golden quinquennium and the beginning of Nero's reign of terror.

With a heavy heart and hope waxing fainter, Paul parted from the brethren of Puteoli, when on the eighth day Julius and his band of prisoners and soldiers set out for Rome, a distance of a hundred and forty miles. They

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marched through the fruitful Campanian fields which yield a double harvest every year. At Capua they reached the Queen of Roads, the Appian Highway, lined in these regions at the time of Paul with numerous villas and palaces of marble, the ruins of which even today bear witness to the culture and greatness of Rome.

Hugging the shore, the highway passed along the Falerian vineyards where the vines still are trained over the elms on the hillsides. How these lovely scenes of nature, created to gladden the heart of carefree wanderers, must have saddened Paul and his fellow travelers on their way to prison.

The Pontine Marshes, which they reached shortly after passing Cicero's tomb by the highway near Terracina, seemed more in harmony with the gloomy spirit of Paul at that time. A melancholy desolation lies over the wide bog lands dreaded for their poisonous miasmas. Herds of cattle, buffaloes and horses, lazily grazing among the swamps stare with dull eyes at the traveler as he makes his way along the road which in a straight line crosses the moor. Hawks and falcons, tracing their circles above it, the misty, heavy air and the dark tints of the plains give to these waste lands the depressing aspect of a primeval wilderness. To drain the marshes, Augustus had dug a canal which for nearly twenty miles ran parallel to the roadside. Travelers thus had the choice of crossing the marshes by road and vehicle or by a canal boat drawn by mules. Horace gives a vivid account of his journey by track boat along this canal, of the rough language of the boatsmen, the lazy mules, the stings of mosquitoes and the concert of frogs. The satirist also describes the miserable town of Appii Forum at the end of the canal, a place "cramped with barges and knavish inn-keepers."

Imagine Paul's pleasant surprise when at Appii Forum, about forty miles from Rome, he found among the wagoners and bargemen a delegation of Christians from the capital,

who upon the tidings of his approach had come to meet him. The next day at the Three Taverns, ten miles further, another contingent of brethren greeted him with a royal ovation. This welcome completely dispelled his gloom and misgivings. "When Paul saw them," Luke reports, "he thanked God and took courage."

From the town of the Three Taverns, Tres Tabernae, the Appian Way passed along the western slopes of the Alban Mountains. Near Lacuvium it crossed a crater-like valley over a monster viaduct seven hundred feet long and in places seventy feet high. Travelers still marvel at the mighty substructions of the huge arches built of enormous square blocks of peperino. A little farther at Aricia near the lovely Alban Lake, the crater of an extinct volcano, the caravan stopped for a last night's rest.

Early in the morning Julius and his band resumed their march. Arriving at an elevation a short distance beyond Aricia, they halted a moment, before descending into the wide plain of the Campagna strewn with the flowers of spring and covered far and near with the houses, villas and gardens of the Roman aristocracy. From the brow of this hill the Roman Christians eagerly pointed to an indistinct mass of buildings on the distant horizon, shouting to Paul: "Ecce Roma!"

We shall not attempt to depict the panorama which spread before Paul's eyes, when from the Alban slopes he first viewed the City of the Seven Hills. The green Sabine hills are still there, so is the wide fruitful Campagna; all else has changed. The Rome of Nero, risen within a few centuries from a small hamlet of shepherds and farmers to an Imperial city of nearly two millions, showed everywhere the traces of a hasty growth. From the distance its appearance was by no means imposing, and a walk through the narrow streets and alleys with their overcrowded two and three story *insulae*, tenements of sun-dried clay, showed Rome to be a dirty, nasty, filthy place. The forum, indeed, was crowded with magnificent temples, triumphal arches, col-

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umns and statues and the neighboring hills covered with the palaces of the Emperors and the villas of the nobles, but these made Rome appear the more as the city of the *nouveaux riches*. We can readily understand, therefore, why Nero rejoiced when the greater and uglier part of Rome was destroyed by the terrible conflagration which occurred a few years after Paul's arrival.

Descending into the Campagna, Julius and his company now marched along the most interesting and grandest stretch of the Appian Way, which from the Alban hills led in a perfectly straight line to the golden milestone on the Forum Romanum. On either side of the road stood the tombs and sepulchres of the most illustrious families of Rome: the Scipios, the Valerians and numerous others. Hard by the roadside stood the numerous statues of the *Dei Viales*, the protectors of the highway, and at short intervals low stone benches were placed for the accommodation of travelers. Julius and his men passed them by, they were eager to reach Rome. About four miles from the city they passed the villa of Seneca, where five or six years later he committed suicide. At the third mile they saw the well-known tomb of Caecilia Metella which still impresses all observers. For a moment perhaps the centurion stopped at the burial place of the Julians with whom he was in some way related.

From here they continued their march at a slower pace, for, after the Latin Road had joined the Appian Way, the houses stood closer together and nearer the road, which was paved only to the width of fifteen feet. It was crowded, moreover, with numerous vehicles and litters, and throngs of horsemen and pedestrians passing to and from the capital frequently blocked the street. Long before they reached the ancient city walls, our travelers were tramping through a continuous city; Rome had outgrown its former fortifications.

Paul, Luke and Aristarchus entered the Eternal City by the Porta Capena, "the moist gate," as Juvenal calls it,

because it always dripped with water percolating from the aqueduct which ran over it. Passing the Circus Maximus the travelers turned off to the right under the Palatine with its towering terraces covered by the magnificent palaces of Augustus, Tiberius and Caligula, and the new "Golden House" of Nero which was nearing completion.

Close to the "House of Caesar" (Phil. 4, 82) stood the *Excubitorium*, the barracks of the household troops charged with the immediate guard over the Emperor's person. It was here, in our opinion, that Julius handed the prisoner over to Burrus, one of the best advisers of Nero, who at the time held the important post of Praetorian Prefect, the Chief of the Imperial Police. Others think that Paul was taken to the *castra peregrinorum* on the Caelian Hill; others again think of the Praetorian camp which at the time lay outside the walls, to the north of the city.

The exonerative report of Festus, coupled with the favorable testimony of Julius procured for Paul from the beginning the lenient form of confinement known as *custodia militaris* or *custodia libera* (liberation on parole). This accorded him the privilege to reside outside the barracks. Though perhaps not allowed to walk about the city—opinions differ here—there were no restrictions put on his movements or actions within the house, save that he was chained by the wrist to a soldier keeping watch over him day and night.

At first Paul found shelter in the home of a Christian, but he soon hired his own lodgings. This was hardly a single dwelling, but in all likelihood a tenement or apartment in one of the many-storied *insulae* which lined the dirty, ill-smelling streets of the poorer quarters. We are inclined to believe that he rented the top floor of such a building because it was the cheapest and besides, usually consisting of but one large room, it would accommodate a goodly number of people, for Paul, though a prisoner, was intent on preaching the Gospel at Rome.

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Paul, as we know, everywhere first offered the Gospel to his Jewish countrymen; but now, chained to a legionary, he could hardly go to the synagogue to preach; he, therefore, on the third day after his arrival, invited the prominent Jews, probably the Rulers and Elders of the several synagogues of Rome, to his lodging. They came, out of curiosity perhaps, and immediately he explained to them his present position:

"Brethren, although I have done nothing against the people or the customs of our fathers, I was handed over to the Romans as a prisoner from Jerusalem. They, when they had examined me, meant to release me, as I was innocent of anything that deserved death. But the Jews objected, and so I was obliged to appeal to Caesar—not that I had any charge to bring against my own nation. This is the reason why I have asked to see you and speak to you. Because of the hope of Israel I am bound with this chain."

The answer of the Jews to this self defense was prudent, cautious, and very diplomatic:

"We neither received letters from Judea concerning thee, neither did any of the brethren come hither and report or speak any harm of thee; but we desire to hear thy opinion; but concerning this Christian sect, we know that it everywhere meets with contradiction."

Aware that Paul was a ringleader of the Nazarenes, they were willing to hear him expound the Christian Doctrine. Paul and the Jews thereupon agreed upon a day for a disputation or conference.

The Jewish populace in Rome numbered at the time between fifty and sixty thousand. Already in the year 63 B. C. several thousand had been brought there by Pompey after he had conquered Jerusalem. These captives were sold as slaves, but, due to their indomitable energy, a characteristic of the children of Israel of all times, they soon became freedmen, and even those who remained as slaves in the patrician households gained positions of influence and trust.

In the course of years many of their countrymen were drawn to the capital by the "magnet of business" and as unscrupulous money-mongers amassed great wealth, thus becoming a serious financial menace to not a few of Rome's oldest families. They were generally considered a turbulent and dangerous people. To a cultured Latin, the Jew, whether a Herodian prince or a poor street peddler, was an object of disdain. Poets and satirists decried their religion as "barbarous superstition" and grave historians charged "the filthy race" with horrible iniquities and monstrous rites. They were rumored to worship a god with an ass's head and accused of sacrificing annually a Gentile stranger. The charge of such a ridiculous worship was later transferred to the Christians. Not long ago, a drawing, scratched upon the wall of a room in the Imperial palace, was found, representing a man with an ass's head on a cross and bearing the inscription: "Alexamenus prays to his God." The legend of the annual slaughter of a Gentile boy for ritual purposes, on the other hand, is still believed by some inveterate anti-Semites of Eastern Europe.

From the times of Pharaoh to the days of Hitler, a change in government has meant also a change in the political status of the Jews. So it was at Rome. Here the Jews marched with wild wailing around the funeral pyre of their honored patron Julius Caesar. Augustus favored them likewise and granted them many privileges, allowing them the free exercise of their religion and permitting the poorer among them to share in the distribution of grain; if perchance the distribution fell on a Sabbath, they might even come on the following day. Tiberius, however, tried to keep down their numbers by conscriptions and deportations. Claudius, in turn, was at first favorably inclined toward them, but later decreed their expulsion because of certain disturbances in the Ghetto. These probably were quarrels between the synagogues and Jewish Christians, for Suetonius attributes these conflicts to a certain *Chrestos*. He probably heard *Christos* and erroneously assumed that he was an

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agitator at Rome. Hardly all the Jews left Rome at the time. Some remained and the decree was soon forgotten. Many of the refugees returned, among them, a few years before Paul's arrival, Aquila and Priscilla, the hosts of the Apostle at Corinth and Ephesus. During the reign of Nero, the Roman Jews exercised a formidable secret influence at the Imperial Court. Haliturus, Nero's favorite actor, was a Jew, and Poppaea Sabina, now Nero's mistress and later his Empress, was a votaress of the Jewish religion who always supported the Jews and their interests.

On the day set for the conference, the Jews came in great numbers to Paul's lodgings. From early morning to late in the afternoon he expounded to them the Holy Scriptures, endeavoring to persuade them of the Messiahship of Jesus. The result was disheartening to the Apostle; a few were convinced, but the majority rejected his arguments. Before long they were wrangling among themselves in a spirited controversy. Wearied by their noise and angered by their obstinacy, he drove them away. Pronouncing his final judgment over his people, he quoted from their Scriptures:

"Well spake the Holy Ghost by Esaias the prophet unto our fathers, saying, Go unto this people and say, Hearing ye shall hear and shall not understand; and seeing ye shall see and not perceive: For the heart of this people is waxed gross and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed; lest they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them."

As the Jews left the room, jostling and quarreling, and went down the dirty, unswept stairs, Paul thundered after them the last sentence recorded of him by Luke:

"Be it known therefore unto you, that the salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, and that they shall hear it."

The Gentiles, indeed, came to hear the Apostle. Luke relates: "Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house,

and received all that came unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him."

Luke carries Paul's biography no farther. The Acts of the Apostles, the continuation of his Gospel, comes here to an abrupt end. Did Luke plan a third book, which was to give the story of the closing years of Paul's life? Did he perhaps write such a book? Was it destroyed in the Roman conflagration? May we hope for its discovery from some ruined mounds of another Oxyrhynchus? Many valuable *papyri* have been unearthed here and at other places, and no one can tell what treasures may still be hidden in the sandy soil of Egypt and elsewhere. Many famous ancient documents, once lost, have recently come to light again.

As far as our present sources are concerned, Paul vanishes, as it were, from sight in an impenetrable mist. We occasionally still hear his voice, but it is impossible to follow his movements. For the rest of his biography we must depend upon passages from his letters and upon ancient tradition. Tradition, though not always reliable, is by no means negligible. No matter how prejudiced we feel against the countless legends that rose in the Dark Ages of the Church, we cannot simply set aside what has been an almost universal belief of the ancient Church, because it has not been reduced to writing and thus warranted by the name and fame of a contemporary historian.

One often hears complaints about the delay of justice in modern courts; it was no better in the days of Paul. At Caesarea, Paul had been detained in prison for two years before his case was finally settled. Here in Rome he had to wait an equal length of time before he was summoned before the Imperial Court for final trial. There may have been a few preliminary hearings, but Nero, according to Suetonius, readily became bored at court sessions and frequently postponed the trial. There was, however, another reason for its deferment. The Roman Jews could hardly

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hope for a condemnation of the prisoner whom the Procurator Festus had declared innocent; they therefore used their influence with Nero's mistress, Poppaea, to delay the trial and thus prevent Paul from preaching the Gospel publicly. They could not hinder, however, the many truth seekers from visiting the Apostle to be instructed in the Gospel. Perhaps many Roman Christians came also to hear Paul explain more fully the letter he had sent them a few years before.

The very limitations of Paul's ministry at Rome were to prove favorable for the spreading of the Gospel. Since he was under constant surveillance of a soldier of the Praetorian Guard, the men assigned to this duty could not help but hear his conversation with his friends, his sermons to the throngs of visitors, his dictation of letters to his amanuensis and the ardent prayers he daily offered for his churches. Paul, no doubt, would also speak to his guards about the Savior for whose sake he was wearing his chains. They would report these things to their comrades in the barracks which adjoined the Imperial palace. Thus Paul's name became known not only among the soldiers, but also among the slaves, perhaps even among the nobles of the Imperial household. Paul's example, moreover, incited the Roman Christians to preach the Gospel more fervently. He writes about these years of his Roman imprisonment:

"But I would ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel; So that my bonds in Christ are manifest in all the palace, and in all other places; and many of the brethren in the Lord, waxing more confident by my bonds, are much more bold to speak the word without fear."

The renewed enthusiasm of the Roman leaders in preaching the Gospel was a source of rejoicing for Paul; yet his joy was not unalloyed. The Gospel had first been brought to the Metropolis by those Jewish pilgrims who had heard Peter preach at Jerusalem at the Great Day of

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Pentecost. In the course of time so many Gentile converts had joined the church that, when Paul arrived there, the Gentile Christians outnumbered their Jewish brethren. It grieved the Apostle that the latter, here as elsewhere, decried his Gospel of universal grace and insisted that Gentile Christians must observe the Mosaic Law and Jewish ceremonies. Paul recognized, however, that even this controversy in the congregation at Rome was serving the supreme end of making Christ known. He writes:

"Some indeed preach Christ even of envy and strife: and some also of good will: The one preach Christ of contention, not sincerely, supposing to add affliction to my bonds: but the other of love, knowing that I am set for the defense of the Gospel. What then? Only that in every way, whether in pretense, or in truth, Christ is preached; and I therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice."

Such were conditions at Rome. In other congregations similar controversies prevailed. Paul, therefore, despatched his companions Luke and Aristarchus to some of the churches of Macedonia and Asia Minor whose welfare he had always at heart. He was not left alone, however, for Timothy had recently arrived and by and by others joined him. Soon Paul's messengers were constantly going and coming, and his hired room at the Capital became the Apostolic See from which Christ's "ambassador in chains" directed the affairs of his churches.

One day the heart of "Paul the aged"—as he calls himself at that time—was gladdened by a pleasant surprise. Among the many visitors who came on various errands, he recognized John Mark, who ten years before had caused the rupture between Paul and Barnabas; and Tychicus, the Ephesian, who had accompanied the Apostle as a delegate to Jerusalem to present the Gentile collection to the poor Christians of the Holy City. Mark, it seems, met Tychicus at Ephesus, just when the latter made ready to go to Rome. He was readily persuaded to go with Tychicus to the Me-

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tropolis and make his peace with the Apostle. The reconciliation was hearty and complete; and in one of the letters which Tychicus took with him shortly afterwards, Paul commends Mark to the confidence of the churches of the Lycus Valley.

Tychicus came to Rome on a serious errand. A new heresy had arisen and rapidly spread among the churches of the Province of Asia. Not able to cope with it, the Elders of these churches sent Tychicus to Rome to acquaint the Apostle with the threatening mischief in the Church and to obtain his advice. Already during his stay at Ephesus, Paul had perceived the beginnings of the subtle philosophy which a century later spread everywhere under the name of Gnosticism. In his parting address to the Ephesian Elders at Miletus, the Apostle had urgently warned them against this growing heresy. Now he immediately set about composing an encyclical to the endangered churches of Asia. This circular letter bears in our New Testament the name of the most important of these churches, being known as "the Epistle to the Ephesians." It was not, however, intended for this metropolitan church alone, but Tychicus on his return to Asia was to convey the letter to all the churches of that province and to bring to them the personal greetings of the Apostle, which for this reason are omitted at the end of the letter. Paul doubtless prepared but one copy; but when Tychicus visited a congregation and read the letter there, a copy of it would be made and preserved in the archives of each church. Space will not permit a detailed study of the letter nor of the heresy it combats.

While Paul was still working on his letter to the Ephesians, another Christian arrived from the Province of Asia: Epaphras, a native of Colossae, founder and leader of the church there. He likewise came for advice regarding the Asian heresy. In Colossae, where the Jewish population was very large, incipient Gnosticism presented a distinctly Jewish phase. There was indeed a certain affinity between Gnosticism and Essenism. The Essenes, a Jewish sect of

which we know but little, formed, it would seem, a secret order. Nobody was admitted until he had faithfully served a novitiate of three years. At his initiation he had to pledge with "terrible oaths" that he would neither hide anything from the members of the sect nor disclose anything about them to others. Under no circumstances was he to reveal the hidden lore contained in their "sacred books" or the names of the angels. Their doctrine of the angels especially shows a close analogy to the Gnostic theory of angelic intermediaries between God and the world. To the Apostle, this new phase of the Gnostic heresy seemed so important that he decided to write a special letter to the Colossians. Tychicus was to convey both letters to Colossae.

Paul, being confined to his lodgings, busied himself with the dictating of these letters, while his companions aided him in his ministry by tending to the evangelistic and charitable work—Inner Mission work we would say—in the city. On one of their errands through the slums of Rome, Tychicus and Epaphras were accosted by a ragged, hungry young man, apparently a slave. His face seemed familiar, and upon close inquiry, the men learned that he was a fugitive slave from the home of their mutual friend, Philemon of Colossae. Being a bright and handy boy, this young Phrygian slave had attained to a position of trust as the page of the mistress of the house, Apphia, and as attendant to her son Archippus. He had become so well-liked that they named him, who had no name of his own, Onesimus, the 'Profitable'. It was customary to name slaves, like horses and dogs, by names indicative of their good qualities—Chresimus, 'Useful', Symphorus, 'Suitable', 'Acquired'. Misled perhaps by other disgruntled slaves of the household, he had stolen money and valuables from his master, and, fearing detection and punishment, he decamped. Hiding in the marshes along the Maenander, he had gradually slipped to Ephesus, whence he embarked, perhaps as a stowaway, for Rome. There was no safer refuge for a fugitive than the great Capital of the world.

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Rome was, according to Sallust, "the *sentina* or 'cesspool' into which streamed the refuse of the world." At first, while his money lasted, the young runaway had a glorious time and found many friends; but now he was down and out. A homeless and friendless outcast, he walked the pavement of a city in which mercy and charity were unknown. It took but little persuasion to bring the young scamp to the home of the Apostle who by his kindness soon won the poor soul for Christ. Paul treated him like a son and called him "my child whom I have begotten in my bonds."

It was no mere pun on the name of the rescued slave, as some commentators claim, when Paul shortly after wrote to his friend Philemon, "Onesimus, who was aforetime unprofitable to thee, now is profitable to thee and to me." Prompted by gratitude toward the kind-hearted Apostle, who clothed, fed and sheltered him, Onesimus made himself useful in every possible way, tending to the personal needs of his benefactor and relieving him from watching at the bedside of Apaphroditus who lay dangerously ill at Paul's lodgings. How relieved Paul must have felt when by "that unseen Providence which men call Chance" he found a skilled and faithful attendant for his sick friend. The services of Onesimus voluntarily offered were, indeed, profitable for the work of the great Apostle who was a very busy man. Besides his work as a teacher, pastor and director of the affairs of many churches, he was at the time engaged on three great Epistles—the Epistles to the Ephesians and Colossians, already mentioned, and a letter to the Philip-pians, which, however, could not be finished until Paul knew whether or not the sick man in his room would recover.

Who was the sufferer?

Epaphroditus was a leading presbyter of the church of Philippi, sent with a liberal offering from the congregation which was still the "pride and crown" of the Apostle. In some way or other the church at Philippi had learned of the imprisonment and plight of the Apostle in the Imperial capital. Since it was customary throughout the Roman Em-

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pire to alleviate the hard lot of prisoners by friendly presents and occasional visits, the Philippians, upon the news of Paul's need, had immediately gathered a substantial contribution and sent it by Epaphroditus to Rome. After delivering the pecuniary aid to the Apostle, Epaphroditus also offered his personal services to Paul in preaching the Gospel at Rome. With vigor and enthusiasm he entered upon his work, but the insalubrious autumn season at Rome and the miasmal mists of the nearby Campagna proved too much for a man used to the clear, healthy mountain air of Macedonia. He sickened amid his arduous labors and for a long while his life was in danger. The news of his illness had reached Philippi and his friends anxiously waited for news of his recovery. Though Paul had intended to send a letter of thanks immediately upon the receipt of the magnificent gift from Philippi, this letter was long delayed, for the sickness of Epaphroditus dragged out and his convalescence was slow and tedious. His condition was aggravated, no doubt, by the homesickness which seized him during the long days of suffering.

Daily Paul pleaded with God for the life of his sick friend; for the death of "his brother Epaphroditus," as he lovingly calls him, would have plunged the much-tried Apostle into yet deeper sadness. Notwithstanding Paul's prayer no miracle was wrought. The Apostle and his sick friend had to learn, like numerous other Christians, patiently to submit to the will and ways of the Lord. God finally had mercy on them. Epaphroditus recovered. No wonder that Paul's letter to the Philippians is an outpouring of his heart's gratitude and affection. *Joy* is its keynote and refrain. At the end Paul playfully acknowledges their gifts by a formal receipt: "I am paid in full, and I am affluent. My wants are all supplied now that I have received from Epaphroditus what you sent me."

By the time Paul had finished the letters to the Ephesians and Colossians, Epaphroditus was well on the way to recovery and the services of Onesimus as his nurse could

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be spared. It was sad news for the latter when Paul told him one morning that he was to return in the company of Tychicus to Philemon, his master. The poor slave shuddered at the thought of what would await him on his return. Offences of slaves were mercilessly punished in those days. Had Philemon been a heathen, Onesimus on his return would have been consigned to certain torture, perhaps to crucifixion. He would at least have become a *stigmatias*, a 'branded culprit'; for runaways (*fugitivi*) and pilferers (*fures*) were branded on the forehead with the letter *F*—and Onesimus was both. Paul consoled the trembling youth by pointing out to him that his master was a Christian, that Tychicus would plead with his master on his behalf and that he himself would send a personal letter commending him to the mercy and brotherly love of Philemon.

This letter to Philemon is of interest not merely as the only remaining specimen of the Apostle's private correspondence, but also as the Christian manifesto against slavery. The Apostle does not ask Philemon to spare punishment nor does he suggest the emancipation of the slave; yet though the end of the story is unknown, we cannot doubt that upon the irresistible appeal: "Welcome him back no longer as a slave but something more than a slave—a brother beloved," Philemon pardoned Onesimus and, in all likelihood, made him a freedman. Christian brotherhood and slavery are incompatible.

At the end of his letter to Philemon, Paul asks a personal favor of his friend: "Prepare me also a lodging, for I trust that by your prayers I shall be restored unto you." In his letter to the Philippians, which he shortly afterwards sent by Epaphroditus, he also expresses the hope to visit them and the confidence that he will soon gain his freedom. It is the almost universal tradition that at the end of two years Paul's appeal was heard, and that at the end of the trial he was acquitted. Banished from Rome, he then spent about four years in active work. It had been his heart's desire to visit Spain and it seems almost certain

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that he preached the Gospel there. Clement of Rome, who is perhaps identical with the Clement mentioned in Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, writes that Paul "reached the limits of the West." Whatever the vagueness of these words, they do not apply to Rome, but to Spain. The Muratorian Canon, a New Testament compilation of 179 A. D., states that Luke omits the journey of Paul from Rome to Spain. Many of the old Church Fathers likewise mention this journey. It must, however, be admitted that in Spain no traces of his activity have remained.

After preaching the Gospel in the extreme West, Paul again returned to the East. From the various allusions in his Pastoral Letters (First and Second Timothy and Titus) we gather that he visited Crete, Ephesus, Miletus, Troas, Macedonia and Nicopolis, perhaps in the order here given. The data, however, are so scant that it is impossible to give a probable outline of the last chapter of Paul's life. Somewhere on this journey, he wrote the First Letter to Timothy whom he had left in charge as Bishop of Ephesus, and a letter to Titus whom he had made overseer of the churches in Crete.

During this period, one of the greatest conflagrations of history destroyed the greater part of Rome, causing indescribable loss of life, suffering and depression. The fire had broken out on July 19, 64, near the Jewish quarters in the neighborhood of the Circus Maximus. Shortly before Nero, in a drunken revelry, had said he would some day destroy Rome and rebuild a more magnificent city. Now, while the fire raged for six days, Nero was amusing himself in the famous bathing resort of Antium at the seashore. Only when the fire neared his own palace did he hasten to Rome. The rumor spread that, during the night, Nero stood on the tower of Maecenas watching with delight the horrible yet grand spectacle of the conflagration and that, with cittern in hand and clad in his famous theatrical costume, he recited verses from "the Burning of Troy." The fury of the people turned against the depraved Emperor who was ac-

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cused of having caused, or at least prolonged the burning of the city.

There were other rumors afloat as to the cause of the disaster. The fire which burned down ten of the fourteen districts of Rome, had broken out near the Jewish streets, yet had completely spared the Jewish Ghetto around the Porta Capena and in the quarter of the Trastevere. Hence the Israelites were accused of having aimed to destroy Rome so as to avenge their people in Judea who suffered under the severity and excesses of the Roman governors. The populace was ready to turn against the Jews. To avoid public reprisals and to turn the wrath against the hated Christians, the Jews spread the report that the incendiaries were to be sought among the disciples of the Crucified.

Poppaea and certain Jewish comedians who enjoyed the favor of the Emperor informed Nero of this Jewish accusation of the Christians. These Christians, they claimed, were guilty of the blackest crimes. They followed an illicit religion, held clandestine meetings, worshipped a crucified insurgent, defied the Imperial edicts, refused divine honors to the Emperor, and now had all but burned Rome.

Nero who in vain had tried to regain the favor of the people by building barracks for the homeless and by distributing food, immediately seized upon the sinister insinuations brought against the Christians. He publicly announced that the Christians, the enemies of human society, had caused the conflagration. In his characteristic, theatrical and atrocious manner, he is said to have uttered: "*Christiani non sint*. Let there be no Christians."

Thus began that cruel, bloody persecution, the story of which is related by Tacitus: "But neither the religious ceremonies, nor the liberal donations of the prince, could efface from the minds of men the prevailing opinion that Rome was set on fire by his own orders. The infamy of that horrible transaction still adhered to him. In order, if possible, to remove the imputation, he determined to transfer the guilt to others. For this purpose he punished with ex-

quisite torture a race of men detestable for their evil practices, by vulgar appellation called Christians."

Tacitus then makes a number of statements about Christianity which show how little the cultured Romans of his day knew about this new religion. He then continues:

"Nero proceeded with his usual artifice. He found a set of profligate and abandoned wretches, who were induced to confess themselves guilty; and, on evidence of these men, a number of Christians were convicted, not, indeed, upon clear evidence of having set fire to the city, but rather on account of their sullen hatred of the whole human race. They were put to death with excellent cruelty; and to their sufferings Nero added mockery and derision. Some were covered with skins of wild beasts and left to be devoured by dogs. Others were nailed to the cross; numbers were burned alive; and many, covered over with inflammable substances, were lighted up when the day declined, to serve as torches during the night. For the convenience of seeing this tragic spectacle, the Emperor lent his own gardens. He added the sports of the circus and assisted in person, sometimes driving a curricule, and occasionally mixing with the rabble in a coachman's dress. At length the cruelty of these proceedings filled every breast with compassion. Humanity relented against the Christians; for it was evident that they fell a sacrifice not for the good of mankind, but to glut the rage of one man alone."

Paul was probably at Troas in the house of Carpus when the news of the conflagration of Rome and of the terrible persecution of the Roman church reached him. It was his first thought immediately to hasten to the Imperial City to comfort and strengthen the surviving brethren. Leaving behind his books and his cloak—in the middle of summer he had no need of it—he sailed for Macedonia and unexpectedly arrived at Philippi. It took all the persuasion of his friends there to convince him that, for a time at least, it would be inadvisable to venture to Rome, since most Christians there had suffered martyrdom and the rest

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were scattered abroad. Paul agreed to wait for further developments and occupied his time in writing a letter to Timothy, and another to Titus. Urgently he invited Titus in this letter to join him at Nicopolis on the Adriatic, where he expected to spend the winter so as to be ready at the opening of navigation in early spring to embark for Rome.

Some believe that Paul was arrested either at Troas or at Nicopolis and taken to Rome for a second trial. It seems, however, more plausible that Paul went there by his own free will—perhaps with Peter, as an old legend asserts—with the intention of gathering the scattered and encouraging the faithful brethren. Perhaps both were aware that they would be martyred at Rome in the cause of Christ.

The apocryphical Acts of Paul—a strange mesh of history and fiction, hard to untangle—relates that the Apostle, upon his arrival, rented a barn *outside of Rome* where he resumed his preaching. The inimical Jews, led again by Alexander the coppersmith, who had caused his arrest at Jerusalem, soon discovered his whereabouts and denounced him to the authorities. Since his banishment from Rome had never been repealed and his reappearance was a defiance of the previous sentence, it was an easy task to have him arrested. Nero, then absent from Rome, competing in Greece in the public games and winning easy victories, had left Roman affairs in the hands of his representatives. Paul, therefore, was arraigned before the prefects.

We have Paul's own account of the first proceedings, the *prima actio* or precognition. He writes to Timothy: "At my first defense no one took my part but all forsook me: may it not be laid to their account. But the Lord stood by me and strengthened me; that through me the message might be fully proclaimed, and that all the Gentiles might hear; And I was delivered from the mouth of the lion."

Thus here again Paul was his own advocate, and here again, as before Felix, Festus and Agrippa, he proclaimed

the Gospel. At the end of his defense he expected to hear the sentence: "*Ad leones*—to the lions," but he was spared awhile, yet not set free; but thrown into the prison.

What a difference there was between the first and second imprisonments of Paul: then he had been permitted to hire his own lodgings, now he was cast into a dungeon; then he had been visited daily by his friends, now the Christians of Rome either did not know the place of his confinement, or, if they knew it, dared not go near it. One by one, even the Eastern companions who had come with him to Rome, left the city. It was with a sigh, no doubt, that Paul wrote in his last letter: "Luke alone is with me."

A joyful surprise, therefore, it must have been, when one day an unexpected friend came to see him: Onesiphorus of Ephesus, who years ago, according to the Acts of Thecla, had been his host at Iconium. In all likelihood Onesiphorus had come to Rome on a business errand, but when he learned of the Apostle's fate, he searched for him everywhere, finally found the prison (the Mamertine?) and gained admission. Was it this faithful soul who procured for the Apostle the writing materials for his last letter?

There is nothing more sublime in all the Epistles of Paul than the confession of triumphal faith by the aged Apostle in the face of death, which is found in this Second Epistle to Timothy:

"For I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them that love his appearing."

Aware that his end is near, Paul makes the last preparations for his journey to the shores of eternity. As we assemble the relatives around the deathbed of a dying man, so Paul calls his dearest friends to his side. One feels the ardor of his longing when he begs Timothy: "Do your best to join me soon . . . Bring Mark along with you . . . The

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cloak I left at Troas in the house of Carpus fetch when you come, and the books, especially the parchments." Entreatingly he pleads again: "Do your best to come before winter." Paul doubtless had need of his mantle in his chilly, damp cell. The books he would not need much longer. In all probability he desired to bequeath them, as Chrysostom suggests, to his friends, first of all to Luke, the learned scholar and writer.

Did Paul get his cloak, his *papyri* and vellum rolls? Did Timothy reach him in time? A reference to Timothy in the Epistle to the Hebrews makes this seem probable, but no one can definitely tell.

Meanwhile an unexpected crisis had arisen in the affairs of the State, and Nero was hastily called back to Rome. Occupied with political matters, Nero would not have been interested in Paul's trial to any extent, even though he was a leader of the Christians, had it not been for a personal grievance. During the absence of Nero, a beautiful concubine of the dissolute Emperor, so Chrysostom relates, had been converted by the preaching of Paul. Her refusal to resume her unhallowed alliance to Nero enraged the latter and his displeasure sealed Paul's doom. The trial was but short when Paul was brought to court. He was sentenced to death, not as Peter, who is said to have been tried on the self-same day, to death by crucifixion, but, as a Roman citizen, to death by the sword.

Yet not even a hateful Nero could have immediate revenge. A merciful ordinance of the Roman Senate prescribed that ten days should elapse between the condemnation of a prisoner and his execution. Should meanwhile the Emperor see fit, he might grant a pardon. Ten long, weary days Paul waited in the dark dungeon with its putrescence, humidity and ooze of a sewer, waited, not for an Imperial pardon, but for his final deliverance—"The Lord will deliver me from every evil work and bring me safe into His Heavenly Kingdom. Amen!"

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This is the last word penned by Paul's hand. With a song of praise and a blessed Amen ends the greatest of writers the last of his writings.

* * *

At sunrise on the tenth day after Paul's condemnation, a detachment of Roman soldiers is drawn up in front of his prison. The jailor leads the prisoner forth and hands him over to the centurion in command. Like an old veteran, keeping step with the youthful soldiers of Caesar, the aged, white haired Apostle marches across the Forum Romanum through the gate that now bears his name, down the Ostian Highway to a secluded grove, a few miles from Rome, selected for his execution. The guard here makes halt near a pine tree, apparently waiting for some one.

The clattering of hoofs on the pavement of the Via Sacra warns the people of Rome to give way to the golden quadriga of Nero as he races toward the forum. Unmercifully the excited tyrant lashes the white steeds, driving them to utmost speed. In a cloud of dust horses and charioteer vanish down the Ostian Way. Suddenly at the brow of a hill by the villa of noble Lucina, the madman draws in the reins. His eyes, filled with wrath, search the plains before him. Now he spies the soldiers in the grove nearby. With grim satisfaction he watches what is happening. He will have his revenge.

Paul asks the centurion for permission to pray. It is granted. With hands outstretched, his face turned eastward toward the Holy City of his fathers, Paul prays. In amazement the soldiers hear him speak *in Hebrew* to some invisible Presence. Paul prays for the churches he has founded, prays for the salvation of Israel, prays for the One Church to come.

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In silence he now kneels down and bows his head commending his soul to Christ, whispering under his breath the words he had learned from Stephen, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit."

The headsman's sword glistens for a moment in the bright sunlight. Forthwith it descends like a flash of lightning. Paul's head rolls to the ground, rebounding thrice. Each time it touches the earth, says an old legend, a living fountain of healing water gushes forth.

Three churches now stand in the valley of *Aquae Salviae*, 'the Healing Waters'. One of these *San Paolo alle Tre Fontane* occupies, according to Baedeker, the modern traveler's Bible, the very spot that marks the end of the Wandering Apostle's Adventurous Journeys.

The beautiful old legend of the "Three Living Fountains of Healing Waters" contains a heart of truth. As the great rivers with their countless tributaries water the valleys and plains of the earth, causing and sustaining life all around; so the Three Great Churches (Roman, Lutheran and Reformed) that claim St. Paul as their teacher, together with their numerous related branches, send their healing, life-giving streams through the world; and as the rivers eventually mingle their waters in the wide ocean, so these churches, their mission fulfilled, will finally merge in the ocean of eternity. Then Paul's hope of One Church will be realized, and the Master's Promise fulfilled:

"There shall be One Fold and One Shepherd."

THE END.

APPENDIX

THE PILGRIM AT REST

According to tradition, Paul's mutilated body was thrown into the criminals' charnel-house but his convert, the noble Lucina, sought and buried it in her own garden, near the place of execution. A few years later a *memoria*, a 'memorial shrine', was built over his grave. It probably consisted of a simple sepulchral chamber with the sarcophagus in the center and a room above it for holding memorial services. These *memoriae* were held inviolable by Roman law even in the case of Christians.

Eusebius relates that Caius Ecclesiasticus, who lived at the time of Zephyrinus (Bishop of Rome, 198-219), offered to show Paul's tomb (or trophy) at the Ostian Way and Peter's on the Vatican Hill.

* * *

A short time after Paul's death, his enemy Nero, by the revolt of Galba, was forced to flee at night from his Golden House. He displayed such cowardice on his flight that he became contemptible even to his meanest minions, and finally his trembling hand needed the help of a slave to force a dagger into his throat.

* * *

It may seem strange; yet the mortal body of the Wandering Apostle found but a temporary rest in Lucina's Garden, for during the Valerian persecution at the end of the third century, an effort was made to destroy all Christian memorials and to confiscate the Christian cemeteries. In

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anticipation, the Christians removed the earthly remains of Pilgrim Paul from their former resting place, as also the body of Peter from the Vatican Hill, and hid them in the Catacombs on the Appian Way. These burial places of Peter and Paul, in the Catacombs, according to Eusebius, were still shown in his time. The day of the safe deposition of the bodies of Peter and Paul in the Catacombs, the 29th of June, became a Festival of thanksgiving for the Church, and was later regarded as the date of death of the two great Apostles.

When under Constantine the Empire became Christian, the bodies were triumphantly restored to their original resting-places, and the Emperor built magnificent churches over them.

Constantine is said to have enclosed the body of Paul in a bronze sarcophagus and to have placed over it a large cross of gold.

Half a century later, the church proved too small and Emperor Theodosius reared a beautiful Basilica in its place. The Christian poet Prudentius describes it as "a place of royal grandeur." "The roof," he says, "is covered with golden plates so that it flashes like the dawn."

In the year 1823 the ancient Basilica was destroyed by fire. Only the arch over the tomb of the Apostle, the mosaics of the apse and about forty of the hundred and thirty-eight marble pillars remained. The church, however, has been rebuilt in magnificent style. Under this splendid church, *San Paolo fuori le Mura*, Pilgrim Paul now lies at Rest.



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